Liberty

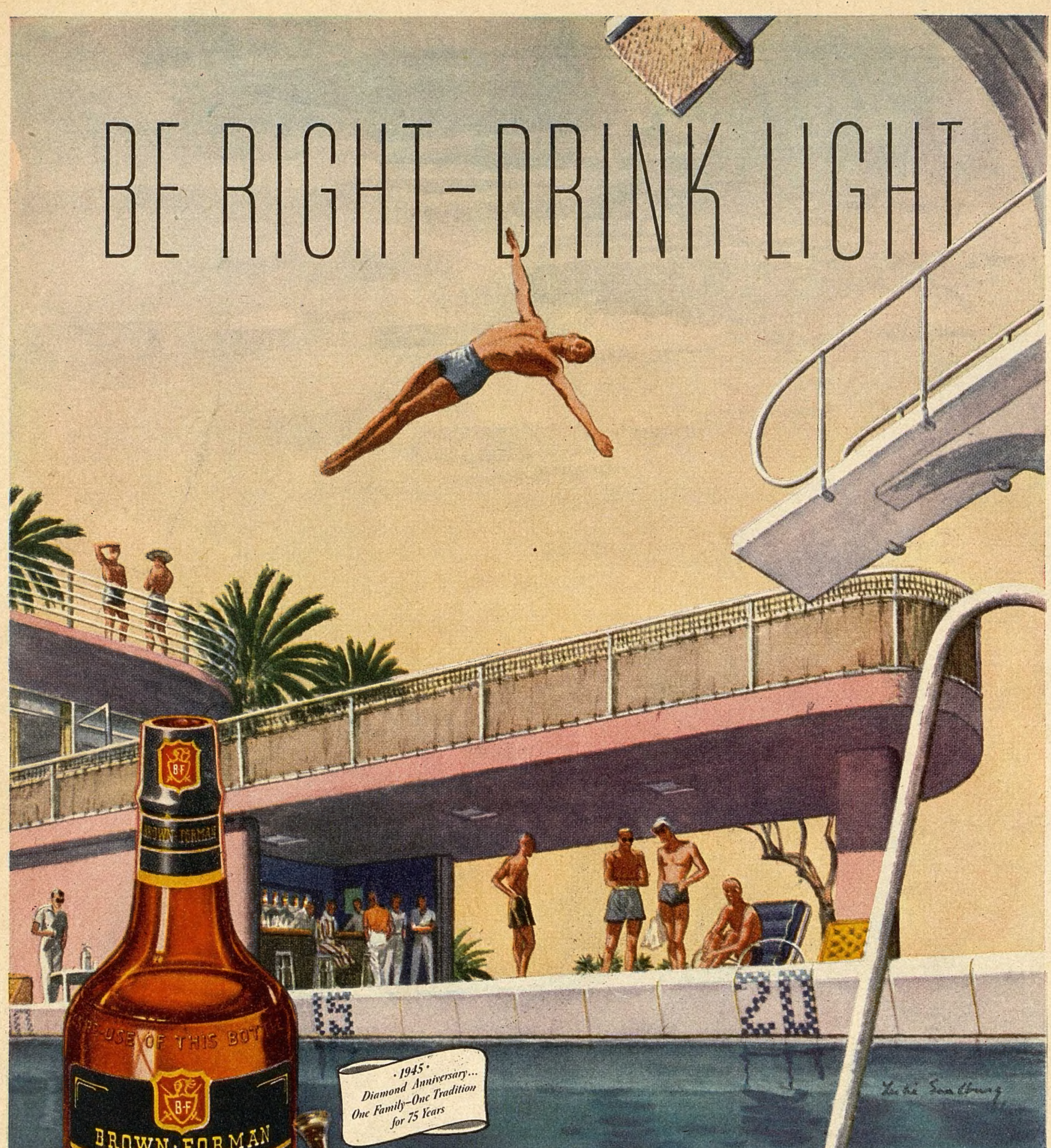
MAY 26, 1945 10c

Book: A GREAT TIME TO BE ALIVE

Harry Emerson Fosdick Brings Cheer to the Troubled in a Wartime World

POSTWAR TAX PLANS

Good News for Taxpayers


BE RIGHT–DRINK LIGHT
15
20
1945
Diamond Anniversary...
One Family–One Tradition
for 75 Years
B-F
BROWN-FORMAN
KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKY
AN EXCEPTIONAL BLEND, FULL FLAVORED, PERFECTLY BALANCED, SELECTED FOR BODY AND DELICATE BOUQUET, BLENDED ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO DESIRE A LIGHT BODIED DRINK.
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY BROWN FORMAN INCORPORATED AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

de LIGHT ful

KING

IT'S WHISPER LIGHT

KING BLACK LABEL

Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 51 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • *At Louisville in Kentucky*

E

1 100 FT. / 30.5 M — 20/100

THE BEST

2 70 FT. / 21.7 M — 20/70

THE BEST GAS

3 50 FT. / 15.2 M — 20/50

THE BEST GASOLINE

4 40 FT. / 12.1 M — 20/40

THE BEST GASOLINE IS

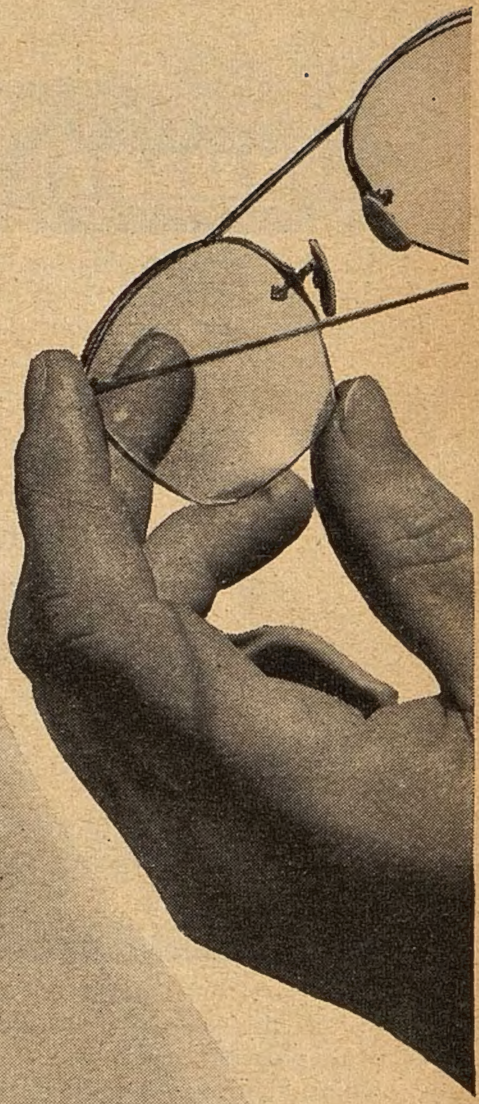
5 30 FT. / 9.14 M — 20/30

THE BEST GASOLINE IS STILL

6 20 FT. / 6.10 M — 20/20

THE BEST GASOLINE IS STILL FIGHTING

7 15 FT. / 4.75 M — 20/15



It's easy to see why gasoline on the home front remains short on both quantity and *quality*. Not only does the war require over thirty-five millions of gallons of U.S. produced gasoline daily, but all this gasoline must be of superb quality. Practically every gallon of aviation and military gasoline is improved with generous amounts of Ethyl fluid.

Furthermore, you don't need 20-20 vision to see that about the only thing that will greatly change this situation is complete final victory. Not until then can we promise car-owners unlimited quantities of high-quality Ethyl gasoline—the gasoline that will bring out the best performance of any car.

ETHYL
BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ETHYL
CORPORATION
CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK, N.Y.

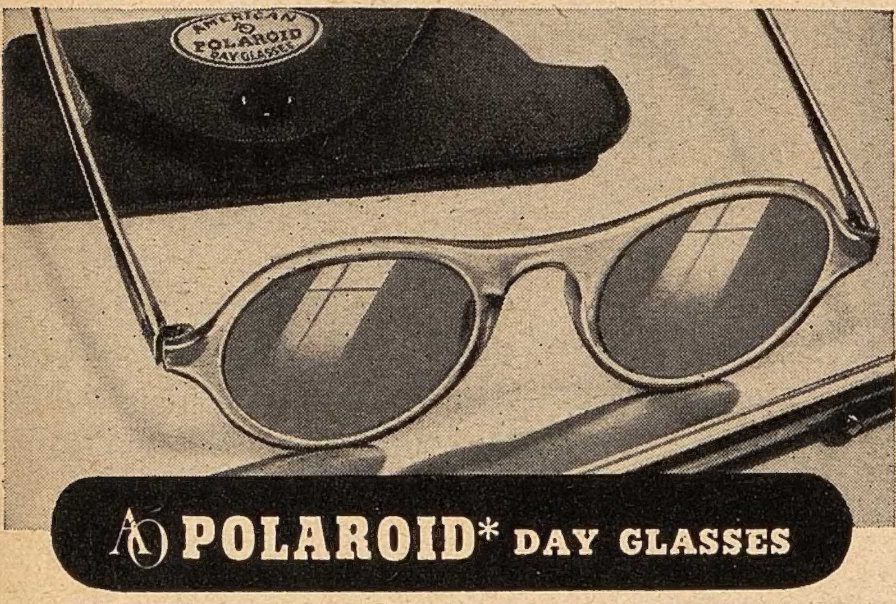
ETHYL IS A TRADE MARK NAME

THERE...you see it

AO Polaroid* Day Glasses block blinding reflected glare ...absorb burning ultra-violet rays. Scientific lenses admit only useful light... enable you to see glare-hidden details ... sharply, clearly, comfortably.

GLARE...you don't

Glare reflected from shiny surfaces strains eyes... blurs vision...hides details. It not only robs outdoor life of much of its pleasure and zest... it creates actual safety hazards, too, in boating, skiing, motoring.



The Only Sun Glasses THAT BLOCK REFLECTED GLARE

AO Polaroid Day Glasses are being supplied to our armed forces in quantity—so the civilian supply is limited. $1.95 up.

*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
By Polaroid Corp.

ARMY E NAVY

American AO Optical
COMPANY
World's largest makers of ophthalmic products

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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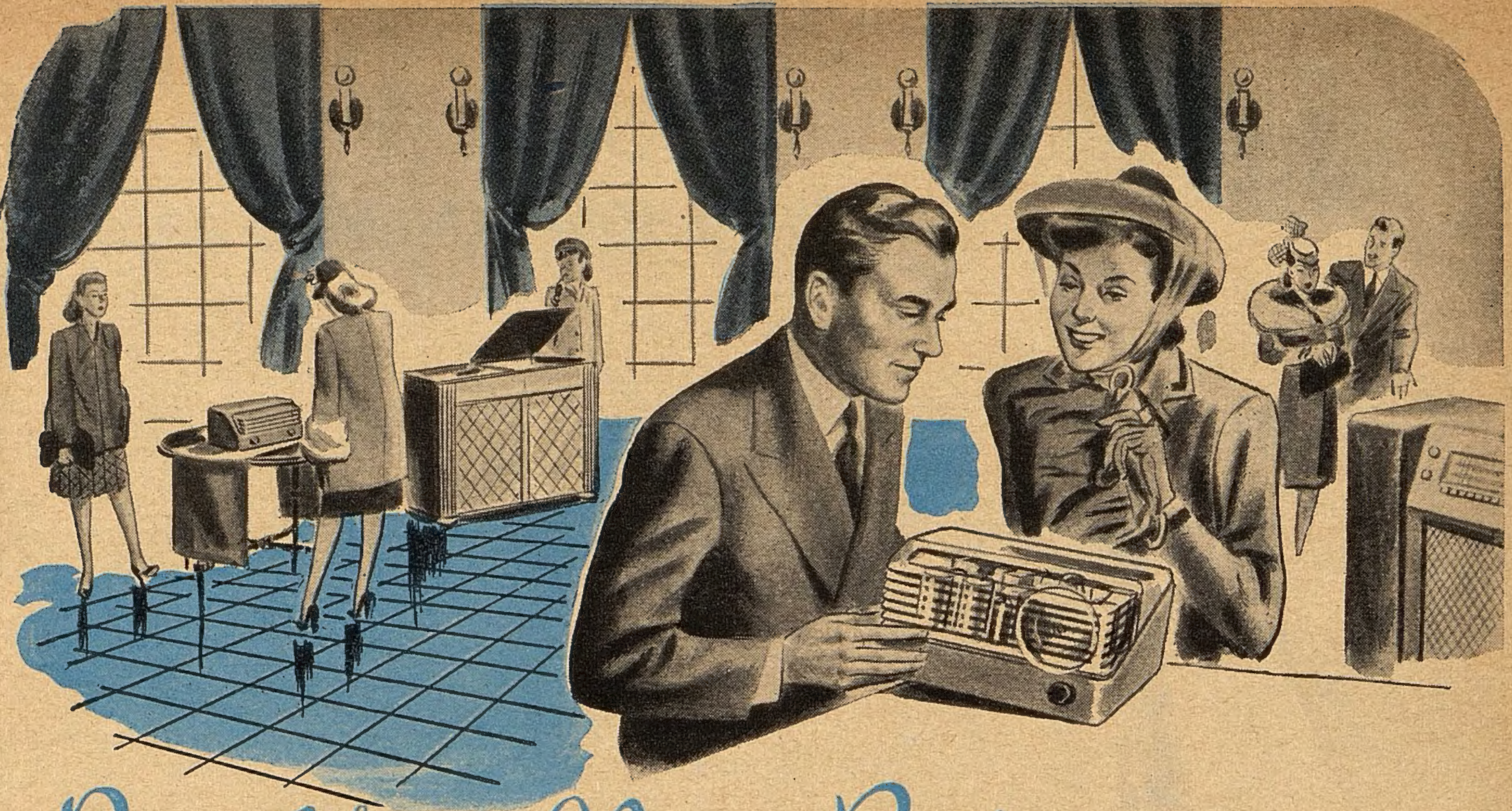


Buy Your New Radio from Your Radio Dealer

FIRST WIN THE WAR BUY WAR BONDS

—ON HIS RECORD for SERVICE!

"Of course you will expect new standards of performance in your new radio. You will want sets that stand up in service. That's where you will profit from the advice of your specialist—your radio dealer.

"We dealers have kept millions of sets in service during the war. We know from experience what makes a good receiver—what kind of parts and workmanship stand up. That's why many of us dealers have already chosen *Meck* Radios. They offer you outstanding engineering advances, as well as a reputation for quality firmly established through years of building world-famed electronic products."

Yours for good listening, *Your Radio Dealer*

FACE TO FACE RECEPTION

EXCELLENCE IN MUSIC AND VOICE RECREATING INSTRUMENTS

MECK RADIOS

JOHN MECK INDUSTRIES, Inc., PLYMOUTH, INDIANA

TABLE MODELS • PORTABLES • CONSOLE COMBINATIONS • PHONOGRAPHS

The new Breezewood Pipe
$1.00

You'll be a champion of Breezewood like many others, when you discover the comfort and satisfaction of this light-in-weight, free-drawing pipe, beautifully fashioned from a little-known burl found right here in the mountains of America. Breezewood's swell smoking-quality, and comfort-in-the-mouth will make it your day-in-day-out friend. See the Breezewoods at your dealer's, $1 and $2.50.

I GUESS IT WEIGHS 6 OUNCES
I GUESS 4 OUNCES
I GUESS 3½ OUNCES

No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter!

Free your Hands for Other Tasks. The new Breezewood pipe is pleasant to keep in your mouth. Doesn't fatigue you when your hands are busy.

THE BREEZEWOOD PIPE COMPANY
630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 20, N. Y.

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

AIN'T WE SWEET!

May, Texas—I heartily congratulate Liberty and the author, James F. Denton, on the story, Elmer Gets Ahead (March 24).

I simply don't see how Mr. Denton managed to do it, but he did not involve any other person's husband or wife in an affair; none of the characters "lit cigarettes" or even "poured a drink of whisky."

Author Denton deserves an Oscar or something for his feat. Give us more of the same.—*Robert H. Porter.*

Goree, Texas—I have just read . . . You Don't Belong to Any Woman," by Bertram B. Fowler (April 14). I think it's one of the best pieces of fiction, drawn from life, that I've been privileged to read lately.

It's clean, contains no near profanity, gives a moral and spiritual accentuation that was set up by the great Teacher of truth back yonder at Jacob's well!

With it, a new hope dawns that the world will not content itself with lower standards!

Its ending, of course, was not planned according to the usual happy-ending formula but in keeping with the teachings of the glories of the Cross!—*Chas. W. Sargent.*

BLOOD IN THEIR EYES

New Guinea—I have just come across the information that the home front has established an organization called the War Workers of America. Their cause is to campaign for equal rights with the returning veteran. There was blood in the eye of every man who read of the plan, and all agreed that for sheer ignominy and treachery it had no peer. It seems that with the end of the war in sight and also the end of their gravy train, these poor sacrificing civilians are becoming slightly panic-stricken over the thought that the returning vet might be a threat to their ill-gotten advantage. There isn't actually any reason for their concern—none of us has any illusions about why there is such impatience at home to get reconversion started as soon as Germany falls—and before the men come home. There is an old rule that says the good things always go first and the leftovers are saved for the late comers. Up until now we had been clutching at the flimsy hope that something would be done to narrow the great gap between ex-war worker and veteran. The papers are full of V-E Day and V-J Day. They'd better set up a V-U. S. Day too, because if this treacherous organization is successful, the bloodiest battle of all will take place at home. The writing on the wall is becoming increasingly clear and it is slowly dawning on us over here just who are our real enemies.—*Lt. S.*

If there is such an organization, we've never heard of it. And we're willing to bet it's not very big.—Vox Pop Editor.

DARK HEROES

Portland, Oreg.—I think you should be commended for publishing Dark Angels of Doom, by Roi Ottley (March 10).

A few articles of that type will prove that a man can be a hero regardless of the color of his skin, and maybe help break down color prejudice.

I thank you for giving these men a break. —*Mrs. L. V. Westaur.*

RANK PROPAGANDA

c/o Postmaster, Seattle, Wash.—America Needs a Strong Britain, by William L. Batt (March 24), appears to me to be one of the rankest pieces of propaganda to come out of this war. Mr. Batt loses sight of the fact that if it weren't for us, the British would have been Hitler's slaves long ago. He advocates that we build up Britain's industries, give her priority in trade rights, and throw in a new merchant fleet for good measure, so she can dominate the seven seas again. Already the British have seriously tapped our resources through lend-lease, and what do we get in return? Not even promises!

Dr. JONATHAN Rx to J. B.
$
C H

Do we have to coddle them and rebuild their island every time they get in a fight? Don't let it happen again.—*Ensign E.*

UPLIFTING CONDENSATION

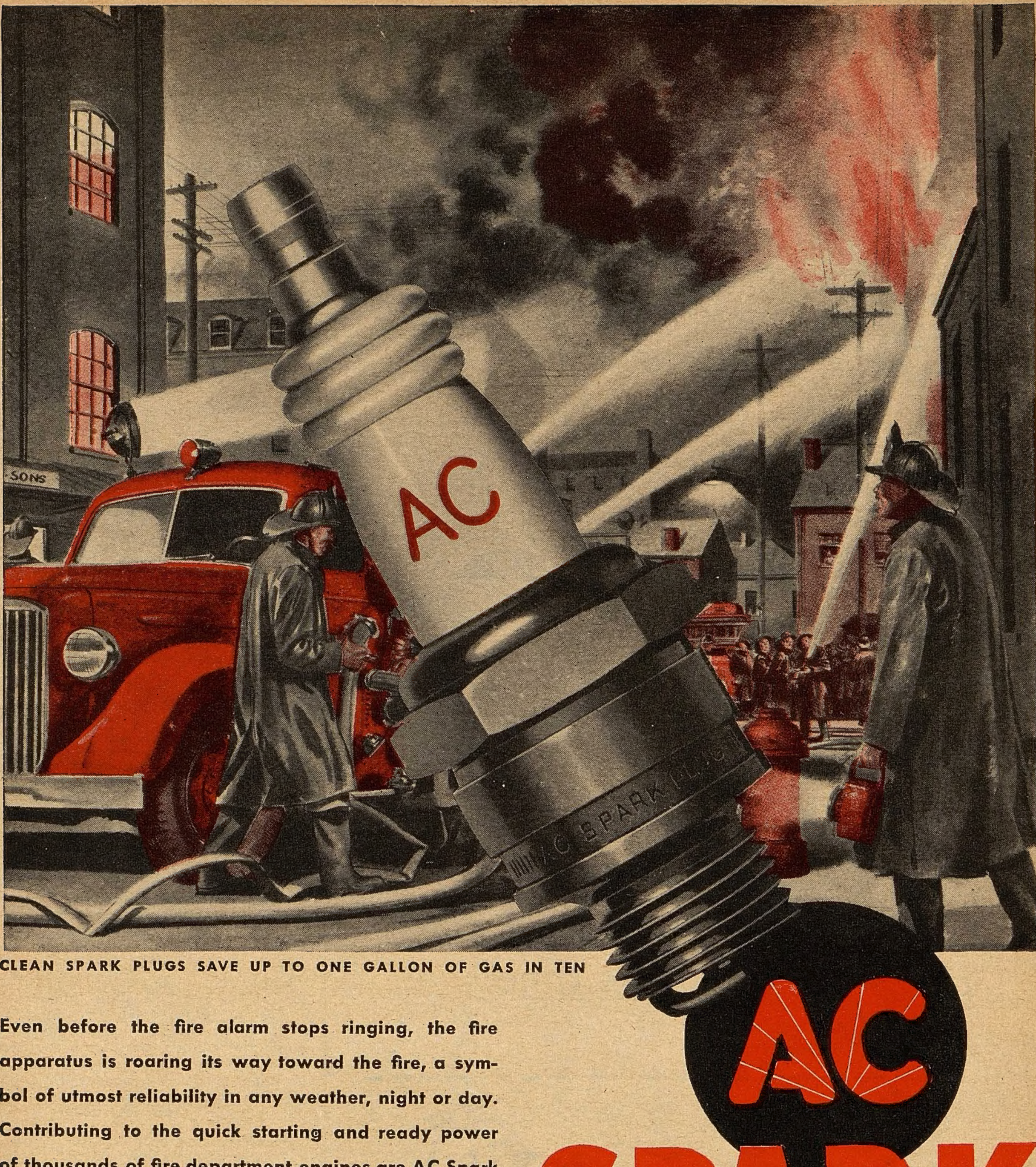
Detroit, Mich.—I have just finished reading your condensation of The Emperor's Physician, by J. R. Perkins (April 7).

I enjoyed it very much. People need books like that today instead of the worthless novels that are flooding the market. —*Lucille Wickett.*

THE MEN BEHIND THE MOBs

Port Hueneme, Calif.—Marjorie Barstow Greenbie's MOB 5 (April 7) is an exceptionally good article, but some important details are lacking. None of the MOBs could have been possible without the Naval Engineers and the Seabees. These men have hewn from absolute jungle the roads and bridges which lead in and out of the MOBs, and they've constructed the Quon-

(*Continued on page 8*)



CLEAN SPARK PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GAS IN TEN

Even before the fire alarm stops ringing, the fire apparatus is roaring its way toward the fire, a symbol of utmost reliability in any weather, night or day. Contributing to the quick starting and ready power of thousands of fire department engines are AC Spark Plugs, chosen for utmost reliability. To insure long life and top efficiency, these plugs are cleaned and regapped by the AC method, every 3,000 miles. That is an excellent rule for *you* to follow when having your car, truck or tractor serviced . . . replacing worn plugs promptly with AC's of correct Heat Range for today's fuels.

AC
SPARK PLUGS

ARMY NAVY

BUY MORE THAN EVER IN THE 7TH WAR BOND DRIVE

US NAVY
US NAVY
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped

Remember that cold, Wave?

You sailed out and bought a pack of KOOLS

If KOOLS made your throat feel so shipshape **then** *(Even with a cold)*

UNION MADE

Why not keep 'em on deck all the time?

Get in the swing:

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

—for good!

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

(Continued from page 6)

set huts and more permanent structures which go into the making of comfortable quarters for officers and enlisted personnel assigned this particular duty. I spent two years in the South and Southwest Pacific areas, and I sincerely believe that the Construction Battalions are solely responsible for the rapid increase in MOBs all over the Pacific theater of war.—*G. M. H., Y 2/c, U. S. N. R.*

TRIBUTE TO C. O.s

WHITING, IND.—Congratulations to Morris Markey for his fine article, They Also Serve (March 31).

It paid a fine tribute to the conscientious objectors, most of whom are fighting for victory in their own way.—*Barbara Chovan.*

THREE STRIKES ON GODWIN?

COZAD, NEBR.—The big-league first baseman pictured in the illustration for the short short story, Decline and Fall of the Roman Umpire, by Ernest Lehman (April 14), must have graduated from the same league that spawned Frank Godwin, the artist. Imagine even an American Legion junior first baseman with his hind leg neatly laid out across first with those meat-chopping spikes bearing down on him! 'Tain't the way Sisler and Judge used to play it.—*Doc Applegate.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Ernest Lehman states specifically that the umpire in his story was working behind first base, but in the illustration Frank Godwin shows him working behind second base. It looks to me as if something's definitely rotten in the story of the Roman Umpire.—*John Carr.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Better give Frank Godwin a ticket to a ball game! His illustration for Decline and Fall of the Roman Umpire shows the third baseman stretching to muff a throw (apparently from a helpful fan) while the runner races from the plate to third and the umpire stands in a *most* peculiar place. No wonder that pitcher (with a baseman's glove!) is gawking! I did too!!—*Mrs. Jack Macdonald.*

No wonder everybody's confused. Artist Godwin, a former professional baseball player, took advantage of artistic license for the sake of action and composition.—VOX POP EDITOR.

THANKSGIVING ON V DAY

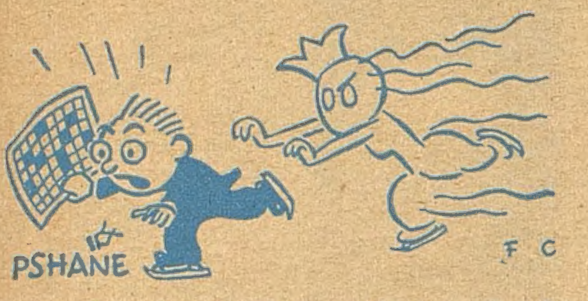
MIAMI, FLA.—No wonder Lieutenant Snyder sounds so bitter in Vox Pop (April 14) when he writes of V-Day celebration plans here at home. He's seeing only one side of the picture. Here's the other side:

On Easter morning, our pastor announced a Thanksgiving Service at 8 P. M. on V Day.

We civvies won't be tooting horns on Biscayne Boulevard: We will be singing songs of thanksgiving in our churches. Some will be singing through their tears for their soldiers who won't be coming home—they have gone home.—*L. T. P.*

HOUDINI SCOOPED

Pensacola, Fla.—If it is true that Queen Maud still sends congratulatory telegrams before each Sonja Henie opening, hasn't Ted Shane rather muffed a scoop in his article, Monopoly on Ice (April 14)? Houdini has been trying unsuccessfully to contact his wife for years. And now comes Queen Maud with the amazingly simple solution of merely dropping a telegram.



Queen Maud and Western Union (I take it) are to be congratulated!—*E. W. Mohagen, PhM 1/c, U. S. N. R.*

Oops, sorry, Queen Maud died November 20, 1938. Oops to you, too, E. W. Mohagen, Houdini's wife has been dead since February 11, 1943. —Vox Pop Editor.

NO MORE DEPRESSIONS

Westwood, Calif.—I have just read Luther S. Fritch's letter in Vox Pop (April 14) which hit the jack pot by calling for co-operation between management and labor as a means to prevent future depressions. In view of this letter, I thought you might like to hear about my plan to solve all depressions. Only a few months ago I organized a Pension League of America. It gyroscopically controls the volume of labor as balanced against the needs of the manufacturing and other industrial concerns of America by simply making the hours of labor of the right length to conform to those needs. My copyrighted slogan is as follows:

A six-day week—
A six-hour day—
Everybody at work—
Yet time to play.
—*M. Henry Beveridge.*

TEEN-AGE NAVY WIFE

Detroit, Mich.—I have a bone to pick with Lorraine B. (April 7 Vox Pop) concerning her theory that seventeen- and eighteen-year-olds are babies, and all servicemen belong to older girls like her. You see, I am a seventeen-year-old, but I am also the wife of a naval officer four years my senior. Do you think that if I acted like a baby my husband would have married me? We know other men of my husband's age who married girls in their late teens, too, and our husbands are not ashamed of us. Maybe Miss B. is mad at us "babies," as she calls us, because she can't find a husband.

I would be willing to swear to it that we younger wives can act just as old as the older girls. Please don't judge us all by a few.—*Mrs. V. H. M.*

ON LENA HORNE

Cincinnati, Ohio—Thanks so much for your very fine article on Lena Horne—She's Nobody's Mammy, by Frank Nugent (April 7). It is the best I've yet read on this great exponent of the Negro race. The article carried a feeling of sincerity that others have missed when writing about her. It shows, too, what a truly democratic magazine yours is.—*Harry Blackwell.*

"What does it cost *to ship a Ton a Mile?"*

For moving one ton one mile by rail, the average charge—and note that word "average"—is less than one cent.

O.K., you may say, that ought to make freight rates simple. Why not "sell a ticket" for moving freight, just like selling a passenger ticket? Take the number of tons, the number of miles, the average charge, and figure it out?

We wish it could be that easy. But here is the problem.

Some freight is cheap, heavy, little subject to loss and damage. Some is valuable, light and bulky, difficult, risky and expensive to handle. Such differences in the character of freight call for differences in rate making. No one would suppose that charges should be the same on a ton of coal as on a ton of diamonds.

To charge even as little as one cent per mile for hauling a ton of some of the heavy, low-priced commodities would mean, in many cases, making rates so much higher than they are now that such commodities could not move over the long distances we have in this country and be sold at a profit in distant markets.

On the other hand, rates on more valuable articles can be much higher than the average without making any appreciable difference in the price at which they are sold.

So, to make it possible for all sorts of freight to be moved to market, and at the same time meet the necessary costs to the railroad of doing the job, there came to be these differences in freight rates—with the result that shippers, railroads and the public benefit from the amazingly wide distribution and use of all sorts of commodities all over America.

"Prices" tailored to the public interest

Rate-making seems complex. But that's because commerce is complex. Rates, or transportation prices, must be made for the movement of tens of thousands of different articles over various routes between tens of thousands of places, all over the country, and under all sorts of conditions. If those prices, as a whole, are too low, the railroads won't be able to meet the costs of doing business. But if transportation is priced too high, the traffic doesn't move— and that is not good for either railroads or shippers.

And so it is that over the years the railroads have worked on a basis of "what is best for our customers is best for us." It is to the interest of every railroad to build up the area it serves. It wants to encourage the growth of industries. It wants to encourage agriculture. It wants to encourage mining, lumbering, every other type of business. Rates are figured out for just that purpose—to meet the needs of commerce—and are revised to respond to changes in those needs as they come about.

Where the I.C.C. comes in

Many years ago, the Interstate Commerce Commission was established to prevent undue discrimination in railroad rates as between shippers and communities, and to see that rates are "just and reasonable."

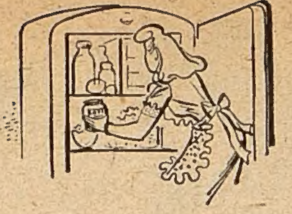
All railroad rates are open covenants openly arrived at after discussion between the railroads and shippers. All rates are published, are filed with the I.C.C., and are open to anyone to see.

But in any case, a shipper who isn't satisfied has the right to ask that the I.C.C. step in and investigate. And more than 250 volumes of I.C.C. reports show how active the Commission has been in this respect.

This principle of tailoring transportation prices to the public interest has stood the test of time—and no man who has made a sincere and expert study of the problem has found a better system for all concerned.

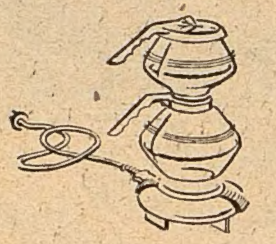
ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
All United for Victory

How to make better coffee *now*



Remember—fresh coffee makes better coffee. So always do this. *After the coffee package is opened, keep it in the refrigerator.* See if the coffee doesn't hold its rich, full flavor longer.

How to make oh-so-much-better coffee, *after victory*



You'll do it *automatically* with this glistening G-E Coffee Maker. The *only* completely automatic glass coffee maker.

Just set it and forget it. Put in water (number of cups is clearly marked on the bottom bowl); place a tablespoonful of coffee for each cup in the top bowl. Push a button. And that's *all*.

Thanks to G.E.'s exclusive Brew Compensator, you get richer, more flavorful coffee—exactly the way you like it—whether you're making 2 cups or 8. *And it automatically stays hot until you're ready to drink it!*

When war demands permit, we'll be making this automatic G-E wonder. Watch for it! General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

TUNE IN: "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E.W.T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today," news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E. W. T., CBS. **FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS**

Automatic
Coffee Maker
GENERAL ELECTRIC
Automatic

GENERAL ELECTRIC

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

A PHILADELPHIAN LOOKS AT RUSSIA

MOSCOW correspondent for the Philadelphia Inquirer in 1944, Alexander Kendrick made headlines from Russia last fall when he attacked the Soviet news set-up that barred foreign reporters from the front. But in the five months before he was recalled by his paper at his own request, he watched the Russian civilian system at work and he tells about it in IT'S A DIFFERENT WAY OF LIFE. A Nieman Fellow at Harvard in 1940 and winner of the Sigma Delta Chi national award for the best editorial writing of 1942, he's been on the Inquirer's staff for sixteen years with the world as his news beat. After covering the San Francisco conference, he takes off for western Europe.

FARMING FICTIONEER

THE author of THE UNANOINTED, James Aswell, lives with his wife down on a farm near the oldest white settlement in his native Louisiana. He started raising stories and strawberries there after ten years in New York as a newspaperman. And he's been writing consistently ever since. In 1943-44 he took a little time out to handle a war job in Washington and he's dabbled in politics on occasion—actively supported the reform movement which resulted in the ouster of the Huey Long regime. Of his own unsuccessful campaign for Congress in 1940 he says good-naturedly, "The voters saved me from a fate worse than death."

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
FREEDOM OF SPEECH
FREEDOM OF WORSHIP
FREEDOM FROM WANT
FREEDOM FROM FEAR

GENERAL FRANCO'S number is up. But who's going to get the job of welding Spain's many factions into a democracy? According to Betty Gaskill, an on-the-scene reporter, all signs point to Miguel Maura. Liberty presents his platform in MY PLAN FOR SPAIN. . . . When the fighting's over in Europe, there'll be no deadly idleness for men who wait for a ship home. Whether they want to play third base or go to college, the Army will keep them busy with its BLITZKRIEG ON BOREDOM. Let Morris Markey tell you how. ... In SMITHY'S DOGS, R. Wilkes Hunter gives you a different kind of dog story. There's little of sentiment but plenty of drama in it. And it's a story you'll never forget. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, CRY WOLF, by Marjorie Carleton, is that delightful rarity, a sophisticated thriller—about a woman in an isolated house with a man whose every move convinces her he's a cold-blooded murderer.

Stamp Champ! He's sold more War Stamps than any other boy in school. Now he's drifting into the sleep of the just —on the heavenly-soft, cushioned luxury of Beautyrest. Beautyrest is made by Simmons, head to foot. If you own a Beautyrest today, you're fortunate. For your fine mattress has 837 individually pocketed coils, and a sag-proof border. Guard your Beautyrest well—there's no telling when you can buy another! We're still neck-deep in war work. Meantime, if you *need* a new mattress, we suggest our WHITE KNIGHT. The "mattress-within-a-mattress"—soft, durable, with layer on layer of fine, resilient cotton. $39.50. GREAT NEWS! The Government has allowed us to make a limited number of Beautyrest Box Springs at $39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST—**The world's most comfortable mattress!**

P. S. BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS THIS WEEK—AND EVERY WEEK!

OLD GRAND-DAD

ACCOMPLISHMENT

Old Grand-Dad is the proud accomplishment of an art as skilled as that which carves a diamond. For only a master distiller, aided by the mellowing hand of time, could bring out a flavor so remindful of ripe Kentucky grain and soft Kentucky sun. This fine old bourbon is something to serve with pride and quaff with satisfaction. For that next get-together, count Old Grand-Dad among your most favored guests.

OLD
GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

OLD GRAND-DAD

Head of the Bourbon Family

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ON THE BEAM

The "bugs" in early B-29 operations . . . Paratroopers get new planes . . . Congress learns to fly . . .

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Paratroopers file up to board a Curtiss C-46 Commando. This new transport, they think, is tops! All combat Troop Carrier operations are being equipped with it.

WE have another firsthand report to give you this week from the China-Burma-India front, this time on the Boeing B-29 Superfortress operations of the Twentieth Bomber Command. Our war correspondent colleague, Eric Bramley, has dug up some interesting background with which you can supplement your daily newspaper reports on the B-29 raids from that area.

The B-29, largest bomber in our Air Force and noted for its long-range and high-altitude performance, actually went into combat with probably less testing than any other airplane built for this war. This was a handicap in itself, and in addition the B-29s were flown halfway around the world to operate from one of the worst flying areas to be found on the globe. By all standards the B-29 should have fared poorly. Actually it has done a remarkable job.

When you meet anyone who has been in service with the Twentieth Bomber Command, give him an unusually warm handshake. He hasn't had an easy time. And here are some of the reasons which don't show up in newspaper headlines.

There was great urgency in hitting the Japanese war industry. Only the Superfortress operating from bases far down in China could do the job. (Since then, as you know, B-29s have been operating from Saipan and Guam.) The bombers were moved to India in a hurry and then the headaches began. Facilities were meager, the supply line from the States was long and sometimes uncertain. Personnel was not properly trained and, believe it or not, some of the mechanics who were called in to work on the B-29 had never seen the airplane before. The weather was awful—intense heat and rain. But the untried B-29 had to be placed in combat nonetheless.

Now, after a year in the combat theater, the Twentieth Bomber Command has improved its maintenance proficiency at a rate which is probably higher than that achieved by any other air force in the world. And the commanding general, Brigadier General Roger M. Ramey, says the B-29 is now perfected mechanically to the point at which it can be expected to operate at a rate at least as high as the B-17 Flying Fortress. And the B-17 has had years of operating experience.

It can now be said that for a time the Twentieth Bomber Command had more airplanes out of commission from operational difficulties than from combat damage. Overheating of the engines was one of the biggest problems. In fact, the engines caused considerable trouble, not because they weren't good, but simply because they had been rushed into use without the normal testing period in which "bugs" are eliminated.

Aside from technical problems, the heat, rain, and dust caused trouble that can't be entirely eradicated. At some hours of the day when the temperature reaches as high as 120 in the shade, it is impossible to touch an airplane without getting blistered. The humidity caused corrosion and fungus growth on electrical and radio equipment—equipment just received from the United States in tropical packs.

In January, 1945, the Command flew as many missions as it had in its entire first three months of operation, and about 10

(*Continued on page 15*)

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*Koroseal--Reg. T.M.

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Koroseal is still in demand for war uses but every day its war job is nearer completion. Koroseal is the only material with the qualities people want in post-war products of this type and they soon will be in your stores. And Koroseal will be available to peacetime industry, too. *The B. F. Goodrich Co., Koroseal Division, Akron, Ohio.*

Koroseal

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B. F. Goodrich

(*Continued from page* 13)

per cent more sorties. Tonnage of bombs dropped in January was 50 per cent greater than the total for the first four months. And far fewer B-29s were out of commission.

Much credit for maintenance goes to Colonel C. K. Moore, deputy chief of staff for maintenance and supply. Lieutenant Colonel J. R. Byers, chief of the supply unit, is credited with cutting much red tape in keeping the Superfortresses flying. And technical representatives of Boeing Aircraft Corporation, Wright Aeronautical, United States Rubber, Jack & Heintz, and Minneapolis-Honeywell have also contributed greatly to ironing out the difficulties. So in a comparatively few months the big B-29 has passed from an untried airplane into a tested weapon of war.

Now T. C. C.'s Got What It Takes

All combat Troop Carrier operations are now being equipped with the Curtiss C-46 Commando, it was revealed recently by Brigadier General William D. Old, commanding general of the I Troop Carrier Command. The transition is an interesting story.

Too much cannot be said for the effective work of the Troop Carrier units in every theater of the war. It is a transport operation, but by no means a simple one. It is the T. C. C. that takes the paratroopers and supplies into and beyond the front lines, and, in our opinion, not enough credit has been given to this relatively new aerial branch of the Army.

When the I Troop Carrier Command came into existence early in the war, its personnel was at the "end of the line" awaiting new equipment. They were newcomers. Bit by bit the T. C. C. has acquired a very substantial fleet of transport planes, and in the Rhine crossings a few months ago the T. C. C. played an important role. At first it used Douglas transports taken from the air lines. Then it acquired new C-47s of the same general type. Now the T. C. C. is standardizing on the Commando for all combat operations and some of its C-47s are being converted or reconverted into air liners.

The C-46 Commando is a twin-engined transport with a larger cargo or paratroop pay load than the smaller C-47, and has a greater range. The first C-46s were rushed into service so rapidly that many "bugs" were not eliminated. But long since the C-46 has become an efficient and reliable airplane. The paratroopers think it's tops.

Watch Congressmen Sprout Wings

Congress will become air-minded pretty soon if the present rush to learn to fly continues. No fewer than fifteen congressmen have joined the Congressional Flying Club, of which Representative Jennings Randolph of West Virginia is president. Some of them have attained their wings, others are taking lessons. The club now has two planes, a Piper Cub and an Aeronca, and a Luscombe is being obtained shortly. The club has attracted so much attention that the Swedish government cabled for full information so a similar club could be started in Stockholm.

How About Grammar Schools?

Is aviation popular in schools? According to a recent survey, aviation courses are being given in more than 14,000 of America's 25,686 high schools. The first air course was offered by Teaneck High School, Teaneck, New Jersey, on February 24, 1934—eleven years ago. No fewer than 377 colleges and universities are giving aviation courses.

AW BOSS, DID YOU HAVE TO DO THAT TO MY FAVORITE FIRE PLUG?
LOOK, STOPPER, INSTEAD OF THAT, LET'S WORRY ABOUT GETTING OUT OF THIS DEEP WATER
WE'VE GOT TO GET THE BRAKES FIXED OR WE'LL BE BUYING THIS CITY PIECE BY PIECE
NOW YOU'RE BARKING UP MY TREE. COME WITH ME BOSS
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Stopper
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That's the time many service men in the camps are calling home and they'll appreciate your help in leaving the lines for them.

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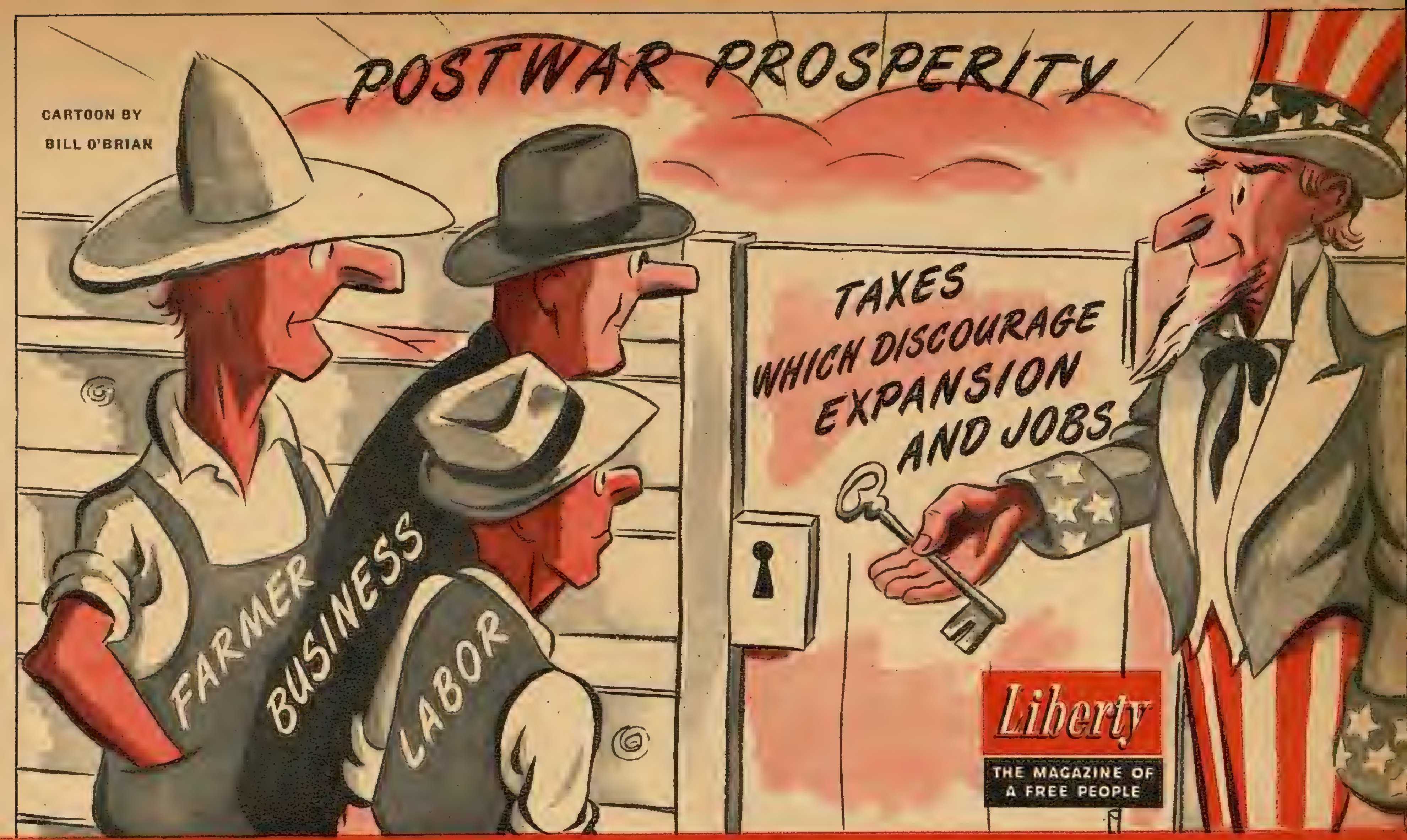

POSTWAR PROSPERITY
TAXES WHICH DISCOURAGE EXPANSION AND JOBS
FARMER
BUSINESS
LABOR
Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

CARTOON BY BILL O'BRIAN

The gate will be unlocked.

Our present tax laws are a hodgepodge. Solely designed to pay for the war, they strangle new enterprise and sabotage industrial expansion. But the broad outlines of our postwar tax system are already becoming clear, and they're

Good News for Taxpayers

BY SYLVIA F. PORTER

IF we want prosperity when this war is over, and jobs for our returning soldiers, and a free, growing, enthusiastic America, we must work out a tax system that will permit these things to exist.

Government, business, and labor have reached complete agreement on this basic truth.

To discover that the administration, conservative Senate opinion, business men, and labor spokesmen are in accord on any economic plan is news in itself. To watch them supporting one another on one of the most bitterly controversial of all subjects is truly astonishing. Of course they still argue about details. But they all agree that taxes are a vital factor in making postwar jobs. This revolution in the thinking about taxes represents one of the brightest, most heartening developments on the postwar horizon.

The way our tax laws are designed today, they actually strangle new enterprise and sabotage industrial expansion.

The small business man just hasn't a chance of building up a reserve to finance his hope of becoming a big concern, for taxes absorb from 30 to 80 per cent of his earnings right off.

The little wage earner hasn't much chance of realizing his dream of becoming his own boss. Taxes eat up 20 to 25 per cent of his pay check and collecting a nest egg these days takes a lifetime.

As for the giant companies, federal taxes took 65 per cent of the total income of manufacturing corporations in 1943 against 18 per cent of that income in 1939.

In a manner and to a degree never before equaled, the cards are stacked against risk-taking today, either by large or small business men. And the dice are loaded in favor of 2-per-cent bonds and safety.

For dramatic, typical illustration, consider the tax plight of a company which earned, say, $50,000 a year between 1936 and 1939 and provided jobs for hundreds of men. Assume that particular business concern decides to spend some of its savings, expand its plant, hire new workers, and go out for bigger and better customers. And assume it guesses right and its earnings go up to $100,000. Under our present laws, all but $6,250 of its extra $50,000 will go for taxes.

Now assume that same company decides to gamble everything it has and can borrow on a new product. Again let's say it guesses right and its earnings go up to $400,000. Under our laws, it will pay out $320,000 in taxes, so that it gets only $50,000 of that extra $350,000.

Or, finally, assume it risks all and fails. Under our present system, its losses are its own. It just closes its doors and slips into darkness.

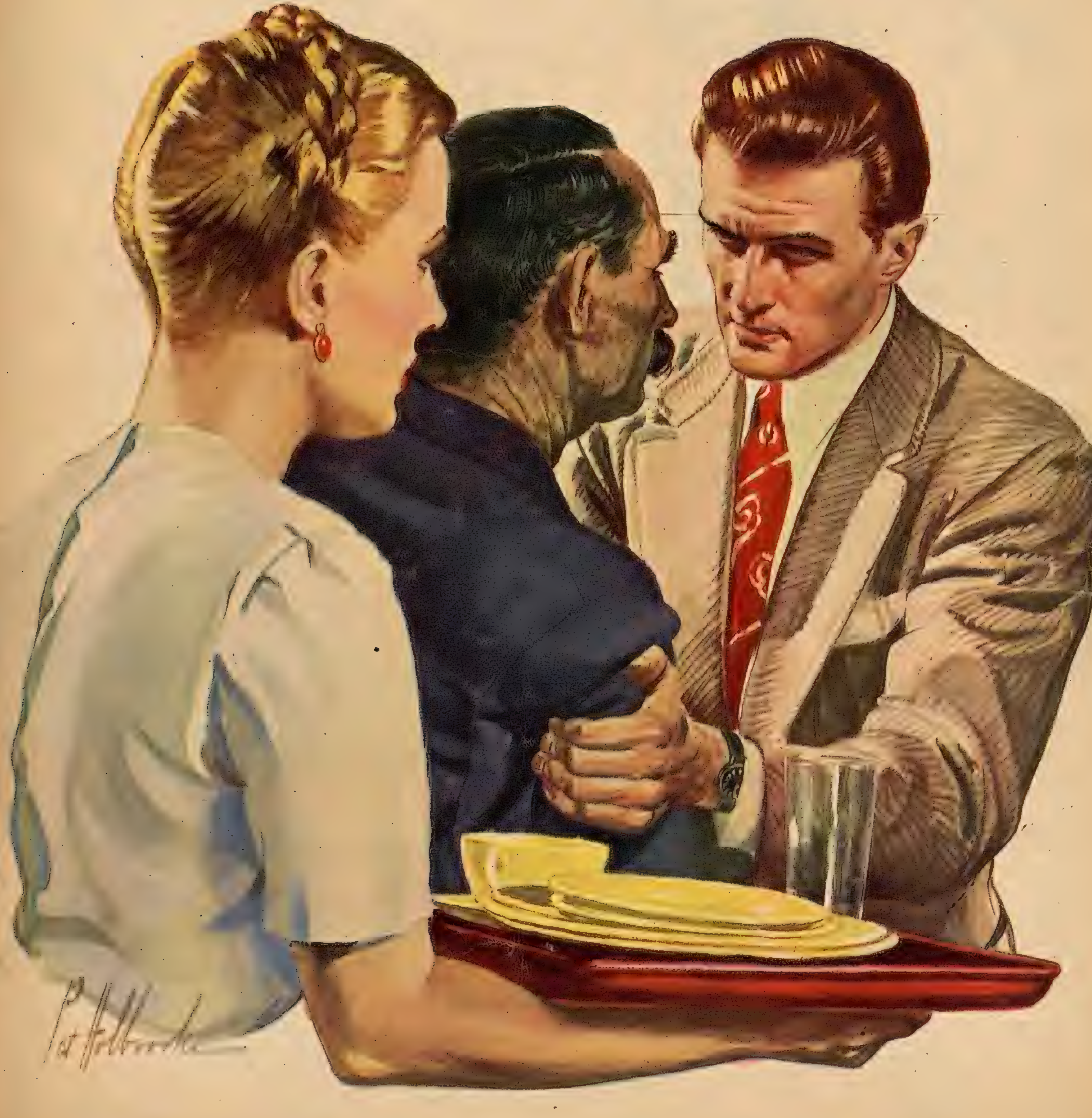
I know of one group of men who wanted to invest $10,000,000 on an invention because they figured they might make 20 per cent on their money. But when their tax lawyers had examined the deal, they discovered the 20-per-cent return really worked out to a net of six tenths of 1 per cent after taxes. They gave up the idea. Only a few days ago another manufacturer in the rubber industry told me his directors refused to approve a budget for promoting postwar products because "today's taxes make it foolish to risk money in an effort to expand."

Dangerously lopsided though our tax laws are now, they're understandable and justifiable in a war period. Overnight we needed not a few billions a year, but 75 billions and 100 billions. Acting hastily, for there was no time to lose, Congress passed legislation placing 50,000,000 of us under the federal income-tax structure and raising corporation taxes to levels un-

(*Continued on page 61*)

They met in New Orleans, and naturally they fell in love —the wounded hero home from the war, and the glamorous dancer bound for Hollywood. And if they were both liars—who was there to blame them?

The



Jayson swung the proprietor around. "No, she don't have to do anything you say. Nothing like that, anyhow."

Unanointed

BY JAMES ASWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

At a fast clip he tackled the last five hundred yards to the highway—toward New Orleans and unimaginable romance. The slight, almost attractive limp he had had all his walking life did not show now, any more than it showed when he was plowing a furrow.

He had to pass Ermie Kingle's home, a bedraggled cottage smothered in castor beans and guarded by a tight picket fence head-high. He knew she was teaching at this moment in the grammar school at Many; but he imagined her crouching, ready to spring upon and retrieve him from the gloom of the overgrown yard. It was unbelievable now, that he had ever considered marrying a Vernon Parish girl at all, with the whole world beyond studded with women of heart-stopping loveliness and sophistication.

There was a period of dead vacancy on the highway; nothing moved. The gridded strip slept peacefully in the thin November Deep South heat of two o'clock. Now Jayson made out a speck far up the highway which increased and became a small sedan. An idea seized him. He was haunted by the possibility of remaining here until three, half past, four—meeting Ermie as she dismounted from the bus moving in the opposite direction. He made a modest signal to the approaching car.

The car slowed, came to a stop almost opposite him. The driver motioned Jayson to get in.

"Thanks very much," Jayson said.

They moved off.

His host turned his face halfway, grinning. "My name is Beaseley."

"Peck. Jayson Peck."

The man was of indeterminate age—much older than Jayson. He had a squarish flat face, flat eyes, and a flat voice. He said, "How far you going?"

"Well, sir, I'm trying to get to Shreveport. From there I'll take a train to New Orleans." He wanted the man to know that he was no tramp; he did not have to depend on the charity of motorists.

Mr. Beaseley chuckled. He had a pleasant, very wide, smile. "You're in luck, son. I'll take you all the way. I'm going to New Orleans myself. Farther than that, in fact. I hope to be in Gulfport before midnight."

They rode for a time in silence over gently rolling terrain. The endless acres of cutover burned land began to give way to natural groves and to the prim densenesses of pines which were cultivated. The fire lanes flashed by at regular intervals. They were too narrow, Jayson reflected: the city-bred conservationists who had laid out the thickets had probably never fought a pine fire at the dry end of August. He had a feeling Mr. Beaseley was looking at him out of the sides of his eyes. He had, quite unexpectedly, the sensation of being quit of Vernon Parish; of all that cramped sterile life; of Ermie Kingle. He was about to find the proper flame—action, adventure, life, death even—in which to burn his youth.

At the moment they did indeed cross the Parish line into Sabine.

Mr. Beaseley spoke: "You come from around here?"

Jayson hesitated. "Well—I used to."

"Bet you were in the Army," Mr. Beaseley said encouragingly.

"Oh, yes," Jayson got it out before he thought. It was not quite adequate. "I was a flier. All over the Pacific."

Mr. Beaseley's interest quickened.

"I noticed you limped a little. A wound, eh?"

"Yes," said Jayson, "a wound." He paused. This was fun. He was responding to the old unacknowledged witchery of travel: the license to assume, with strangers, a new and gaudier husk. "It was pretty bad—but it's getting better."

"A bullet?" Mr. Beaseley inquired.

"No—it was—a mortar."

Mr. Beaseley knitted his brow.

"A mortar wound—in a *plane?*"

Jayson poked desperately among the odds and ends of soldier talk he had absorbed.

"Well, it was a kind of antiaircraft mortar. A sort of secret weapon. We are not allowed to talk too much about it."

Mr. Beaseley was impressed. He waved a deprecatory palm at Jayson. "I understand, son. Don't you say a word, not a word more. But it must have been pretty tough to have been wounded by one of our own weapons."

"Oh, no—" Jayson broke off. "Well, I guess I hadn't better talk about it."

Mr. Beaseley nodded sympathetically, a sage smile on his flat face.

But Jayson resumed. "It was wonderful," he said dreamily. "Flying and fighting."

"I guess you got some decorations?"

"Plenty," Jayson said, turning his head quickly. His smile was gentle and proud. "I never even bothered to wear them." That was a leaf out of Tucker's book; and this too: "We always called them brag rags, see?"

"I see," said Mr. Beaseley. "I suppose you traveled a lot—all over the South Seas, huh?"

"All over." He took one of the ready-made cigarettes Mr. Beaseley offered him. "You wouldn't believe some of the things that happened."

Mr. Beaseley denied this. He declared that he would very readily believe almost anything coming from a combat flier. Jayson talked on in short bursts; he told all the stories Sim and Tucker told and threw in a dramatic account of a desert island whither he had parachuted. He did this with considerable verisimilitude, for one of the four books he owned was Robinson Crusoe, whose author had never seen a desert island either.

Selling, leaving the home place had been no bother for Jayson Peck at all. It had not touched him.

He simply turned over the keys to Nub Fairhauser and followed the wagon track out through the pine thicket. He carried two hundred dollars in a wallet against his heart. In his hand was his father's shiny imitation-leather honeymoon suitcase, used once a long time ago. He wore his other, his best, suit.

Once at the edge of the clearing, he paused. With quick darting head movement he looked back. For a perishable moment he lowered a tentative drawbridge from the periphery of his dream; but he felt no tug, heard no echolalia of boyhood. He saw only a rain-gray tin-roofed farmhouse, drowsing away in sleepy glitter; he had merely waited there—in an oppressive vestibule on the edge of life.

He was far away, into the larger room, already. He had a sense of escape and of things beginning. He felt free and fine.

At twenty-four, Jayson was good to look at. All tan and pink beneath and strong-shouldered. The limp was nothing. People said that it gave him, if anything, a kind of tensile jauntiness. Also, when he flashed his wide, candid, seeking blue eyes upon them, people were apt to wonder whether what they encountered was an incredible innocence or a capacity for seeing clear through to the back of their skulls.

With a faint twinge of shame he realized that if his father had lived another month he could not have borne it. Three years! Three years, with the world like a dancing top, years of battle and high death and himself locked into a parallelogram of a hundred lean acres of Vernon Parish, Louisiana.

Once, as a youngster, in Natchitoches to sell a bull and three yearlings, he had stood outside the stadium of the local college, lacking the price of admission. He had listened in tense frustration to the roar of the crowd within, as the most thrilling game of football ever played in this world unfolded. He had felt like that now for three years of war.

The brief visits home of Sim and Tucker only fired his restlessness. His brothers had been to far places, seen violence and startling, strange girls. Sim had married one of them. An Australian girl—a breathtaking golden girl, only to be encountered in far-off lands. He watched Sim depart, at the expiration of his leave, with sharp envy.

And Tucker was no better. Tucker, breezing through on his way from the Aleutians to England, the tail gunner on a Fortress; Tucker with his sergeant's stripes, decoration ribbons, and temporary wound limp—a kinship and an emphasis of difference. But both his brothers were dusted for Jayson with the authentic pollen of participation and romance.

Now, though!

They stopped at Clarence, where the way branched south on 71 toward New Orleans, and drank pop. An hour and a half later, humming out of Alexandria, with Jayson still talking brightly about slaughtered Japs and his own plane limping back to base on a carburetor and a wisp of fuselage, Mr. Beaseley's face began to grow sad and contemplative.

"I suppose," he sighed finally, "everything is different in this war."

"You were in the last one?"

"Oh, sure. We had some pretty tough fighting, too. In the Argonne."

Jayson regarded his host with sudden new respect. "Were you wounded?"

"I was sort of gassed." Mr. Beaseley coughed delicately. "It comes back on me now and then. You never get over experiences like ours, do you?"

"Never," Jayson murmured. "I suppose you met a lot of beautiful girls."

"Boy!" exclaimed Mr. Beaseley. He pursed his lips into an expression almost roguish.

At the filling station and lunchroom on the fork at Lebeau they stopped to gas and eat. Night had come. This was farther from the tin-roofed house in the Vernon

(*Continued on page 68*)

Almost Everything Went His Way

By Alyce Canfield

Meet the man who made Going My Way and walked off with most of this year's Oscars, plus a couple of million dollars. Leo McCarey's secret of success is: Don't bore people

WHEN Director Leo McCarey gambled his total savings of $51,000 on Going My Way, the smart guys in Hollywood predicted he'd lose his shirt. Movies about priests just weren't commercial.

To date, McCarey has made $2,000,000 out of Going My Way. It won him the Academy award for the best direction of 1944. Crooner Crosby, who used to walk through a part in order to sing a few songs, won the 1944 award as Hollywood's best actor. Barry Fitzgerald, portrayer of lovable old drunks, got the nod for his supporting role of the old priest. McCarey took a second award for writing the best original story. It was voted the best screen play. And Swinging on a Star was named the best original song of the year.

All this should make Leo McCarey very happy indeed. It doesn't. He'd rather write songs. He'd trade everything—Oscars included—if he could write a hit tune. To date, he has written more than 1,000 songs, all of them monumental failures—unless you count one mild success, Why Do You Sit on Your Patio?, which netted him two dollars and fifty cents.

Nevertheless, Leo keeps on trying to prove himself a good song writer. Every time he makes a picture he hopefully dusts off his tunes and tries to work them in. He cagily planned to spot one in Going My Way, but reluctantly gave up the idea for the good of the picture.

This was a great sacrifice for McCarey, but he was used to it. Once, in collaboration with Chuck Riesner, he wrote, When the Eagle Flaps His Wings and Calls on the Kaiser. (Leo believes in getting everything you can into the title.) The song had a very sad history. Chuck and Leo were celebrating their collaboration in a bar when they heard a terrific clamor outside. The armistice had been signed. Their song lived for a day.

This failure didn't stop Leo, however. With David Butler he wrote a song called Coffee Dan's, after the then famous San Francisco spot. Coffee Dan liked the song so well that he used it every night in the floor show, and gave Leo and Dave a chance to buy in. They each put up $1,000 and the place immediately closed.

Leo's father, a wealthy fight promoter and the Tex Rickard of his day, wanted his son to be a lawyer. To this end he sent Leo to the University of Southern California, where he won his degree in law. But Leo's heart wasn't in it. He'd sit in his office—there were no clients, anyway—and write songs.

When Leo was twenty he ran off and married blonde Stella Martin, whom he'd known since he was fourteen. "What do you plan to do now?" his father exploded. "Have me support her?" Cut to the quick, Leo tossed over his nebulous law practice and went to Utah to work in a mine.

But the young McCareys were homesick for southern California. In little more than a year they were back in Los Angeles, and Leo opened another law office. Months dragged by with no cases. Then one day a big burly fellow walked in. His wife was suing him for a divorce, and he wanted to contest it to avoid paying alimony. She mistreated him, he said unhappily. Leo's heart went out to the big fellow. He took the case.

They were sitting in the courtroom when the wife came in, trailing behind her a bunch of half-starved children. "She came to the stand first," says Leo, reliving it, "and one eye was closed. A little wisp of a woman who looked like Lillian Gish. She told the judge, 'Pardon my halting speech, your honor, but my husband kicked me in the teeth and broke my ribs.' Her children looked at papa and screamed. After about ten minutes of this, the judge looked up frostily and asked, 'Who is defending this guy?' I got up, very dignified, and said, 'Your honor, I would like to ask for a recess so this rat can get another lawyer!' Then I got out of there fast, my client right behind me. I passed the Times Building, running like hell. 'What are you doing, Leo?' a friend yelled. 'Practicing law!' I yelled back, without losing a step."

This incident ended McCarey's two-year law career and left him fair game for Hollywood.

His best friend was David Butler, whose father was Oliver Morosco's stage director. Through Butler, Leo met Tod Browning and became his third assistant director. This was the day of silent pictures, and Leo got wonderful training. He started on a picture with the birth of the original set, worked on the story, followed through on the shooting, and then made the rough cut.

From Tod Browning he went over to Hal Roach to direct Laurel and Hardy. He directed every one of their silent pictures,

McCarey directing Bing Crosby in Going My Way. At this stage the picture was still a gamble, with all of Leo's money in it.

and at twenty-six was making so much money for the studio that Hal Roach made him vice-president. They were sitting in the steam room one day when Leo noticed Hal's powerful physique. "Hal," he said, "a vice-president has no chance for advancement when the president is as healthy as you!" Roach chuckled, but Leo was serious. He left the two-reel-comedy field to go into full-length pictures.

Then it was Hal's turn to laugh, because before Leo could get a job directing features, along came talkies. Hollywood imported stage directors in droves, because a silent-picture director presumably couldn't tell an actor how to speak lines. It was fully a year before anyone had confidence enough to give him a job. Then former Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy at RKO-Pathé took a chance and let Leo direct Eddie Quillan in The Sophomore. It was an outstanding success and established a new technique. Hollywood stopped photographing stage plays top-heavy with dialogue and completely minus action. McCarey taught Hollywood that visual entertainment and dialogue could be combined. One hit topped another. Sparkling dry wit was Leo's medium, and he would have stuck with it except that Destiny interfered.

LEO was working at Paramount on a picture called The Milky Way when he had a peculiar hunch. "You know," he said, "all the principals are here. Let's shoot the finish." The hunch saved the studio a lot of money. Within the next two weeks Adolphe Menjou was in the hospital with stomach hemorrhages, his wife lost her baby, and Leo McCarey was near death with undulant fever.

For months Leo lay expensively in the Good Samaritan Hospital. The bills were staggering, but he invested his last few dollars in a call to the Mayo Brothers. Their undulant-fever specialist cured him with a serum then almost untested.

While he was on the desert recuperating he did some heavy thinking. He was on salary, a tremendous salary. Because he drew a pay check every week he didn't feel he could turn down stories. Suddenly he thought, If I go off the payroll and only take money when I work on a picture, they can't kick, because I won't be getting paid if I don't work. At Paramount Leo's contract had three years to go. He asked the studio to cancel it for an eight-pictures-a-year deal. It was the turning point of his career. From then on, he made only the pictures he wanted to make.

The first thing he did, called Make Way for Tomorrow, was a box-office flop, although he still regards it as his finest film. Getting a little panicky because his heavy drama wasn't too popular, he jumped back over the fence and went to Columbia to make The Awful Truth with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. It won the Academy Award.

His father, who died when Leo was ill, left him one priceless legacy. Said the senior McCarey, "I don't know much about pictures, but I think the most important thing to remember is: Don't bore people." So, no matter what the topic, religion or love or comedy, Leo throws surplusage away. "It's like sending an intelligent telegram," he explains, "or refining a gem.

"I don't know what my formula is. I only know I like my characters to walk in clouds. I like a little bit of the fairy tale. I don't want to depress people. I believe you can treat a problem lightly and still get an inspirational picture. As long as I'm there behind the camera lens, I'll let somebody else photograph the ugliness in the world."

Leo was working on another story at his

(*Continued on page* 80)

Hard-working McCarey looks like a bargain-basement edition of Cary Grant.

The composer at the piano. Author of a thousand songs, McCarey has yet to write a hit.

No Nickname for the Major

Our old friend Retenu's latest story concerns a paymaster whom nobody liked but who found glory at the very moment he was most hated

BY RICHARD G. HUBLER

ILLUSTRATED BY RAPHAEL DE SOTO

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

"HAPPINESS," said Retenu, "is not what it is imagined to be—love or power; not even the well-advertised by-product of a well-spent life. It is the quick, unspeakable moment of passion and fulfillment. There is only one secret to its being: it must happen at such a speed and pass so finally that it is gone without trappings of regret on the instant of its consummation.

"If I wished to give you an example, I would tell you the story of Pepperill, the paymaster," said Retenu.

The grizzled little Marine sergeant was sitting in a jeep on Henderson Field under the tricorned shade of the wing of a DC-3 SCAT transport. He and the driver were waiting for the pay satchel of their regiment to arrive on the noon plane.

"He was a large fat major," continued Retenu, lighting a cigarette, "and he had a loose face which fell into three chins. Around his head he had a scallop of gray hair. Few people liked him because he was opinionated, loud-voiced, and he usually won at poker.

"Not because Pepperill played well, you understand. But because he brought one-hundred- and often five-hundred-dollar bills down to the table where we flipped cards across a gray U. S. M. C. blanket in an empty mess tent. It was intimidating to see that much money when we had much less. And he was skillful in irritation, so that men who knew better would raise his bet without reason, in hope of deflating his arrogance.

"Captain Campbell had lost a great deal of money in such attempts. Ordinarily he was a better player than Pepperill, but the paymaster's play roweled him to the point of frenzy. With such people—quiet, unassuming, and somehow gentle—the obliteration of a gross species like the paymaster becomes a crusade. Yet a straight will always cut short a crusade which has no more than three of a kind, and it was exactly so with Campbell.

"The slight redheaded captain lost nearly fifty-eight hundred," continued Retenu, "that is, up to the day before the flight. He owed more than three quarters of it to Pepperill. The money meant little, because Campbell, like the rest of us, was due for a long tour in the Pacific. There was no way he could spend his money beyond gambling. He was single and his family was well off.

"But to him it was a black debt. Not the money, but the lash of his conscience at having lost it to such a monstrosity as the paymaster, at having failed in his obligation to humanity of humbling such a creature.

"That is what preyed upon the mind of Campbell and began to generate a hatred in him for Pepperill.

"As for the paymaster, he chortled with glee at his luck. He seemed to derive no satisfaction except from the money. That was plain from the way he handled the crisp green bills, folded them again and again between his fingers, counted them between the hands. It was unnerving to observe his tremor of pleasure at the touch of his winnings.

"We did not like to play with him, but we always did, in the same vain hope—to force him to lose. Yet we always had an obscure revenge. We called him 'H. P.' or 'Major' always. He had no nickname, no affectionately disrespectful sobriquet."

Retenu frowned at the jeep driver, who did not seem to understand his favorite multisyllabled words, and lit another cigarette from the butt of the first. "As I say, Pepperill's name was Harry Parsons Pepperill, as we knew—but we never called him Harry. That disturbed him in time. We realized that he would have surrendered half his poker winnings to have a friendly nickname.

"THE morning after Campbell had lost nearly eleven hundred in an all-night session, most of it to the paymaster, he was due to take off, in his capacity as a SCAT pilot, to Efate. He would be flying an ancient Douglas, one of the first put to use in the South Pacific and pressed again into service under the need of more planes to supply the northward advance. One of his passengers was to be Major H. P. Pepperill.

"The paymaster was on his monthly trip about the islands. As the ranking officer of that department in the Tenth Wing—to which I was temporarily attached—he would not ordinarily have done the job. But malaria and medical surveys had robbed him of experienced help. He was forced to take his valise himself, crammed with more than sixty thousand dollars, around to the scattered squadrons of the Tenth.

"They took off with only a few hours' sleep. The trip, I was told, went well to Efate. It was on the way back to the headquarters of the Tenth here at Guadalcanal that the trouble began. Not yet within sight of land, the port motor began to sputter and finally stopped. The DC-3 might have staggered in with one engine, but she was too heavily laden—with wounded men being returned to the hospital at the 'Canal. The big brown plane started down toward the water.

"It was a good landing. The Army nurse aboard braced the stretchers, and Pepperill, who was aboard once more, squeezed himself between two brace plates. The DC-3 was lucky enough to stall into a wave going up. Campbell got a bruise and a slight cut on the forehead but that was the only casualty.

"There was land ahead, evidently Santa Isabel Island with Guadalcanal on its farther side. Campbell had brought them within two hundred yards of it and they were drifting closer. But there was a large reef. The waves were breaking over it in a white cream of foam, the jagged coral like the broken glass on top of walls.

"Campbell and the nurse broke out the rafts in quick order. They forced open the huge cargo doors. The patients were transferred to the rafts and Campbell pushed the major onto the last one with the nurse and climbed on himself.

"Pepperill must have been beside himself. And the nurse, too, for they both forgot items which were essential to their own peculiar honor. They remembered at the same moment.

"'My God!' shouted Pepperill. 'The valise! The money!'

"'The plasma!' It was the nurse in wretched tears. Campbell swung the raft around and got up to dive over the side. But he hesitated as he knelt there, looking in horror at his plane which was disintegrating visibly on the reef under the pounding of the waves, as if it were no more than silk and splints. At that moment a splash resounded big enough to be heard over the sound of the surf. Pepperill had plunged in.

"By a miracle the fat old man got inside the DC-3. He reappeared in a second with the satchel in his hand. 'The plasma!' shrieked the nurse. 'Plasma!' shouted Campbell. Pepperill shook his head like a bewildered bull. They screamed at him again as they drifted closer to the reef.

"Pepperill disappeared once more. They sighed in relief. For a second, Campbell's hatred vanished; then it reawoke. He saw Pepperill leap through the doors of the plane as it slowly vanished under the furious waves. In his hand was only the paymaster's valise."

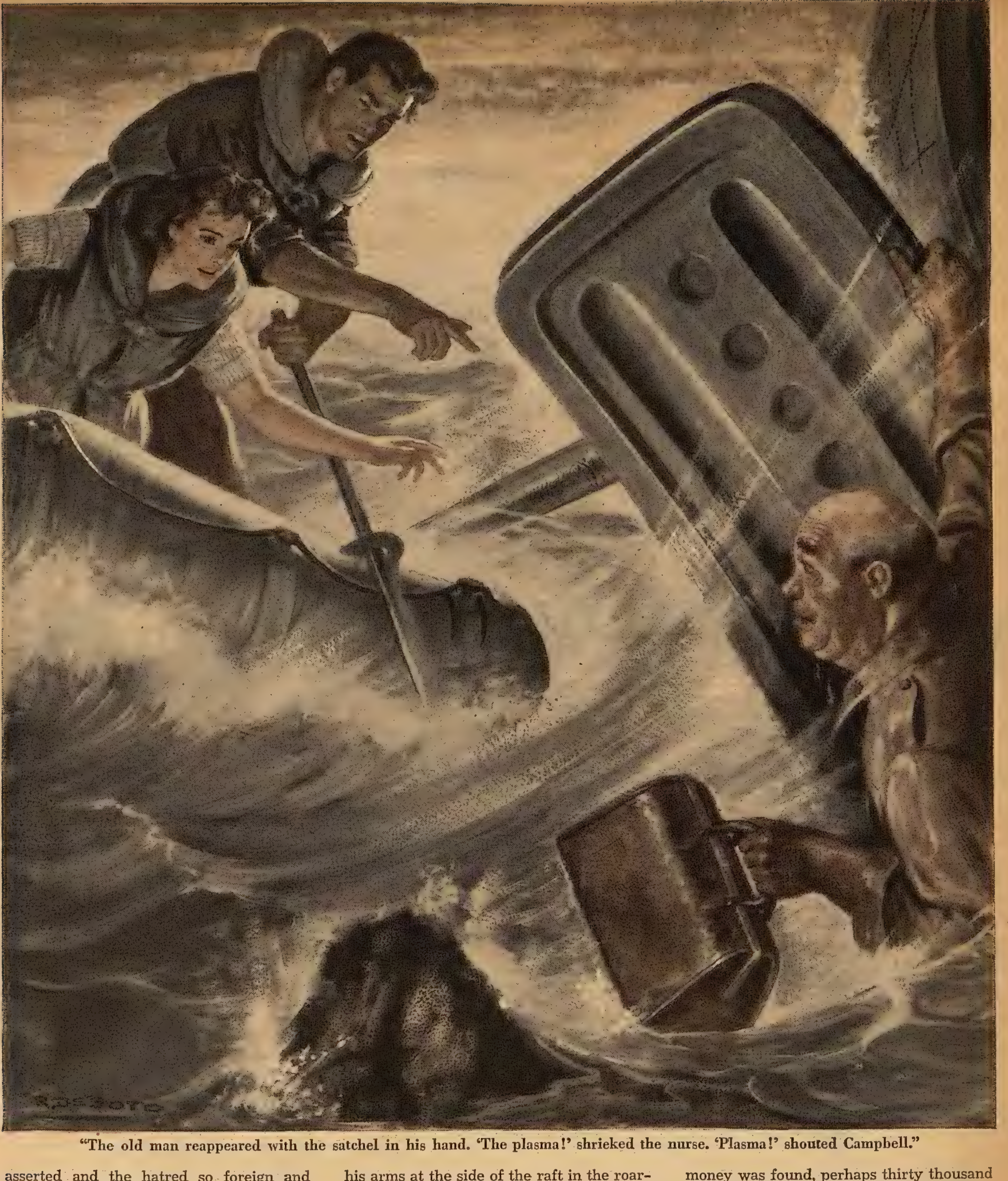
RETENU stopped. He looked up into the sky, squinting his eyes through the smoke from his cigarette. There was no SCAT plane to be seen, only two SBD dive bombers straggling in.

"Consider," he went on, "the virtues of each side. On one, at least fifty thousand dollars. On the other, the plasma which might be desperately needed for the wounded. One worthless, except to the imagination of Pepperill; the other priceless. Yet—only the valise.

"Pumping and blowing, Pepperill got near enough to the raft to toss the valise to Campbell. In the bitterness of his renewed hatred, the captain did not try to catch it. It struck the rubber side and fell off into the depths of water. Pepperill, his eyes glazed from exertion, saw it go and had enough energy to dive after it. He rose with the satchel in his teeth and grasped the edge of the raft. He dropped it inside, like a retriever.

"'Fool! You damned fool!' he panted, his lungs straining until they seemed bursting. 'Take it! Plasma! Inside! Stuffed the bills around—threw away most—afraid it would break!'

"Campbell's face was transfigured. In that moment all his latent faith was re-



"The old man reappeared with the satchel in his hand. 'The plasma!' shrieked the nurse. 'Plasma!' shouted Campbell."

asserted and the hatred so foreign and galling to his nature was swept away.

" 'Harry!' he cried. He looked at the reef. He saw that it was reaching for them with its drooling teeth. 'Harry!' he cried again. 'Get aboard!' He began to paddle away frantically.

"But the paymaster never got aboard. The sound of the name he had desired so long and ardently, on the lips of his enemy, stiffened him in that sudden excessive shock of pleasure which he had once reserved only for his money. He hung on his arms at the side of the raft in the roaring waters. 'Harry!' he repeated.

"At that moment the raft struck. Pepperill was hurled backward. Campbell and the nurse paddled frantically. By the time they had won clear of the reef, there was no sign of the paymaster."

Retenu threw away his butt and pointed to the sky. The SCAT plane was coming in.

"They found his body the next day. The reef had broken his back and he was dead, but that strange ecstatic look was still on the paymaster's face. Most of the money was found, perhaps thirty thousand dollars' worth. And the plasma, as it happened, was not needed.

"Yet, I maintain, that was happiness, the single unpremeditated act that passed with the haste of a vision, without regret or stain on its purity. Pepperill had a decision to make in that final instant, and, as it later proved, he chose what turned out to be a useless course.

"But who is so practical as to say that—beyond myself, who must tell his story?"

THE END

The Stuff of Life

by

PAUL W. KEARNEY

PHOTO BY DMITRI KESSEL

The Lederle laboratory, where a million pints of blood a year are processed. This precious fluid will become civilian America's finest healer.

Fascinating new uses for blood may even overshadow the miracle of plasma. Here is the story of a big war industry that will need no reconversion

IT sounds like quack-medicine ballyhoo when a pharmaceutical salesman boasts of a single biological preparation that is highly effective in the prevention of measles, mumps, whooping cough; is also used in the healing of stubborn wounds, as a burn salve, or as a glue for skin grafting; is equally effective as a temporary brain covering, a vehicle for removing kidney stones, or a hemorrhage inhibitor; and is the finest known remedy for shock.

But it *isn't* quackery. The preparation isn't new. In fact, it's the oldest thing known to man. And, what's more, it is being produced on a mass scale for a dollar a pint, or less than half the ceiling price of good gin.

It is human blood and its ingredients or fractions.

Almost twelve million pints of it have already been delivered to the American Red Cross alone, and today's "production" averages ten pints a minute. Which leads to the thought that there are about six million people in this country who don't know their own strength!

They are the volunteer donors who have been giving their blood to the armed forces—blood which used to cost hospitals from twenty-five to fifty dollars a pint. It's now procured for a dollar because generous people donate it free in this emergency and nine public-spirited biological laboratories process it at bare cost. About 1,000 trained specialists, exclusive of Red Cross workers, and close to $2,000,000 worth of equipment, exclusive of buildings, are at work in these nine plasma factories. On top of that, literally scores of the finest medical minds in hospitals and colleges all over the land are working day and night on new plasma research under the generalship of the renowned Dr. Edwin J. Cohn of Harvard Medical School.

Add the thousands of doctors, nurses, and lay workers in thirty-one Red Cross Donor Centers and forty-three mobile units—hundreds of truckers, railroaders, Army and Navy fliers who transport the stuff all over the globe to the Medical Corps men who use it—and the blood-plasma campaign, which started as a patriotic gesture, begins to look like a good-sized industry.

As a nineteen-time donor myself, I had always considered the whole program simple. But under scrutiny it takes on a different complexion. This new industry has processed, for about $12,000,000, a volume of blood worth close to half a billion dollars before the war just as raw material. And when you realize what is being done with this raw material today—or get a glimpse of its postwar possibilities—the project becomes one of the most significant developments in medical history. More remarkably, it is a medical miracle in which six million laymen have had a hand.

Everybody now recognizes plasma transfusions in this war as the life-saving wonder of all time. They rate most of the credit for saving 97 of 100 casualties who reach a hospital. And, of course, it is this technique which has put blood donations in the category of big business.

This aspect of it never occurred to me until recently I followed a pint of my own blood through a processing plant to see what happened to it. Being a Brooklyn donor, I went to the Lederle Laboratories, at Pearl River, New York, where all blood from this area is processed. Largest of the nine laboratories handling blood for the Red Cross, this one puts out a million pints a year. Around $225,000 worth of specialized machinery and 250 specialized workers, nine in ten of them women, open the eyes of the donor who thinks of the whole thing as a sort of test-tube and syringe proposition.

This one plasma station uses nine tons of dry ice daily and has processed 4,000 pints in twenty-four hours. Eight girls make a serological test for which the typical city health-department lab would require seventy-eight technicians. Obviously the job has been streamlined in typical wartime fashion. High skill without waste motion is vital here because the raw material is irreplaceable and perishable. Even though it is shipped in refrigerated chests, blood must be processed within twenty-four hours. And since it comes from points as distant as Rochester and Buffalo, there is no time to waste.

Your blood arrives, of course, in the bottle you filled at the Donor Center. After a close inspection for possible leaks, these bottles go, ten at a time, into a battery of centrifuges—overgrown cream separators. For fifty minutes they whirl at 1,700 revolutions a minute until the heavier red and white corpuscles are packed down in the bottom and the lighter, straw-colored plasma is forced to the top.

Masked girls, working deftly in air-conditioned rooms under ultra violet lamps, siphon off the plasma, representing about 60 per cent of the volume, from each bottle. Emptied of red cells, the used bottles are then sterilized, fitted with fresh tubes, needles, and stoppers, and packed for return to the Donor Centers.

The siphoned plasma then goes to refrigeration machines, which steam and

(*Continued on page 58*)

It's a Different Way of Life

BY ALEXANDER KENDRICK

Touring tycoons, writers, and big shots have all given us their impressions of Russia. Here's another angle—the daily life of the people as seen by an American correspondent who left Moscow because he wasn't permitted to cover the news

THE most popular movie in Moscow last fall was a Hollywood film portraying the adventures of an American orchestra conductor (Robert Taylor) and his Russian pianist wife in the Soviet Union during the first days of the German invasion.

Although it showed a Russia that never was, and a purely imaginary Moscow, I have seen hundreds of Muscovites, watching it, so carried away by their emotions that they believed and loudly cheered scenes of Moscow life which were impossible under the Soviet system.

If it is difficult for the Russians themselves to be realistic about their country, it is many times harder for a foreigner to understand what he sees, if he sees anything. Foreigners find it almost impossible to move around in wartime Russia and obviously have little access to Russian sources of information.

Even correspondents do not have their usual "news sources" in Moscow. My newspaper asked me to come home after several months of frustration, and I began what has since become a sizable exodus of American correspondents, who for months have seen Russia only through the carefully edited official newspapers, Pravda and Izvestia. Yet no one who was in Russia can have failed to be impressed by certain unmistakable trends in this great and still puzzling ally of ours.

The first self-evident fact was that the doctrines of Bolshevism, far from being watered down, are undergoing a tremendous revival in schools, on lecture platforms, in books and the press, and in factory and Army-Navy meetings. "Back to the basic principles of Marxism-Leninism!" Pravda exhorts every other day, which means back to the principle that capitalism is decadent.

The second thing we were sure of was that the all-powerful, all-pervading State, which governs all enterprise down to the shoe-shine stands and ice-cream vendors in the streets, is more firmly situated than ever before. This is due not only to the war successes, but also probably to the mass evacuation of industry and population to the Urals, and the achievement of the collectivized farms in supplying food to front and factories in the first two years of war. It is doubtful whether private initiative could have done as well in either of these two large-scale enterprises.

The third reality which strikes the visitor to Russia today is the fortitude, eagerness to learn, and practical-mindedness of the Russian people. The old-time Dostoevski Russian was a fatalist; his Soviet counterpart, more than anyone else but an American, believes that he is the master of his fate.

The Soviet Army, the fourth present reality, is a cross section of the Soviet people, and our American military observers, who began going to the front last summer, come back with story after story of remarkable organization, which sometimes, on the surface, looks like mere improvisation. This is especially true of the Soviet supply system. Although it does not scorn to use haycarts and even droshkies, it is a miracle of patient and sustained effort.

The Army rates high in the Soviet scheme of things. It gets preferred places in theaters and at sporting events, gets discounts at special stores and store departments; officers even get 50 per cent off in the few high-priced night clubs and commercial restaurants recently opened in Moscow.

The restoration of ranks, epaulets, and red-striped trousers for generals is no longer news, but in addition many officers have begun to cultivate the social graces, under the tutelage of General Ignatiev, once a Czarist military attaché. One night at the Bolshoy Theater I saw eight Red Army officers, seated in a row, observe his every bow and every gesture. It was his current class in manners.

No one can doubt the Army's complete loyalty to the present government. There have been Army traitors, of course, like General Andrei Vlasov, hero of the defense of Moscow, who was captured early in 1942 and soon after embraced Hitler's cause. Vlasov, who can never be mentioned today in the Soviet Union or in outgoing news dispatches, headed the so-called "Russian Army of Liberation," made up of Russian war prisoners and deserters wearing German uniforms. We saw their graves at Vitebsk, but were not permitted to write about them.

Keeping these generalities about Russia in mind, one can get a realistic glimpse of what life is like in that country today.

Everyday existence is still hard in this fourth year of war, but a few bright spots are beginning to appear among the shadows. Although rationing of all sorts is still extremely drastic, the government opened twenty large and modern *gastronoms* or food shops in Moscow last spring. They sell an incredible array of unrationed edibles, at fantastic prices. These shops are modern in every respect except that the cashier, after totaling your purchases on the shiny new cash register, usually verifies the result on her old-fashioned wooden abacus.

Since the *gastronom* foodstuffs are outside the rationing system, bread costs 40 rubles for a small loaf, eggs 15 rubles each, a single apple 25 rubles, bacon 65 rubles for 100 grams (3.5 ounces), and chocolate 180 rubles a large bar. In the streets, pretty girls with boxes slung over their shoulders sell chocolate-covered Eskimo pies for 25 rubles and blocks of ice cream for 35 rubles, the latter being cut in half or even in quarters for those who could not afford a whole one.

The prices are meaningless unless you understand what a ruble is. Its purchasing power inside the Soviet Union varies widely, without reference to its nominal value.

Officially, however, the ruble is listed

(*Continued on page 73*)

PHOTO FROM SOVFOTO

Rush hour in the Moscow subway would make New York underground riders think the Bronx Express was a new cure for claustrophobia.

PACIFIC CHAMPIONS

BY MORRIS MARKEY

Wherever they struck—against Jap shipping, aircraft, or land base—A. G. 15 did more damage than any other carrier group.

THEY went out to the Pacific war—a hundred young men.

Seven months later only forty-five of them came home unhurt.

But in those immortal seven months of naval history they had become the undisputed champions of the Pacific Ocean areas. Indeed, they had inflicted on the enemy probably more damage and destruction than any other one hundred young men who have fought anywhere in this war. And the price they made the Japanese pay for their own losses is almost fantastic.

They were the pilots of Carrier Air Group 15.

Their ship was not only a "carrier of the Essex class": she was the Essex herself. It had been my great fortune to sail with this ship as correspondent for Liberty in the Marshall Islands campaign. For that fight, Carrier Air Group 9, then champion, was aboard. When I rejoined the ship for the campaign against Saipan, Guam, and all the stunning events to follow, Air Group 9 had gone home for the rest it had earned with six months of hard fighting, and a brand-new group had come aboard. Its number was 15. Naturally, I asked the captain of the Essex, Ralph Ofstie, what he thought of his new aviators.

Captain, now Rear Admiral, Ofstie frowned heavily. "I had to give them hell," he said. "Last week I took them up for a little try-out raid on Marcus and Wake islands. By George, they thought they were winning the war then and there! Fifty planes damaged—they went in so low over the AA fire. They were just too damned eager." Then he smiled. "But they listened to me. They've steadied down now. You know, there's something about the young fellows in this outfit that's a little different. I wouldn't be at all surprised if they turn out to be the best group we've had out here."

It was a remarkable prophecy.

In the months to come, Air Group 15 was to figure heavily in twenty-three major engagements, including two full-scale naval battles. It was to destroy battleships, carriers, and troopships, and more airplanes than any other group had ever destroyed. It was to neutralize a dozen enemy bases, send scores of cargo ships to the bottom, destroy docks and dumps, gun emplacements and supply depots by the hundreds. It was to move twice as close to Japan as any other carrier group had ever been—to set the record for enemy aircraft shot down in a single day, produce the leading Navy ace of the war, and win glory and medals for all its survivors.

A hundred of them went out. Seven months later, forty-five came back. But they'd inflicted more damage and destruction on the enemy than almost any other hundred young men in this war. How pilots of Carrier Air Group 15 got the title, Pacific Champions

But first let's take a look at an air group and how it fights. Its equipment consists (in the figure the Navy prefers to use) of "more than 80" airplanes of three distinct types. First are the fighters—the fast single-seater Grumman Hellcats with heavy fire power from six machine guns, and which may also carry rockets and small bombs. Next come the dive bombers—Curtiss Helldivers. Besides the pilot, these planes carry an enlisted-man rear-seat gunner. Their job is to lay a one-ton bomb load upon the target from a very steep diving angle, and to strafe with their machine guns at the same time. The third type is the torpedo bomber—the Grumman Avenger. It has two enlisted crewmen in addition to the pilot. It carries a ton of bombs, or depth charges, or aerial torpedoes, and like the Helldiver is designed for low-level attack.

Almost always these three plane types work together as a closely integrated team. Strategy and tactics for carrier-based planes had to be invented for this war, because carriers had never fought before. The methods, the practice had to be devised and tested under fire, but the terrific pummeling they have given the Japs proves their present excellence.

Air Group 15 was blessed from the outset with leaders of exceptional individual ability and, more important perhaps, a genuine feeling for co-operation. Without that, the vital teamwork simply could not be managed. The commanding officer was Commander David McCampbell, thirty-four years old, one-time captain of the Naval Academy swimming team, a sound executive yet a daring and resourceful fighting man. Within his seven-month tour of duty he not only led his own men, but more than once served as target co-ordinator for all the attacking planes of celebrated Task Force 58. In the process he became the Navy's leading ace with thirty-eight enemy planes shot from the sky, nine of them on a single sortie.

THERE were three squadron leaders under McCampbell.

Leader of the Helldivers was Commander James H. Mini, once an end on the Annapolis football team.

The Avenger squadron leader was Lieutenant Commander V. G. Lambert—Veegee to all of us at the mess table—a huge handsome fellow from Louisiana.

When Air Group 15 arrived in the Pacific, the fighter squadron leader was Commander Charles W. Brewer. He was lost over Guam on the first day of the first battle of the Philippines sea, and was succeeded by Lieutenant Commander James F. Rigg.

Carrier aircraft have six prime jobs to do. In the first five, which are *offensive* operations, the chief consideration is to get the bombers over the target and safely back to the ship, because the bombers have neither the speed nor the guns to defend themselves from attacking enemy planes. On the other hand, the fighters often join the *offense,* the attack itself.

On the offense, carrier planes bomb and strafe enemy positions not due for

Jap destroyers: Commander McCampbell, Commander Mini, Lt. Commander Lambert, and Lt. Commander Rigg—leaders of A. G. 15.

immediate attack but which might serve as reinforcement or aircraft staging points, as Air Group 15 did on the Bonin Islands, Formosa, and the Ryukyus. They prepare for immediate attack, as at Kwajalein, Saipan, Palau, and Leyte, knocking enemy planes out of the air and then raking planes on the ground, ruining air strips, destroying all sorts of installations, and hitting defense works which might endanger the landing forces. They fly air support for troops which have landed and engaged the enemy. They search out and destroy enemy naval units. And they hunt down cargo and supply ships and troopships in which he is bringing up reinforcements.

For all of these operations the pattern of action is quite similar. Obviously not all the planes can leave the carrier or its immediate vicinity at the same time. So a typical strike against a predetermined target is likely to consist of eighteen Helldivers and twelve Avengers, with perhaps sixteen Hellcat fighters to escort them. With A. G. 15, Dave McCampbell usually led the first strike himself, with Jim Mini in command of the bombers. The usual operation contemplates a series of strikes throughout the day, and the second would find Jim Rigg (Commander Brewer in the early days, of course) commanding the fighters, and Veegee Lambert directing the torpedo bombers.

The Hellcats are first off the deck. Then the Avengers. Then the Helldivers. Normally, with no emergency such as impending attack, a strike of this size would clear the deck in less than ten minutes—all planes airborne and circling for altitude and formation.

At perhaps 12,000 feet, and by this time well on the way toward a target maybe seventy to 100 miles away, the Helldivers go into tight formation of six planes to a division—each division split into two sections of three planes each flying in a V.

Somewhat lower and behind the Helldivers, the Avengers fly in divisions of four planes each in diamond-shaped formation.

High above them all the fighters fly an umbrella of protection from lurking Zeros and Tonys. Each fighter division consists of four planes flying in echelon (the French word for the steps of a staircase or ladder). But though the four planes move together in tight formation, they are really two sections of two planes each: leader and wing man.

The Navy avoids putting a single plane into a fight. A two-plane team has proved far more effective and has saved us losses beyond calculation.

The fighter pilot does not limit himself by any means to protecting the bombers from enemy air attack. Once the leader of the fighters sees the air free of enemy planes, he sends his planes into a vital attack on the target itself. Heavy fire power makes the Hellcat the most useful strafing plane we have. And so the fighters go in close over the target, on swift diving runs, to strafe out, if possible, the enemy troops manning antiaircraft guns. Especially in attacks on enemy vessels, combat teams consist of a fighter and a bomber. The fighter leads the way in, all guns going, and the bomber follows close behind, ready to release his bombs when his sights give him the target.

Often the bombers would be powerless to get in a hit on an enemy naval vessel without the fighters leading the way in, clearing the gun galleries of their defenders by killing them or driving them to cover.

THE sixth job of the carrier planes is to defend the ship, the fleet against enemy airplanes.

Such tactics were used on the morning of June 19, when the first battle of the Philippines sea opened suddenly with an assault in great force by carrier-borne airplanes from the Japanese fleet.

The Essex, with her surrounding screen of destroyers and cruisers, lay on the very western fringe of the fleet—closest to the point from which the enemy attack would come.

At 9.30 A. M. came the stunning words: "Large enemy air force approaching from the west. Distance approximately eighty-six miles."

The flight deck was crowded with planes, all fueled, all loaded with bombs and ammunition. Over the bull loud-speakers sounded the order: "Fighter planes launch to meet the enemy. All bombers launch to *scramble!*"

Within twenty minutes every plane was off the deck. The fighters were gaining altitude as they sped out to meet the attackers. The bombers, Helldivers and Avengers, were scrambling—getting the hell out of there.

The flight deck was the most dangerous place in the world for them. They would have been worse than useless in the big air battle that was moments away. Their job was to seek safety, to save their planes and themselves for another day, even by hours of aimless flying over the Pacific wastes. But Mini and Lambert had another idea, which they discussed by radio. They had to get away from the fleet, and their bomb bays were full. Why not pay a visit to the air strip at Guam, where the enemy hoped to land, refuel, and take on more bombs?

With no fighter protection whatever, these two squadron leaders took their bombers over Guam airfield. When they finished, the place was anything but inviting to whatever Japs managed to get there. At that point Mini and Lambert got word from the ship that they could return safely. They did, to find that McCampbell's Hellcats had set a new record for carrier-based planes. The fighters of this one carrier had shot down sixty-seven enemy airplanes in one day. The previous record, set by A. G. 9 from this same Essex, had been fifty-four in a day, shot down at Rabaul on Armistice Day, 1943.

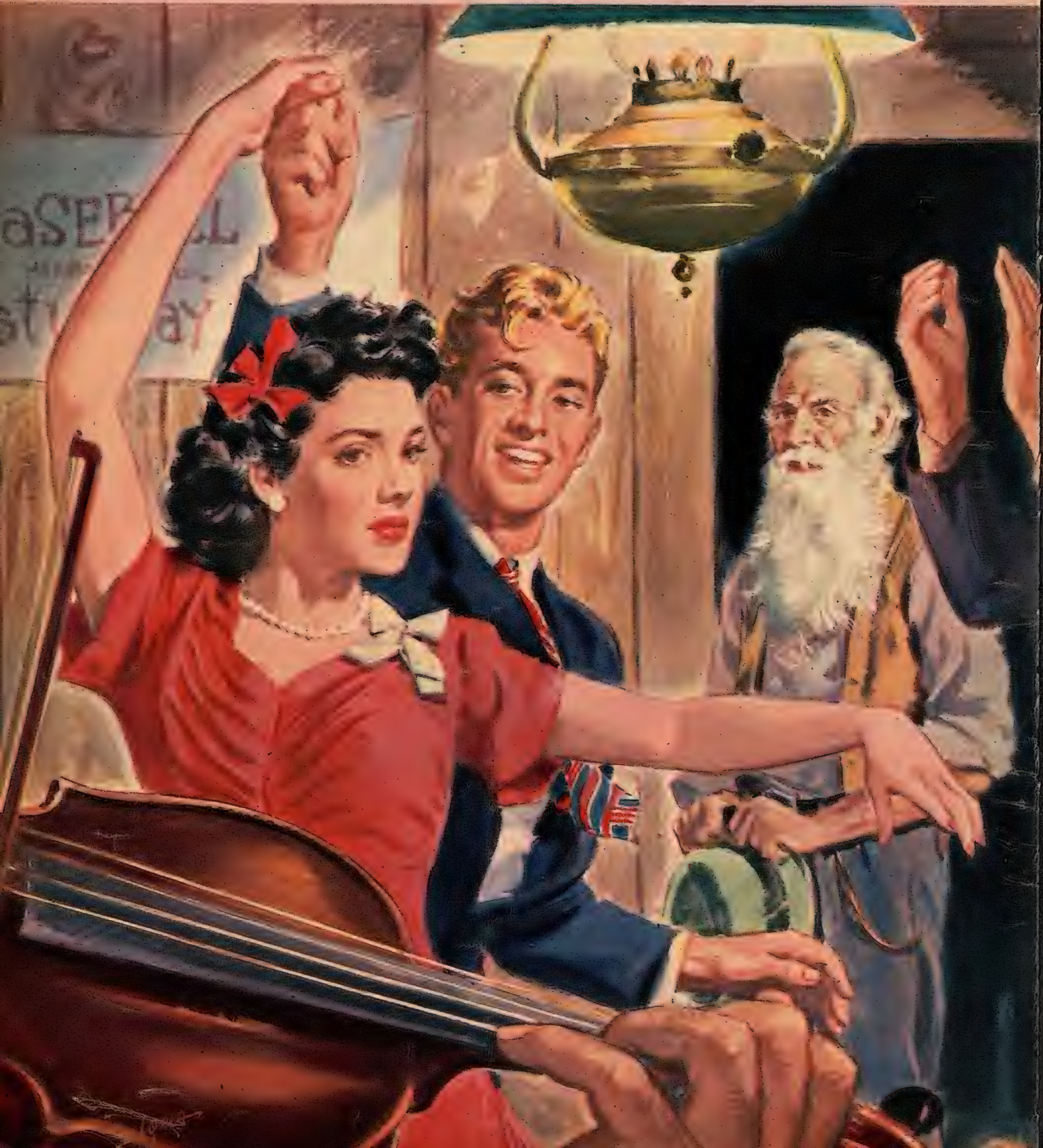
That was only the beginning, the first of scores of records which A. G. 15 was to pile up in its brilliant, devastating tour of duty in the Pacific. But not without cost. Remember, it is the fighter pilots who become the aces. They are the men who shoot the Zeros out of the sky, and whose

(*Continued on page 64*)

The boy's father was a stern man and strong. When he said, "I'll not be having that girl inside my cabin," the boy knew the time had come to fight. But it was

A FIGHT HE

Uncle Dud could hear Zalie's low voice. "I wish you hadn't come, Caleb, honest. It's against your pa's religion, dancin' and such."



BY THOMAS BARCLAY THOMSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN JONES

COULD NOT WIN

IT was a right good supper. Uncle Dud might be past working in his nephew's sorghum mill or plowing up his cornfield, but he'd done his own cooking since his wife died, forty years ago, and when he turned his hand to it, he took no shame in any company.

He'd turned his hand to it that evening. The fried pullet was browned to a turn, the way the boy Caleb liked it. There was gravy for the buttermilk biscuits, and the young turnip greens were meated with a ham bone, the only way his nephew Giles—who was the boy's father—cared for it.

It was close to sundown, and the boy would have to be speaking up soon, and Uncle Dud wanted the two of them to have good warm victuals under their belts before any word was spoken between them.

Giles ate swiftly, as usual, and held his talk. Giles was a fine upstanding man, Uncle Dud admitted pridefully to himself. He was still on the good side of forty.

Caleb, the boy, was taller, though not so hefty. But give him time and he'd fill out and be even bigger than his father. They had the same big bony faces, the kind that makes for good looks, and the same tow hair curled tight.

Uncle Dud wished he knew what Giles was thinking. Back there when Giles was one of the devil's own, Uncle Dud had no trouble figuring out his thoughts. But Giles became a changed man the night his son Caleb arrived and his young wife Drussie died a-borning him. After that he embraced religion and took it hard. Mighty hard.

But the boy—Uncle Dud knew Caleb like his feet knew the winding path between the Knob and the brawling Bearclaw Creek below. When the boy showed no appetite, Uncle Dud tasted in his own throat the bitterness that was choking Caleb, and fear made his food taste like chips. He'd fought through the bloody battle of Shiloh without turning a hair, yet his hand shook like an old woman's at thought of a ruction between the boy and his father.

"Speak up, boy!" he growled. "Git in the first shot!"

But Giles spoke first: "I'll have no book readin' abed tonight. We're gettin' us an early start to meetin' tomorrow, and there's the work to be done before we go."

The boy lifted his head at that, and it made Uncle Dud proud to see his own old fighting spirit in Caleb's blue eyes. When Uncle Dud was nineteen, like Caleb, he'd have crossed hell on a rotten rail to get what he wanted. More than once he'd done it, too. He liked to think that Caleb took after him.

Caleb cleared his throat. "I'm ridin' down to Harmony tonight, pa. To a—a dance."

Giles' head reared up, too. His voice was thin like a whiplash: "You'll go to no dance shindig tonight, or any other night. I'll have no son of mine cronyin' with the devil and his cohorts."

"They're no such!" Caleb flared back. "They're—she's good."

There! It was out at last. Uncle Dud sat still, knowing this was no time for his put-in. He saw Giles hunch forward like a Plott hound trailing a bear. Giles didn't know how Zalie Hall had grown up, saucy as a redbird, only shyer, and how Caleb had been casting sweet eyes at her. But he'd have to know now. Uncle Dud glanced quick at the deer horns where the whip had hung during the boy's growing-up days, and was glad he'd dropped it over behind the cupboard.

Giles ground out, "What *she* you talkin' about?"

"Ho!" Uncle Dud could hold in no longer. "Can't keep a big feller o' nineteen from gal notions! I was settin' up with 'em as far away as a mule could tote me long before I was the boy's age!"

But Giles paid no heed. "What gal's tolin' you off into Satan's ways?"

The boy's big hands clenched.

Caleb said, "Ain't nobody tolin' me where I don't want to go."

"Who is she?"

Caleb had been reared to mind, same as any boy that's worth his salt. He'd been man-reared with the aid of the whip, and his pants' bosom could probably still feel the sting of that lash.

So he answered, "It's Zalie—Zalie Hall."

"Hark Hall's gal!" It was pure blasphemy, the way Giles mouthed it. He stood up, his eyes danger-lit. "Git yourself to bed. But first hear me. I'll not be havin' Hark Hall's gal ridin' in my buggy, nor steppin' foot inside my cabin. Don't let me hear you name her again!"

Caleb came to his feet, and Uncle Dud thought he was going to wade into his father then and there, but he didn't. He just stood there a minute, then stalked into the lean-to, which was his room. And he shut the door behind him, shut it tight. Giles made for outside, shoulders braced back, and Uncle Dud was glad the fracas was delayed. Once they targed into each other, it would go to a finish; and whichever one lost, he'd drag his tail feathers mighty low for a time.

GILES was always hard on the boy, but Uncle Dud could understand that. Giles wanted to make a man of him, and he'd done a right good job of it, for Caleb was one to put pride in the heart just to look at him, clear-eyed and afraid of nothing. There had been times when Uncle Dud had felt called upon to salve the boy's hurt like his mother would have done had she lived, but not once did he doubt that Giles was a fair man.

He remembered well the day he'd come to live with Giles. He'd been living alone, far up on the Knob where Bearclaw tails off into Turkey Forks, and one night his cabin burned to the ground.

He got out all right. And he saved his gun and his hound-dog and the Book that had lain on the table where his wife kept it before she died. They said he had his jug on his arm when a group of fox hunters came up to the blaze. . . . That was the part Uncle Dud didn't remember so well.

But he knew what followed after. He stretched a tarpaulin over a tree limb and made camp till he could get help to throw up another cabin. It looked like a good time for it, too, the circuit rider being up there and folks crowding in for a brush-arbor meeting, like they have every summer after crops are laid by.

The men would have done it, and gladly, but the womenfolks raised objection.

"Old Uncle Dud is gittin' porely," they kept saying. "He cain't go on livin' alone. Do we build him another cabin, he'll git hisself burnt to a cinder, might be."

Anyhow, they stirred things up till nobody would help Uncle Dud build his cabin, and the pastor found a place for him down below in a home for rebs, and there seemed nothing he could do about it. So he climbed on his riding mule and started down, feeling low in his mind. He stopped by to see his nephew Giles; just to visit him and to leave him the Book, for word had come of him turning religious.

"It was your great-grandpappy's," Uncle Dud told Giles. "There's a place in it to write down the boy's birthin'. You can have it and welcome."

"I'm thankin' you," Giles said. "We'll keep it on the mantelshelf or by your bed, whichever you'd rather."

Uncle Dud's hand shook. "I'll not be beholden for my keep," he got out. "Where they've got these rebs, the pastor says it's a debt we're rightly owed for what we done to the damn blue-belly Yanks. But with you—"

"You're my kinfolk," Giles broke in. "Only you'll do no drinkin' before my son."

THAT was fair enough, so Uncle Dud stayed and welcome. Never had he taken a drink or used cuss language before the boy, and never did Giles have an unkind word for him, though he knew of Uncle Dud's drinking and hated it.

A just man was Giles, yet he should have held his tongue about Zalie Hall. Her father was poor trash, true enough, but he'd married a good woman who was Zalie's mother, and Zalie was like her. And, what was more, Giles himself had run with Hark Hall when both were young, and a rakehelly pair they'd made for sure.

Uncle Dud dried the last skillet, wrung out the dishcloth and spread it over the bowl of the dishpan. Then he went to the boy's door.

"It's me, Caleb," he called low. "Just old Uncle Dud."

When he got no answer he opened the door. He couldn't believe it, not even when he spied the open window and the empty spool peg where the boy hung his Sunday suit, and with his everyday britches flung over the chair.

Caleb had gone to the shindig, whether or no.

Uncle Dud was back in the kitchen when Giles stalked in, shifted the cupboard, and got out the whip, just as if he'd seen it put there. When he started for the door, Uncle Dud tried to stop him.

"Listen, Giles—" he began. But for the first time in his life, his nephew spoke short to him.

"Be still. His horse is gone. I'm fetchin' him back, and I'll take no interference."

Giles went to the stable, and soon Uncle Dud saw him ride away in the buggy.

Though it was late in May, it seemed like the granddaddy of all winter winds swept down the mountain and into Uncle Dud's marrow. His frame shook. Then he thought:

What be I? An old granny, to be settin' here all-overin' while hell makes ready to blaze? And he pulled himself up again.

There was only one riding critter left in the stable, his own old Japheth, a mule too ornery mean to die.

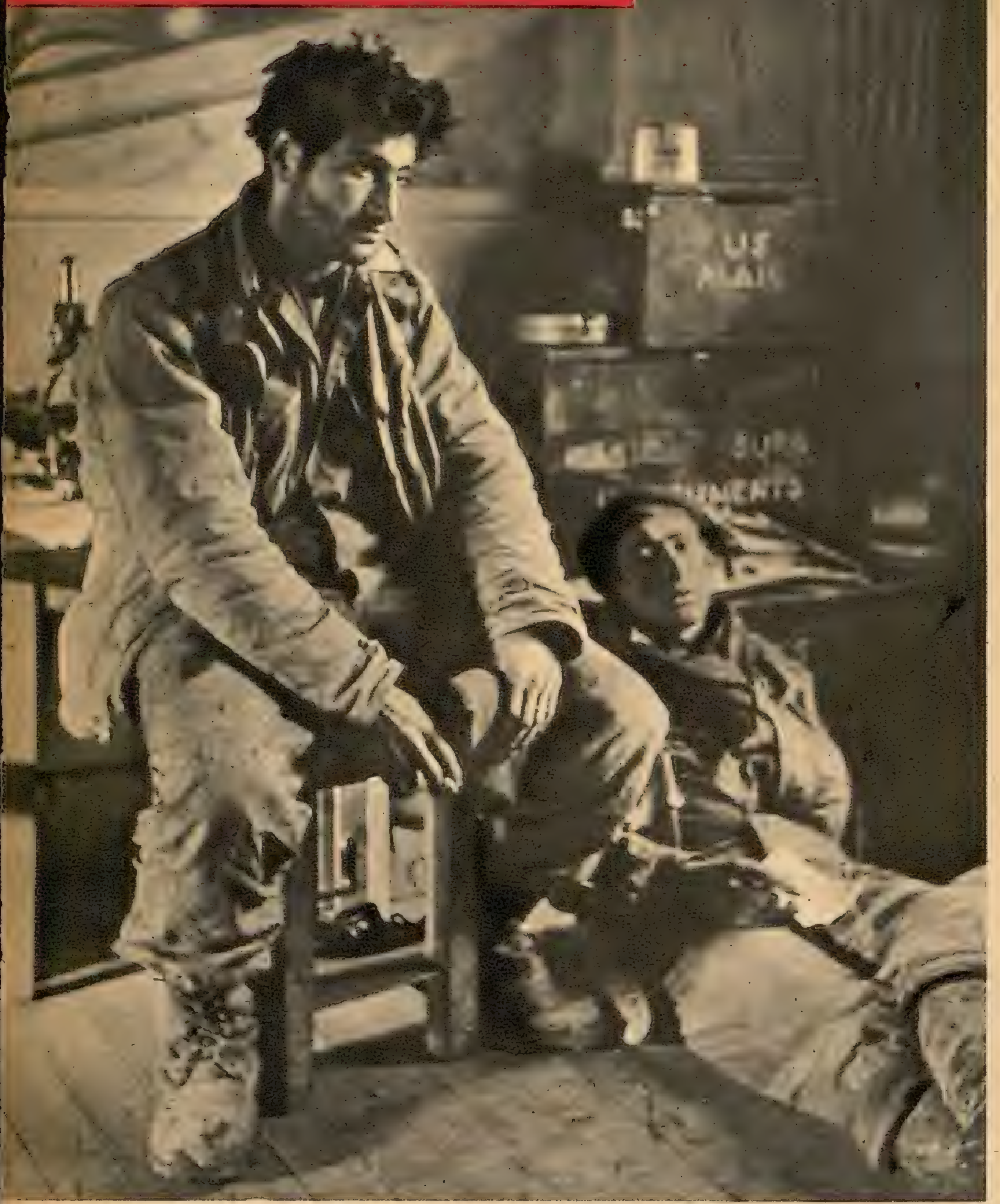
"Easy, mule," Uncle Dud chided as he slipped the bit into the animal's mouth. "I ain't in the mood for triflin'."

He pushed the big ears through the

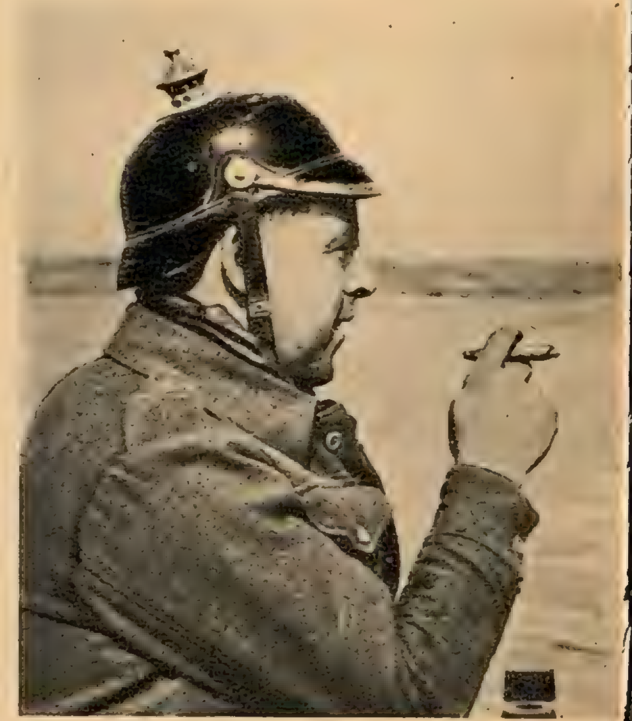
(*Continued on page 65*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

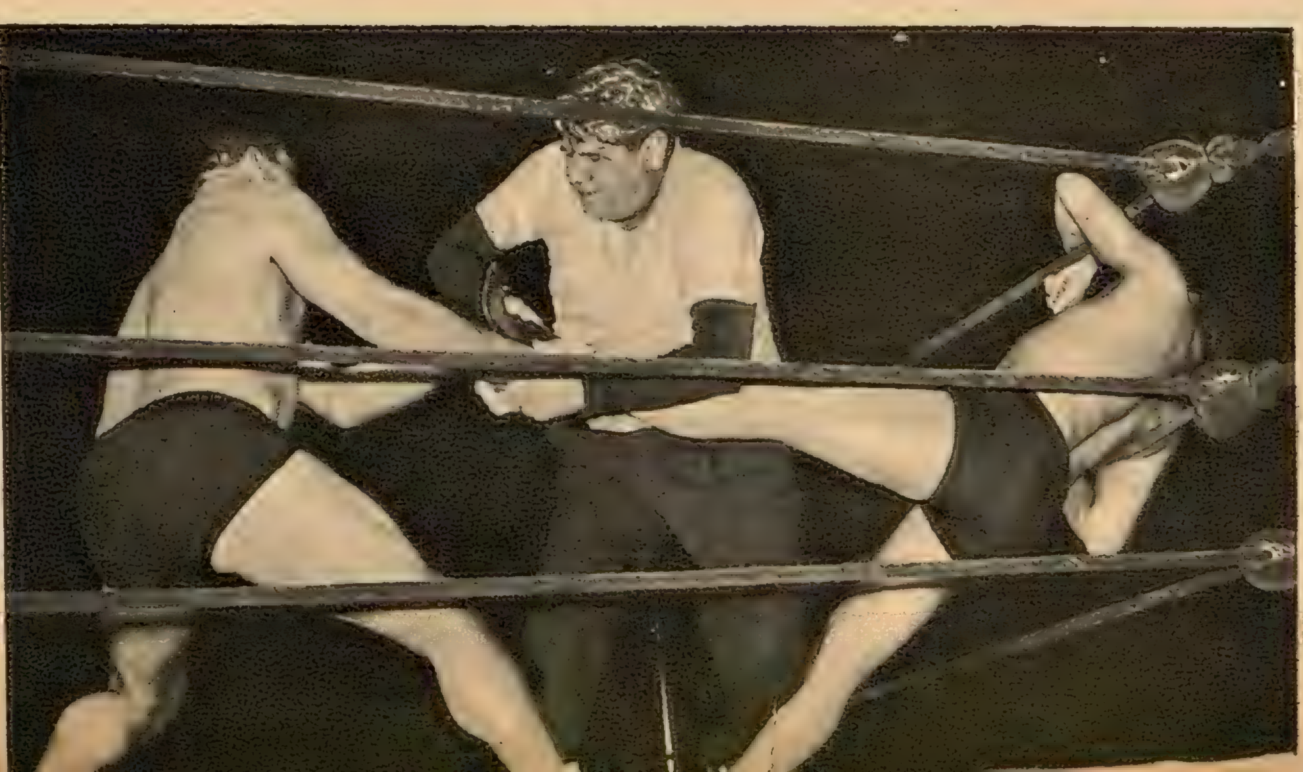


KEEN FOR NICOTINE—After the Third Army had captured Frankfurt, civilians who had been denied the luxury, decided to get themselves some smokes, and made a raid on this tobacco shop.



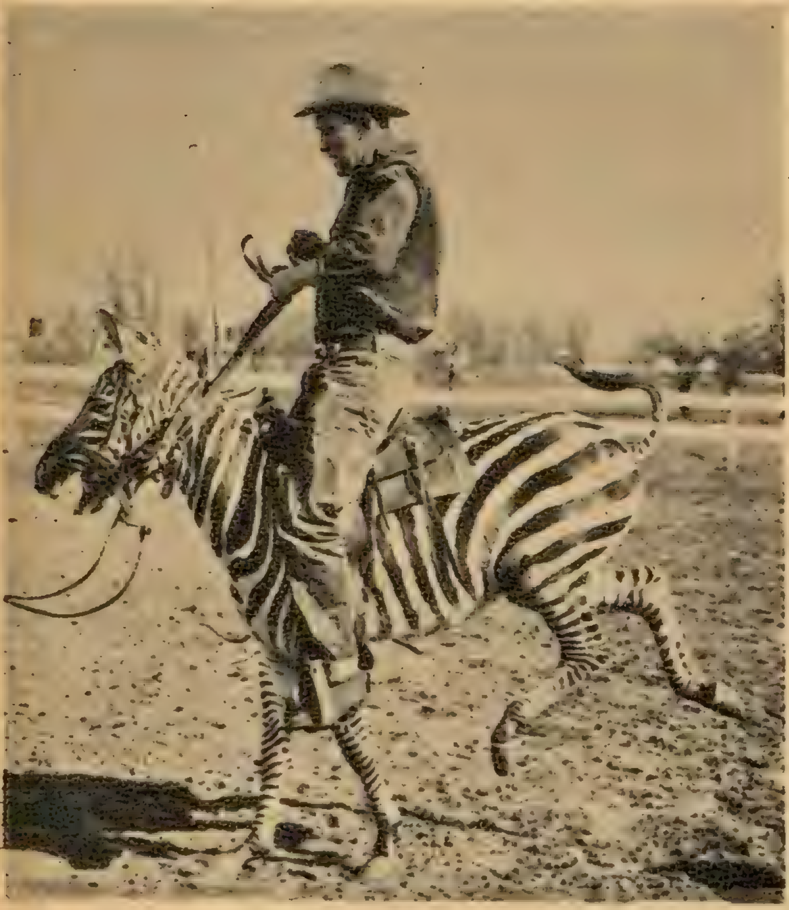
WEARY WARRIOR—Pfc. Joseph Ieradi of Philadelphia, Pa., is one tired guy. It's etched in every line of his body. Pfc. Pat Coffey of Yank Magazine took this shot at the 80th Division Field Hospital on the Third Army front.

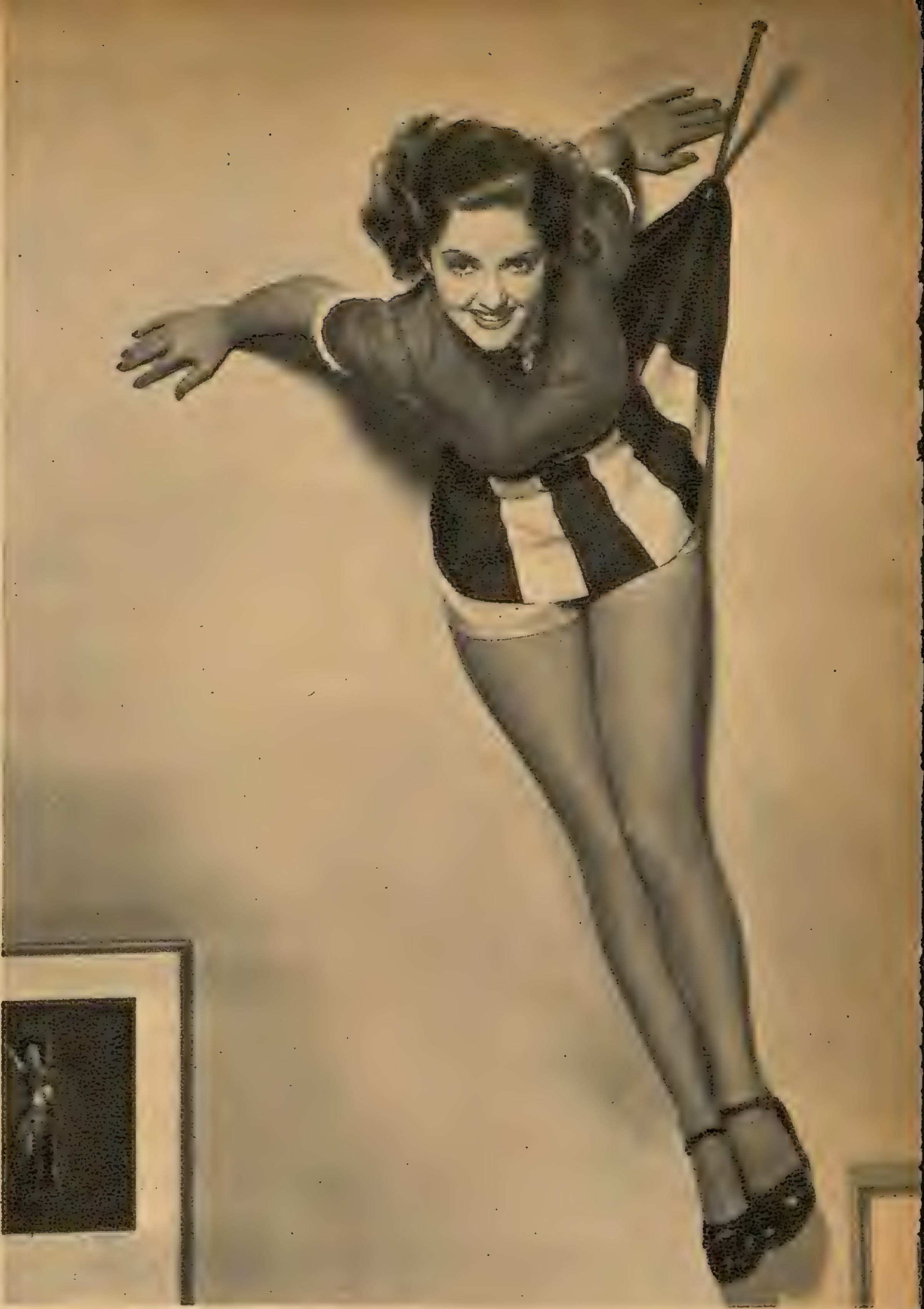
AT EASE—Wearing a helmet that makes him look like Kaiser Bill, Driver Wastell of the British Army smokes a cigar while he keeps a watch on the Rhine.



RECOGNIZE THE UMP?—The man in the middle is George Herman Ruth, ol' Babe himself. He's refereeing a wrestling bout in Boston between two guys named Szabo (the leg puller) and Casey. Casey kept his leg—and won out.

NOT THE BOGEYMAN—They aren't putting little Jackie Jenkins in horror pictures now. This is a cameraman measuring light intensity while shooting an M-G-M picture.

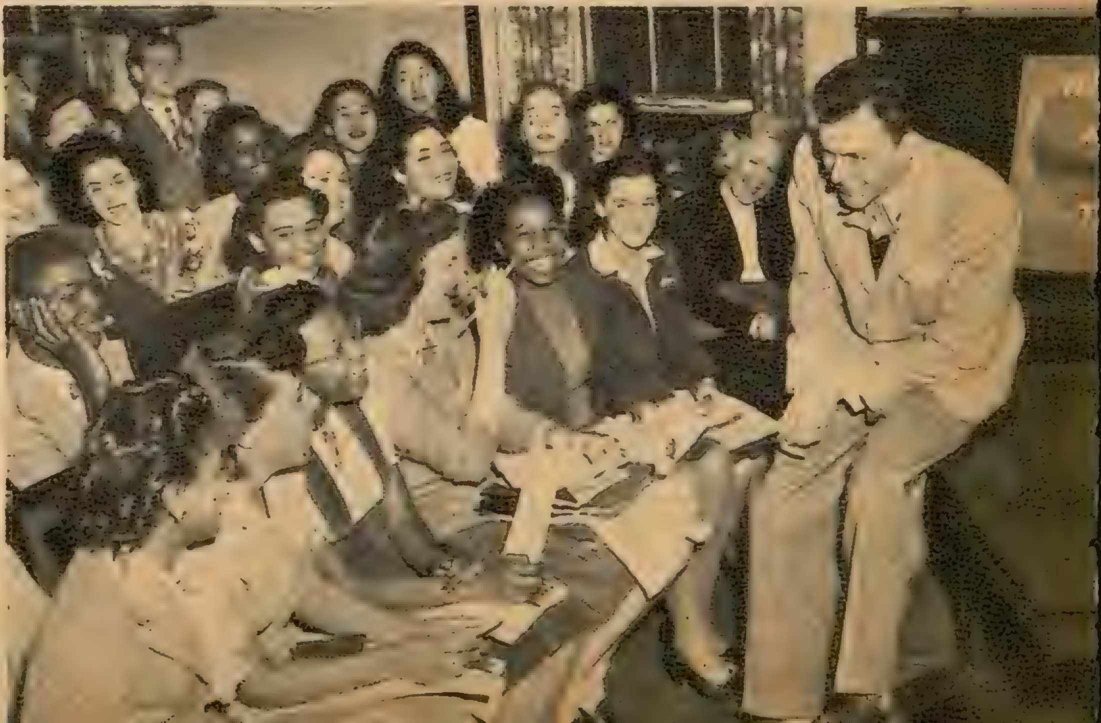


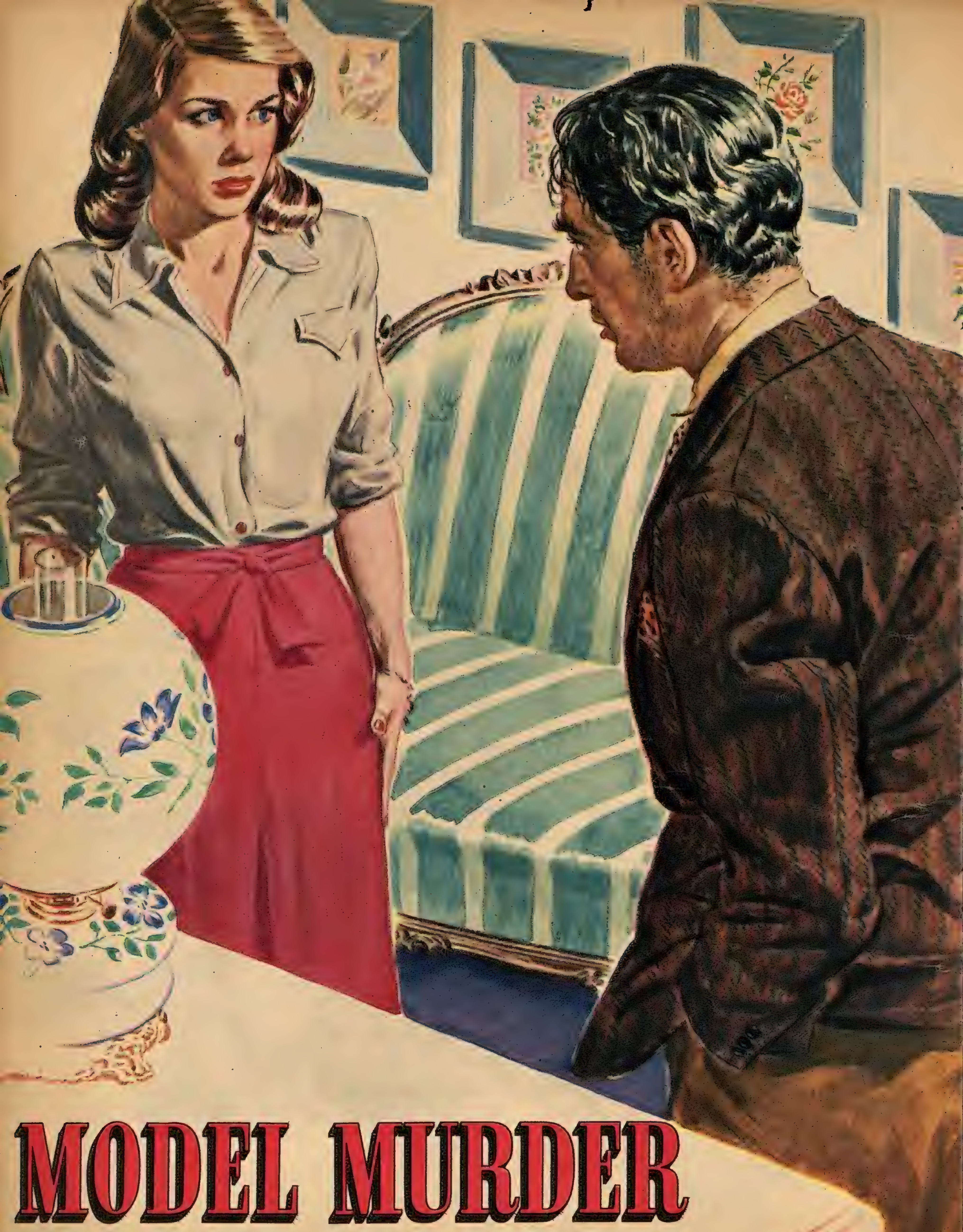


PINNED-UP—Just about the last word in pin-up pictures from Hollywood (we hope) is this shot of Warner Brothers starlet Martha Vickers pinned up for fair.

A HORSE OF A DIFFERENT COLOR—Victor Kleinert of Chicago has broken his zebra, Zombie, to the saddle. Zebras haven't ever been ridden before and Zombie certainly hates to be the first.

LESSON FOR BOBBY-SOCKS—Frank Sinatra is as popular a lecturer as he is a singer. He's touring the country now, speaking to youngsters on tolerance.





MODEL MURDER

BY HUGH PENTECOST

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

"Don't play detective," the inspector warned her. "You don't know the ropes." But Anne Potter didn't know how right he was until she faced the killer in her own apartment—alone. A thrilling story of murder in Manhattan

RESUME OF PART ONE

ANNE POTTER returned to her apartment after an afternoon at the movies, to find a dead girl—a stranger—sprawled on the couch. The woman's face was gashed and an empty whisky bottle lay beside her. Later, when Inspector Bradley of the Homicide Division questioned Bill, Anne's husband, she learned to her surprise that Bill knew the girl. She was Rose Gilman, photographer's model. Dismayed at Bill's arrest on suspicion of murder, Anne tried to prove his innocence. She questioned Rose's estranged husband, Howard Gilman, despite objections from Fay Lewis who shared his apartment. "If you want to find out about Rose, go to her boss, Jimmy Ferris," Fay urged Anne. At Ferris' office, Anne found Manny Zak and Ferris, who was drunk. "I must talk to you," she said, "my name's Anne Potter." "Potter!" Ferris whispered. "He murdered her! That's who it was—Potter!" He was breathing hard. Anne was suddenly frightened. "If I were you, sister, I'd scram," Manny Zak said softly. "I'm warning you . . ."

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

IT didn't make any sense to Anne—not a shred of sense. As she left Ferris' office and started down the hallway to the elevator, she knew only that the unaccountable fear she had felt was heightened. The closed frosted-glass doors of offices were suddenly forbidding. She felt that if she turned and looked over her shoulder she would find Mr. Zak following her, softly. She *did* turn, and, of course, he wasn't there.

Ferris was drunk. Perhaps because he was upset about Rose Gilman. Probably Mr. Zak had wanted to get her out of there before the photographer made an unpleasant scene. She tried to explain it that way, but it wouldn't fit together. If that were the explanation, why Mr. Zak's advice to "go away somewhere without leaving a forwarding address"? It had been a serious warning, she was sure.

The elevator door opened. The car was full of people. She got in and was incongruously grateful at being crowded and pushed. Here was safety.

Safety from what, though? She asked herself this as she walked out onto the sunlit street. She had always felt fear and uneasiness in the presence of men who were drunk. Hadn't her normal revulsion been magnified by the whole situation?

There was an answer to that; one she couldn't duck. It was not the drunken Ferris who had frightened her. It was the cold-sober Mr. Zak.

Anne went into a corner cafeteria, got herself a cup of black coffee, and sat down at a table to think. Mr. Zak had made it clear that it was dangerous for her to go on with her investigation. He had hinted that already she had gone too far. Why? Gilman knew nothing—was in the clear. What about the girl, Fay Lewis? She had been frightened. Would Gilman's explanation of that hold up? Was Fay Lewis simply upset at the prospect of her relationship with Gilman being made public? Or did it go deeper? A jealous woman could commit a murder!

"Stop stalling, Mrs. Potter." He was rocking on his heels, back and forth, like a cobra ready to strike.

Her imagination conjured up a new train of thought. It was Fay Lewis who had suggested going to see Ferris. Gilman had concurred. He *would* try to protect his mistress, wouldn't he? Had they known that Ferris and Mr. Zak would try to frighten her off the trail? But if that were the case, wouldn't they have phoned Ferris as soon as Anne had left them? She was sure that hadn't happened. Neither Zak nor Ferris had been interested in her until she mentioned her name. It was the name —Potter—that had made Ferris almost hysterical and had transformed Mr. Zak into that tightly coiled spring.

And then Anne remembered the telephone pad. She remembered Mr. Zak staring at it. She remembered his tearing off the top sheet, rolling it up, and putting it in his pocket. It was from then on that he had frightened her. What had been written on that top sheet? She had been alone in that room. If she'd had her wits about her she might have seen what was on the pad. She remembered reading detective stories where the weight of the writing carried through from one sheet of paper to the one beneath it. Perhaps if she could get the second sheet, she could find out what had affected Mr. Zak so strongly.

But she knew she simply could not go back to the office by herself.

She got up from her table, went to a phone booth, and called Inspector Bradley at police headquarters. He suggested amiably that she come downtown and talk to him.

She paid for her coffee and walked a block to the nearest subway station.

BRADLEY'S office was bare and uninteresting: a flat-top desk and a swivel chair; a couple of plain oak armchairs; filing cabinets; a water cooler near the window.

The red-haired detective was leaning back in the swivel chair, operating on his stubby black pipe with some sort of nickel-plated pipe tool, when Anne was ushered into the office by a uniformed sergeant. Bradley waved to one of the oak chairs.

Anne sat down rigidly, her hands gripping the arms of the chair. Bradley's mild gray eyes regarded her thoughtfully, with friendliness. But he didn't speak.

"I don't know why I'm here, inspector," Anne said.

"Well, let's see if we can't figure it out," Bradley said, smiling.

"I mean, I don't know why I came to you," Anne said, "because I know you're not in sympathy with my conviction that Bill is innocent."

"Oh," Bradley said.

"You won't approve of my trying to find the guilty person because you think you have him in Bill."

"I don't approve of amateurs playing detective," Bradley said, "but I've never been able to stop anyone. Have you found some clues, Mrs. Potter?" There was gentle irony in his voice.

"I don't know," Anne said. "May I tell you what I've done?"

"Please."

She told him of her visit to Gilman and subsequently to Ferris. She told him about Mr. Zak and his warning and the sheet of paper on the telephone pad. She couldn't tell whether he was interested or not.

"Gilman's alibi is copper-riveted," he said, finally. "I don't like alibis, Mrs. Potter. Having an alibi when you're a possible suspect in a murder case is too much like a coincidence, and I don't like coincidences either. But Gilman's alibi can't be broken.

"As for the girl, Fay Lewis, she has no alibi. She was shopping. Later she may dig up somebody who remembers seeing her—a salesgirl, a floor manager. Maybe the alibi will be for the right time and maybe it won't. She could have a motive, as you suggest. Jealousy. But there isn't a shred of evidence to point to her. Now Ferris. Ferris interests me."

"YOU'VE checked on him?" Anne asked. She had pictured Bradley seizing on Bill and refusing to look anywhere else.

"Mercy," Bradley said with a chuckle, "we check on *everyone* in my business, Mrs. Potter. Ferris was Rose Gilman's boss. Would I overlook him?"

"I suppose not."

"Ferris has no alibi for the time, which, I repeat, is nothing against him. People don't go around having themselves watched so they have alibis. But Ferris is a neurotic, quick-tempered screwball. From all I can gather, he was mad for Rose Gilman. Reports have it she liked him, but whether it was for personal or business reasons I don't know. One thing that makes me think it was for business reasons is that she apparently never mentioned Ferris to your husband, and your husband was a willing listener to all her troubles."

Anne felt her cheeks grow hot. Bradley went on as if he were unaware of it.

"Ferris has the temperament that might go with murder. But again, there is no evidence against him."

"And so you concentrate on Bill because his fingerprints are on a bottle they would have to be on," Anne said bitterly.

"And because he was mixed up with a woman and hiding it from his wife, and because he can't account for his time, and because he had given the woman his address and she had obviously come there to see him. Because that suggests an appointment, and a quarrel, and murder."

Anne felt herself grow cold and weary. "What about Mr. Zak?" she asked.

Bradley's eyes narrowed. For the first time he showed real interest. "You have introduced Mr. Zak to the case," he said. "I wish I knew how highly colored your description of his behavior is, Mrs. Potter."

"You mean you think I'm lying to you?"

"Certainly not. But I can't gauge how much of your report on Mr. Zak is real and how much the result of your overwrought imagination. I know Manny Zak. He's a small-time gambler and bookmaker, Mrs. Potter. He's a phony product of Broadway who makes his living by placing bets on the horses for people in office buildings and hotels. He's a crook, but he's very small time."

"Then you don't think—"

"I don't know," Bradley said. He looked at Anne earnestly. "I don't think it's necessary to indulge in Manny's type of melodrama, Mrs. Potter. In other words, I don't think you need to 'go away somewhere without leaving a forwarding address.' You'll want to be here to stand by your

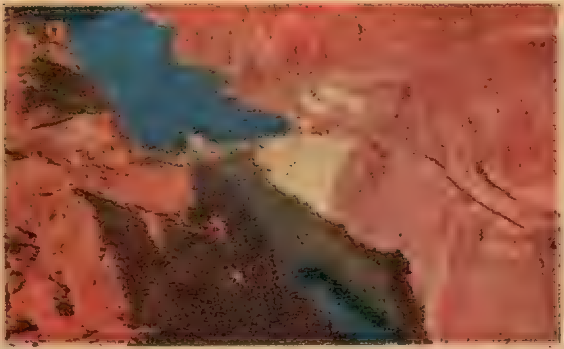
(*Continued on page 52*)

COMING YOUR WAY

A New Kind of Horsepower is Changing Your World

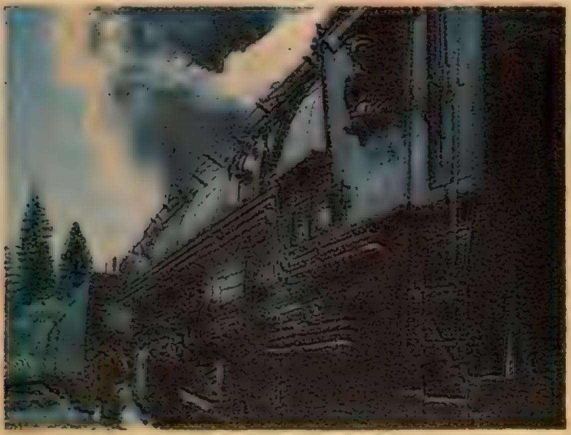
This is the story of what is likely the biggest thing that has happened in our time . . . of a new kind of power spreading throughout the world . . . of a new force affecting our lives, our outlooks, and our incomes as perhaps only electricity has done since the turn of the century.

1. Under the wing of a giant Lockheed Constellation, in the shadow of one of the big ship's four Wright Cyclones, two men talk. One is a veteran airline pilot who lives and works in a world most people haven't yet begun to know or understand or even to imagine! The other, a man who has seen a whole vast western section of America change in his lifetime as if by magic!



2. The Westerner operates a ranch that was literally made possible by power — electricity and irrigation from the great Boulder Dam harnessing the Colorado River. Power which made possible the conversion of millions of acres of barren wilderness into fertile ranches and farms!

3. No wonder he's eager to hear the pilot tell of a new super-power — such as that of the Wright Cyclone . . . the engine which speeds the great Boeing B-29 Superfortress across the air miles to Tokyo . . . power that makes possible a trans-Atlantic flight every 13 minutes.



4. Most efficient power plant in the world, today's Wright Cyclone packs a horsepower into less than a pound of metal. Four Cyclones develop more power than the mightiest locomotive operating in the Rocky Mountains . . . and already this new power is changing ranches and farms, business and homes . . .

5. These Cyclones help make possible the operation of U. S. transport planes over more than 110,000 miles of global air routes. For example, 1,800 cargo shipments daily leave a single U. S. airport, and millions of miles are daily flown by U. S. airlines and the Air Commands of our armed services.

6. Carrying our men, materials, ideals to the corners of the earth — breaking down barriers of distance — the Cyclone power of American aviation is changing the world you live in . . . right over your head!

LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!

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WRIGHT

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BUY BIGGER EXTRA BONDS IN THE SEVENTH WAR LOAN DRIVE

A Liberty Book Condensation
READING TIME ONE EVENING

A GREAT TIME TO BE ALIVE

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Are we heading for a "brave new world," or just another disillusionment? Dr. Fosdick's explanation of this question is like strong sunlight thrown dramatically on many neglected problems in our daily lives. This book is an exhilarating mental adventure, and a challenge to every forward-looking American.

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

WE confront a generation such as faced the writer of the fourth Psalm: "Many there are that say, Who will show us any good?"

Nevertheless, this is a great time to be alive, and alike the personal and the public issues of it depend on whether we see that.

Victor Hugo, during his early years, enjoyed a happy and resounding success seldom equaled in France—he was the pet of the populace, the pride of the theater, the glory of Paris. Then Napoleon III rose to power, and with superb courage Hugo withstood his growing tyranny. For him ease vanished and tragedy began, until the edict of banishment made him for nearly nineteen years an exile.

Of course he hated that deplorable experience, yet out of those years came his greatest work. His biographer calls that fateful period "miraculously inspired," and during it, he says, "books that were far stronger than everything that had gone before . . . came from his hand," and "he became twice the size of the man he had been." Even Hugo himself exclaimed, "Why was I not exiled before!" What if instead of making such creative response to a tragic time he had settled back, saying, "Who will show us any good?"

Not only is this a generation which, if we will, can call out personal adequacy, it is an era also when we cannot remain static, when change is forced upon us, when willy nilly we must make momentous decisions that will affect for good or ill the whole world's future.

Human nature instinctively dislikes change. We love to play safe by staying put. Many Americans today would love to save the world if only they could save it without changing their isolationism, without changing their ideas of absolute national sovereignty, without changing their racial prejudices and their economic ideas to fit the new interdependent world. Then history, tired and impatient

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of our lethargy and our reluctance to alter anything, hurls us out of our peaceful decades into a maelstrom like this, crying, Now you have got to change! And when that kind of era comes, like it or not, it is a great time to be alive.

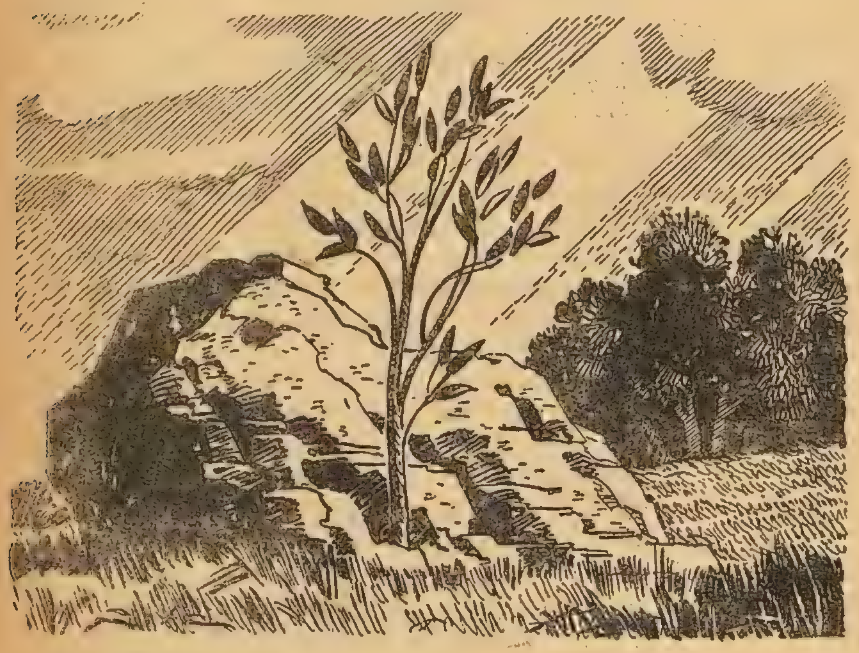
What makes any era seem great or little to a man is the man's own eyes, his capacity of insight and vision. Put some people in a great generation and they will only cry, "Who will show us any good?" But from Moses in the desert at the burning bush, seeing in an enslaved Israel in Egypt the hope of the future, to our own founding fathers, seeing in thirteen disunited colonies the possibility of a great venture in free living, men with eyes to see possibilities in times of travail and change have created the most hopeful advances in man's history.

That is what we need to pray for now—eyes to see—for if we have them this will be for us a great time for great living.

It still remains true that the eras of enforced change present supreme opportunities.

Decisive Battles Behind Closed Doors

One advantage of knowing the Bible is that in days like these one continually finds one's own experience there.



So one stops at the fifteenth verse of Jeremiah's eighth chapter: "We looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of healing, and, behold, dismay!" That is ourselves, disappointed and disillusioned, our lovely dreams of a peaceful world made safe for democracy become mirage.

War presents to sensitive minds two battlefields. They both were present in Jeremiah's time—the outer battlefield where mighty hosts of Nebuchadnezzar clashed with the hard-bestead forces of the Jews, and that other battlefield, inside Jeremiah, where behind closed doors he faced his spiritual struggle with disillusionment and cynicism.

Both those battlefields were important, but in the long perspective of history, which was more so? Nebuchadnezzar won the outer war, and from that triumph came vast immediate consequences, but Jeremiah won his inner battle, and for forty years stood his ground, one of the supreme seers of the race, and the results of that also have been immense. Here is one of the mysteries of history, that battles fought behind closed doors in human hearts, that make no noise, can be so much more enduring in their results than the outer wars that shake the earth. In Jeremiah there was something that Nebuchadnezzar could not have understood nor guessed the issue of: ideas—vital, germinative ideas, invisible, intangible, spiritual, but with life in them.

Here is an aspect of history that in these days should come to our help—this amazing contrast, namely, between the transiency of size and the permanence of vitality. In the countryside we see its parable when a contest is staged between a great rock and a tiny seed. What chance has the seed against the rock? But live long enough, and we shall see how the seed's living tendrils will seek each vulnerable crevice out, will disintegrate with their vitality the very stone that stands against them until the living tree splits the great rock asunder.

Today, if we let them, the huge events of our time will intimidate our souls. Size will make vitality seem feeble. But always the seeds of the future are the ideas that win their way inside the minds of men, and when those ideas are vital and germinative, they are mightier far than the hugest opposition that can withstand them.

Raoul de Roussy de Sales, in his book, *The Making of Tomorrow,* says: "If the war is long, it will be harder for the Americans to maintain their standard of thinking than their standard of living."

Democracy is not inevitable, but is a long-drawn-out cause demanding all the intelligence, devotion, and character we are capable of. Peace is not a mere logical deduction from new world interdependencies, but the most difficult task that mankind ever undertook.

So today, if we are wise, we are neither easy-going optimists nor yet discouraged cynics, but realists, knowing that we are up against the most complicated and difficult problem mankind ever faced, trusting no panaceas, expecting no easy outcomes, but no defeatists either about democracy or Christianity or ultimate world organization and peace.

So still the living trees will split the great rocks, and the living seeds clothe the landscapes that forgotten earthquakes changed.

Righteousness First!

Many people picture Jesus as an idealist, exclusively interested in man's spiritual well-being. As the Gospels present him, however, the Master, far from being interested only in men's souls, was immensely concerned about their day-by-day, practical, mundane needs. He spent a large part of his time healing sick bodies. His test at the final judgment was whether we had fed the hungry, given drink to the thirsty, and clothed the naked. Far from saying that the basic necessities of life are not important, what the Master really says is this: "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

That attitude is deeply needed now. Putting righteousness first is always, at bottom, a personal affair. If the nation and the world ever do it, it will be because enough individuals have done it. When the church today calls for a renewal of spiritual life, for men and women one by one transformed by the renewing of their minds, its plea can hardly be heard amid the thundering violence of a warring world, and yet without that spiritual renewal there is no hope.

As Confucius said, "It is not square acres which make a country great, but square men."

When in these days we think of the critical necessity of a world organized for mutual protection and the maintenance of international justice and peace, we think in terms of politics. There must be a new political organization of the world to represent the international interests of mankind, we say, and we are right. But all great structures require two things. First, the wisdom of the architects, planning how the structure may be put together well, and second, the raw material, strong and durable enough to build the structure of. Well, we, one by one, are the raw material of any world order that ever can be built.

One of our boys in a recent letter said: "One thought keeps on going through my mind, that some day there will emerge, created out of all the misery, a *kinder* humanity. Too intangible, utterly unpredictable, perhaps, but not impossible, and a thought of this kind inspires one to carry on."

We talk all the time about backing these boys up, but are we going to back them up in the thing that the best of them are most hoping for? They will win the war—at what a cost!—but we, along with them, must win the peace, and at that point we run again into the everlasting truth of Jesus' law: we cannot put party first, or economic self-interest first, or absolute national sovereignty first, or imperialistic greed first, or racial prejudice first.

If we do we shall be rightly damned forever in the estimation of our offspring. We must put righteousness first.

The Field Is the World

One of the most fascinating aspects of history is the way ideas that at first seemed incredibly idealistic have turned out in the end to be overwhelmingly realistic, and seldom has that happened more clearly than in the case of Jesus' words: "The field is the world." When first he said that it must have seemed a wild idea—that young teacher from Nazareth telling his slender band of disciples that the scope of their work was the world. Today, however, that statement has become a realistic, austere fact that we cannot anyhow escape.

The idea that the field is the world has now taken on a vast political significance—the central concern of the world's statesmen—the world must now be organized as a co-operative community, or we are sunk.

Consider first the fact that in this country we cannot possibly be isolationist even if we want to. If someone says, But why beat a dead lion—for isolationism is now a dead issue—I answer: Among intelligent people of course it is a dead issue; but emotionally it is not dead, and when the fighting stops we shall confront such an emotional reaction—such homesickness for normalcy, along with such difficulties, sacrifices, compromises, disillusionments, and indignation, in trying to work together with Russia, the British Empire, and all the rest—that the temptation to give it up, come back home and tuck ourselves into bed here will be tremendous.

Let us then say to ourselves now—and try to remember it when that emotional reaction sets in—that no such thing as isolation is possible for the United States under any circumstances. The postwar world will be organized one way or another; the United States cannot possibly stay out, and the only question is: to which of three general types will that postwar organization of the world belong? The balance-of-power system—that is one. Well, if the postwar world is going to be organized thus, we shall be in that up to our necks—we cannot be isolated from that. The second possible type of postwar organization General Patton described: Great Britain, Russia, and the United States ruling the world. And the third possible plan—a global organization that in the end will take all nations in, a genuine endeavor to deal with international problems by international political instruments, making the welfare of all the concern of each, and the welfare of each the responsibility of all.

We deeply need now—not later, but now—a clear policy concerning which choice we are going to make. Do we really want a society of nations that has in it some fair chance of saving our children from global war? Well, then, if we want that, let us rid ourselves of all the emotionalism we can—sentimentality on one side, and vengefulness and hatred on the other—and make of that endeavor a hardheaded, scientific proposition, adapting our means intelligently to that end.

As between the two emotional dangers—sentimentality on one side and vengefulness on the other—the greater popular peril, I suspect, comes from the latter mood: anger, hatred, vindictiveness.

A hardheaded peace involves sternness and severity, to be sure, but underneath that and determining all the means we use, constructive, intelligent goodwill, motivated by a dominant aim to achieve a world organization that ultimately will take all nations in. Peace is now a political problem of world organization.

We often celebrate the Declaration of Independence as the beginning of our nation, but our forefathers could have issued declarations of independence by the dozen and still we might never have been a nation. After the Declaration of Independence came something else, more prosaic, essentially political—a group of men gathered in Philadelphia and sitting down to write the Constitution. It was the Constitution that made us a nation. In our endeavors after peace we are at that stage now. On the question of war our declaration of independence has been made—we do hate war and want peace. But now everything depends on a world constitution that will make peace a practical possibility.

We, the people, need to face now the price that such a real community of nations is going to cost, and we need to make up our minds that it is worth whatever it may cost.

Lincoln Steffens tells us that at one stage in the proceedings at the Versailles conference Clemenceau turned on Woodrow Wilson, Orlando, and Lloyd George, and asked them bluntly whether they really meant what they said about wanting "permanent peace." They all declared they did mean it. Then Clemenceau specified some of the sacrifices that would be involved—the surrender of imperialism, the tearing down of tariff walls, the adjustment of economic inequalities and the removal of restrictions on immigration, upon which the others protested that they did not have that in mind. "Then," said Clemenceau, "you don't mean peace. You mean war."

We have our choice. We will pay the price of peace or else in a few years we will pay again the price of war. From that dilemma there is no escape—it is one or the other. And when one balances the cost of peace against the cost of war how can one be unwilling to pay the first?

A real society of nations is worth whatever it may cost.

Boulder Dam is a notable engineering feat, and like all worth-while achievements it cost sacrifice. Eighty-nine men lost their lives in building it, but they at least knew that what they died for would be accomplished. God grant that over the sacrifices that this world crisis will cost an inscription may stand at last like that at Boulder Dam: "For those who died that the desert might bloom."

Spiritual Foundations for a Better World

Listen in on almost any conversation about the world's rebuilding after the war, and it is political arrangements that are being discussed. But many forget that such international political arrangements are superstructures; they must be built on something in the minds and hearts of the people—on ethical, intellectual, spiritual foundations adequate to sustain them.

What, for example, made the Constitution of the United States a success? The average American now would answer, as a British Prime Minister once said, that the Constitution is "the most wonderful work struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." Yes, but that was said nearly a century afterward. The contemporary fact was that the Constitution was a compromise, fought over with all the bitter difference of opinion that will be involved in any postwar settlement of ours; and in the end it seemed even to the men who framed it so unsatisfactory that of the fifty-five of them, sixteen in disgust refused to sign it, and none of the other thirty-nine was content. What made the Constitution a success was: first, that it was a great document; but second, that underneath it, in the citizens of the colonies, there was enough ethical and spiritual basis and groundwork, enough intelligence, conscience, and loyalty, to sustain it and give it a chance.

Everyone today criticizes politicians and doubtless they deserve it. But put yourself into the place of these men who at their best are honestly trying to find a way through this jungle to a stable and decent management of the world's affairs. They confront two problems: first, the immensely difficult task of building well the political organization the world needs; but second, that deeper, haunting question—how far will the people follow them, back them up, make the necessary sacrifices that an ordered and peaceful world requires? Are there ethical and spiritual foundations in the people adequate to sustain the kind of world organization we ought to have?

For one thing, a decent world order cannot possibly be built upon a basis of pride and self-complacency. Unless all the nations can be brought to the point of penitence, where, humbly conscious of common guilt, they seek common amendment, there is no hope.

A little child, so Dr. Van Kirk tells us, standing on a street curb, saw a small rain puddle with a smear of oil making iridescent colors on it. And the child cried: "Oh, mother, there's a rainbow gone to smash." After the last war a rainbow did go to smash, and if we think the reason is simply a failure in political arrangements, we fool ourselves. Professor Shotwell of Columbia is right when he says: "Our problem is largely an ethical one; it involves recognition on the part of all peoples, large and small, strong and weak, of the rights of others; a willingness on the part of all to make sacrifices for the general good; a belief in the existence of a power in the world that makes for righteousness."

Here again we run upon one of war's worst tragedies. Men, at infinite cost of sacrifice, fight wars for ideal aims—to end war, to win the Four Freedoms, to establish a cooperative world order; but all the time the processes of war itself undermine the moral foundations of goodwill and mutual understanding on which that better world must rest.

In this regard I am not half so much concerned about the fighting men at the front as I am about the civilians at home. One of our boys recently wrote to his family: "Maybe this will reassure you—we don't look for a fight but fight like hell when forced into it, and then try to do everything we can to alleviate the suffering we've caused." At the front one commonly finds that spirit—sometimes amazingly finds it, even with reference to the enemy. It is at home that hatred and vindictiveness too often run wild. Was it not Chesterton who once exclaimed: "Hell hath no fury like a noncombatant"?

Let those who surrender Christian ideas and ideals today take cognizance of the company they are joining! Recall the reasons that General Ludendorf after the last war gave for rejecting Christianity. "I reject Christianity," said Ludendorf, "because it is Jewish, because it is international, and because, in cowardly fashion, it preaches peace on earth." So! Those are the reasons because of which Ludendorf, and now the Nazis, who are his successors, reject Christianity. For those three reasons I accept it. It is Jewish, thank God, rooted in the great Hebrew prophets of righteousness, the noblest succession of ethical teachers in the ancient world; it is international, believing in one God and one human family; it does preach peace on earth, knowing that the continuance of war means humanity's suicide.

Getting the Best Out of the Worst

The eighty-fourth Psalm describes a kind of person that all of us in these days need to be: "Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs."

To anyone knowing Palestine at first hand that last phrase has emphatic meaning. All life in Palestine centers around springs. Few and far between, they are still, despite modern waterworks, the indispensable prerequisites of life, so that when the psalmist said that a man passing through disaster makes it a place of springs, he put the matter as strongly as he could. There are souls, he said, who by God's grace know how to win the very best out of the worst.

That this ability is our need now—alike in the armed forces and in the civilian population—everyone must see. Many are cracking up emotionally, nervously, morally, and are coming out of this experience the worse for it, while others are learning lessons they never learned before, having strength called out in them never called out before, and are so handling this experience that they will be wiser and better persons because of it. In ordinary life it is clear to anyone who closely watches people that not so much what happens to a man, as the way he takes it and what he does with it, makes the man. But now that fact is accentuated in a vast, world-wide catastrophe, which none can escape, with the question confronting each of us: What are you making of it?

In every decent person one should be able to count on this much to start with: a desire at least not to be among those who merely drag through this crisis or who go to pieces under its stress, but rather among those who creatively make something of it and of themselves in it, and come out of it the wiser and stronger because of it.

In Italy the Congressional Medal of Honor was recently given to a soldier who in the thick of battle, when everything was going wrong, suddenly took matters into his own hands, waged what the communiqués call a "one man war," performing incredible exploits; and when he was asked how on earth he ever came to do that he answered simply, "I just got mad." To be sure, that kind of response to a desperate situation—not merely enduring it but being all waked up by it—is in part temperamental, but it is not all temperamental. We ordinary folk can have something to say as to whether we join the company of the dour, who merely manage to get by, or the company of those who are intellectually and spiritually aroused to think and do and be what was never within their scope before.

Deeper yet, however, runs the difference between those who are made worse and those who are made better by a time like this. Some are emotionally infected by the passions of wartime, swamped by its bitterness, its prejudice, its hatred and vengefulness; while others are enlarged in their vision to take the whole world in, to feel as they never felt before its unity and interdependence, to see the impossibility of welfare for any without the welfare of all—and so are made not less but more citizens of the world and patriots for humanity.

Even in ordinary life this difference constitutes one of the most crucial contrasts between persons. Starting, as we all do, with familiar and comparatively easy demands, we run soon or late into some situation—difficult, tragic, perilous—that asks of us more power than life ever asked of us before, and so forces on us the question: Have we no more available resources than our familiar days have called for, or are there deeper levels of power to be drawn on, so that whatever life faces us with, by God's grace we can match it, the need calling out the power?

Here lies the basic reason why difficulty, danger, tragedy, crisis, wreck some people, but in others call out character that the world never can forget. Watch Abraham Lincoln grow from stature to stature as burdens become heavier and tragedy deeper, revealing qualities that no one who knew him in his youth would have dreamed were there, and one sees strain bringing out strength, need calling out power, so that passing through his valley of Weeping he did make it a place of springs.

A chaotic, diabolical era like this can excuse anything in character and conduct if a man wants to use it so, and alas, many do. But this situation, like all trouble and difficulty, can be taken not as an alibi but as raw material out of which something must, and can, be made. A whole philosophy is wrapped up in that simple statement. Watching people, one sometimes thinks that most of them expect to find life ready-made, and hope to find it fortunate and happy. But we never find life; all we find is raw material, sometimes rough stuff and at first sight unpromising, but still, raw material out of which we have to make life.

Traveling to Washington on the Pennsylvania Railroad, have you noticed the sign displayed at the town of Chester: "What Chester makes, makes Chester"? A good motto, that! It is not what a man finds in life that matters most—he may find a valley of Weeping—it is what he makes of it that counts. Always, "What Chester makes, makes Chester."

The Common Sense Wisdom of Christianity

These are difficult days for idealists. To call a man perfectionist and idealistic is to condemn him as unfit for a time when realism and hardheadedness are plainly called for; and because, of all ways of living, the Christian ethic is thought of as most idealistic, these are hard days for Christianity. The characteristic ideas of Christian goodness, men say, are irrelevant to this violent scene.

This way of looking at the matter, natural though it is, neglects a persistent emphasis of the Bible in general and of Jesus in particular. Ask what the great prophets and the Master were most concerned to create in men, and the ordinary answer would be "goodness." Ideal righteousness, justice, and love, we say, are the qualities the Scripture seeks. True enough! But why leave out that other central matter—wisdom? No such word as "ideal" can be found in the Bible, but one great passage after another calls for wisdom against folly.

This shift of emphasis from ideal goodness to wisdom is pertinent even in ordinary times. Here is a youth facing some critical decision, with an older person—his father or mother or counselor—anxiously watching his strong and dangerous drift toward a mistaken choice. To be sure, it is a choice between right and wrong, goodness and sin, the ideal and the unideal, but with what urgency, when the last ditch is reached, does that other appeal surge up: Don't make a fool of yourself!

How much deeper a thing wisdom is than intellect alone! Wisdom involves spiritual insight, integrity of character, an understanding love of things worth loving, a scale of values that puts first things first, and transcendent loyalties to which one's soul is given, all unified by a philosophy of life that puts worth-while meaning and purpose into living. Only such attributes of the spirit ever yet made any man wise.

We confront this same truth when we deal not only with knowledge but with personal morals. The finest ethical traditions of our race come from the accumulated wisdom of mankind. In these days of separated families, for example, we naturally recall our great traditions about the kind of family life most worth having. These noblest ideas of the home have sprung from the accumulated wisdom of the race—watching family life for centuries, seeing what happens in homes, trying every conceivable experiment, and saying at last, This is wisdom; this is the kind of home most worth having. No one understands our best ethical traditions until he stops interpreting them as perfectionist idealism and begins seeing them as the race's accumulated wisdom.

If someone is tempted to think of a home where two people love each other as they love no one else at all, and throw around their growing children the abiding security of a loyal family, as a perfectionist ideal, let him listen to a tough-minded man, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, realistically concerned about the nation and its future: "Too many homes in America are broken. Divorce, crime, and bad example have made irreparable inroads. There is a clear indication of adult failure to impress on the minds of youth those principles of faith, morality, and personal conduct which have stood the test of centuries." So! The high tradition of the family at its best is not perfectionist idealism but social wisdom and social necessity.

Or shift the field of illustration to those more intimate affairs of personal character where modern psychology can speak. No confirmation of Jesus' basic ethic is more impressive today than that which comes from the best of the psychiatrists. You must lose life to find it, said Jesus —expend it to have it, give it to keep it. That, says the common man, is a perfectionist ideal. But with one voice the great psychiatrists say, No! That is wisdom; no self-centered life is a healthy life.

I gave a little tea party
This afternoon at three.
'Twas very small, three guests in all
I, myself and me.
Myself ate up the sandwiches
While I drank all the tea,
'Twas also I who ate the pie
And passed the cake to me.

To escape from *that*, which is the very essence of damnation, into a life that has found its loyalty, belongs to something, and has gained life by losing it, is no perfectionist idealism but wisdom.

Taking Jesus Seriously

Luke's Gospel tells us that after Simon Peter had come to know Jesus, had had Jesus in his own home, had been welcomed by him to discipleship, and had begun to see the kind of person he was and the work he did, he "fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord."

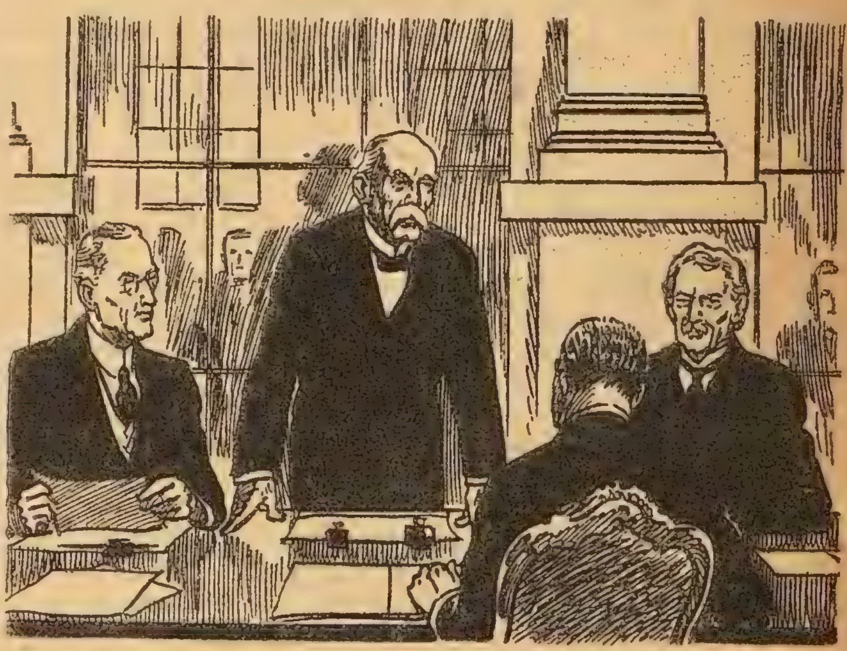
At first sight, that seems a strange response to make to the Master. To become acquainted with the most glorious character that ever came to earth and then to cry, as Dr. Moffatt translates it, "Lord, leave me; I am a sinful man" —what kind of response is that to the beauty and strength of Jesus? But on second thought that is taking Jesus seriously, and without that there is no such thing as taking him seriously.

Many people have pretty much reduced their Christianity to admiration of Jesus—an admiration taken for granted as easy, natural, and to be expected.

Start, for example, with Christ's teaching. It is difficult to find anyone who does not admire it. One of the easiest ways to get applause in America is to praise the Sermon on the Mount. To be sure, the Sermon on the Mount is noble. That is the trouble. Reading it, one sometimes feels as a moron might feel reading a university catalogue. Of course, that catalogue is marvelous, offering all this wealth of opportunity, but a moron would want most of all to throw it away and never think of it again. Something drastic and miraculous must happen to him before the transcendent privileges of the university are within his dimension. Well, look at our world and at our lives in comparison with the ethical precepts of the Master: the contrast and disproportion are appalling. A man who has not so felt about the Sermon on the Mount has never taken it seriously.

See what we are trying to say! When one really sees Jesus and takes him seriously—his teaching, his example, his spirit—the Master can be the most forbidding and shaming figure that ever walked the earth.

What, then, is the way out, for the New Testament makes it plain that there is a way out. It starts where Simon Peter started, but it does not stop there. All the way through it are men and women made poignantly aware of their sin and shame, yet all the way through it runs the note of spiritual victory, too, and the reason is not simply emotional but intellectual. This situation we have described drove those first Christians to some profound thinking that we modern Christians, who in easy times have grown superficial, in these serious days need to reproduce.



To begin with, those first Christians thought their problem through until they saw that Jesus is more than Jesus; he is the revelation of the Eternal.

When winter gives way to spring, the first sign we see appears in some tree or shrub whose leaves begin to clothe with green the branches that have long been bare. If that tree were merely an individual, how slight its meaning and how disheartening its verdure to other trees still barren! But far from being an individual alone, what we are really seeing in that single tree is a revelation of awakening life, cosmic in its source, universal in its reach, that can come up into all living things and recreate them. That is not discouraging. That is great good news.

Tell me that Jesus is only an individual man and that I must be like him, and I quit. At that point I know enough about myself to quit, as in Browning's poem, Andrea del Sarto stands before Raphael's painting and cries,

But all the play, the insight and the stretch—
Out of me, out of me!

Tell me, however, that Christ is the revelation of the Eternal Spirit, opening up a realm of Divine life and power into which I too can enter, and that is gospel.

America's first trained nurse, Linda Richards, died in 1930. Now, Linda Richards was important as an individual, but no one who stops with that sees her full significance. She was more than an individual; she was a pioneer, a trail-blazer, the harbinger of a new era in the life of all sick folk in America. She was the beginning of something that is to go on and on beyond herself to greater things.

Tschaikowsky said that he gave himself to music because of Mozart. So Mozart was his messiah, the pioneer for him of a new era in music, and whenever he speaks of Mozart one feels two tones in his voice: first, humility before superior excellence, but second, stimulus, challenge, hope. Well, Christ is much more than Mozart and we much less than Tschaikowsky, but still the truth there lights up our relationship with our Lord. If Christ were only a teacher, telling us what we ought to do, if he were only an individual ideal, telling us to be like himself, then we would be discouraged. But he is more than that. He is, as the New Testament calls him, "the pioneer" of our salvation. What he did we never could have done, but now that he has done it we can share in it and play our part in its coming triumph. That is not discouraging.

The ideals I have for myself and for the world are so tantalizingly beyond reach that they are disheartening, and to tell me worshipfully to admire Jesus as the great ideal, does not help the situation. What we need is a savior. If Christ is that, if transforming powers are by the grace of God released through him that can remake us men and women, then there is hope.

Bishop Booth, of Vermont, lived all too short a life, but while it lasted it was profoundly Christian. After he died his nurse said to a friend, "I know where the Bishop is tonight. His soul has gone to hell." The friend was too shocked to speak, but then the nurse went on, "That's the only place he can be happy; there's such work to do there." That was Jesus' spirit.

A Kind of Penitence That Does Some Good

One of the most prevalent emotions in the hearts of intelligent and sensitive people today is the sense of shame. Beneath all the boasting and tumult of war, every decent person feels ashamed of this appalling spectacle. During the last war Dr. L. P. Jacks, of Oxford University, wrote, "I cannot get away from the feeling that I am in the presence of some colossal stupidity." Who of us does not feel that now?

Moreover, we blame ourselves for it. We, the democracies that won the last war and sat in places of dominant control, if only we had been resolute when we should have been, and internationally co-operative when we had the chance to be, could have prevented all this. Dr. Carlton J. Hayes put the matter up to the United States with shocking bluntness: "We did our part to win the First World War, and then we did more than our part to lose the peace. Victimized by a narrow and selfish nationalism, whose other name has been 'isolationism,' we insisted on our rights in 1920 and spurned our duties. We were first to repudiate the League of Nations which our own President had fashioned, and we thus set the pace for its later floutings by other countries."

The final touch of poignancy is added to our penitence when we face the outcome now—our sons, who are not old enough to have been responsible for the world's tragedy, bearing upon their young lives its fearful consequence, the guilt of the world once more falling on the innocent.

Today an evident fact confronts us: being ashamed of oneself does not necessarily serve a good end but can be one of the most debilitating of human experiences, sapping strength, deflating faith and hope, leaving us enfeebled by a sense of our own guilt so that we are good for nothing.

We of the democracies are ashamed of ourselves, and we had better be. Wendell Willkie said that in the thirteen lands he visited on his trip around the world he found four major facts, and one of them was this: "They all doubt the readiness of the leading democracies . . . to stand up and be counted upon for the freedom of others after the war is over." They have reason to doubt. Today one of Japan's mightiest resources, that may turn out to be stronger even than her armies, is the deep-seated conviction among the teeming millions of Asia that the white race cannot be trusted to treat the colored races with equity. Why should they think otherwise? We, the democracies, are likely to reap a terrific harvest from our racial sins.

I get letters from people filled with anti-Semitic hatred so dreadful that Hitler himself could hardly improve upon it. In one of our states today there is a large and lovely lake, and on that lake a camp including both white and colored soldiers, equally ready to die for their country. A friend of mine has seen ten thousand of those soldiers swimming at one time in that lake, but no Negro was among them. Far from being an isolated phenomenon, this is symbolic of an intolerable situation affecting nearly one tenth of the population of the United States. No section of the country is free from blame.

We preachers have had a strange experience in this war. Just as soon as the war broke, alike from the church press and from the lips of church leaders the message came that war always begets pride. Let the democracies be penitent, we said; they won the last war; they sat in the places of power; they could have prevented all this; they ought to be ashamed. Now, however, we wake up to see that while all that is true, with multitudes of thoughtful, sensitive, decent people, that is not where the real trouble lies. We are ashamed. We are burdened by the sense of guilt and failure, and out of that powerful mood of self-condemnation comes often not good but evil—broken morale; lost faith in democracy; confused ethical judgments as though to say, What is the difference anyway between democracy and Nazism; cynicism about the great ideas on which democracy is based; and in general an inner weakening of faith and hope and resolution.

After all, there is a difference between the dreadful things the Nazis do *in accordance with* their philosophy and the dreadful things we do *against* our philosophy. We ought to be ashamed—ashamed of ourselves but not of the basic ideas of democracy. This time of self-reproach can be the most awakening era democracy ever had. It had better be!

As for war, how idiotic sound now the words of Edmund Burke: "The mode of civilized war which, more than anything else has distinguished the Christian World"! War has now become the chief enemy of everything civilization stands for and desires, and especially the chief foe of democracy, and we, the democracies, although ours has been the dominant power in the world, have failed to set up a world organization that alone can prevent it. We ought to be ashamed; it will be mankind's salvation that we are ashamed, if only we make some positive, constructive use of our contrition, saying, with the Prodigal in his swine pasture, "I will arise and go."

If, however, this high use of the sense of shame is going to be effective in our public attitudes, we shall have to start with it in our individual lives, and to that end consider now how commonly this powerful emotion of self-reproach, personally experienced, serves no good purpose.

Who has not met these people I shall now describe?

Here is one man. He has been guilty of moral failure, and as Victor Hugo said, remorse, like a tide out of the great deep, pours up around his shores. He is thoroughly ashamed and, like a whipped dog, shrinks from looking anybody in the face. One can readily imagine the Prodigal Son in the Far Country feeling and acting like that.

Here is another man. He has made a mess of things and his sense of guilt hurts so that he cannot stand it thus to blame himself; so he blames others. He shoulders off the responsibility for his failure on circumstance, heredity, other people, anything to get rid of his crushing self-reproach. So he grows bitter and cynical because he really is ashamed. Anyone can imagine the Prodigal Son feeling and acting like that.

Here is another man. He has done wrong. He is so ashamed that he thinks he is a complete failure, and accepting that idea finds in it a comforting relief. After all, if a man is a complete failure he need not expect anything of himself. That lets him off; it is a grand excuse; he need not even try any more. One can easily imagine the Prodigal Son feeling like that. That is to say, one of the most indispensable and powerful emotions of the human heart—the sense of moral shame—is commonly wasted.

We are being told on every side today not to waste anything. I am saying now: Do not waste your moral failure; it is deplorable, but don't waste it; it need not be a total loss; not only can you escape from it but you can make use of it.

If someone protests that it is dangerous doctrine to say that sin can be put to good uses, I answer, No! Just because trouble can be used to great ends nobody goes out looking for it, and just because sin can be transmuted into gain, no one will plunge into it. But when trouble and moral failure come—and they do come to all of us—don't waste them! The greatest characters of history have been, as it were, born out of the travail of the sense of shame.

There is no hope for the world if we fail to put into practice now this basic truth. The ultimate shame of our dominant democracies will not be that up to date we have failed, but that, having failed, we learned nothing from our failure.

Christianity Not a Form but a Force

In the second letter to Timothy is a description of a formal, conventional Christian, that our standard versions render thus: "Holding a form of godliness, but having denied the power thereof." Dr. Moffatt, however, uses more pungent language: "Though they keep up a form of religion, they will have nothing to do with it as a force."

One understands the lines of a modern poet about our worshiping congregations:

> They do it every Sunday,
> They'll be all right on Monday;
> It's just a little habit they've acquired.

One major reason why Christianity has been to many only a conventionality is that they have felt no crucial necessity that only Christianity could meet. Doubtless you read in the papers recently the amazing story of a group of American fliers, forced down on a South Sea island, who spent weeks with the natives there before they could escape. These natives had been under the influence of missionaries and were Christians; and, believe it or not, those American boys say that, persuaded by those South Sea islanders, they became Christians there, and returning, they announce for the world to hear that as for them they too are Christians now.

One's first reaction is to say, Surely those American boys, brought up in our schools and very probably in our churches, had heard all about Christianity before. Why, on a South Sea island, under the influence of converted natives, should it cease being to them a form and become a force? To which, of course, the answer is that it takes more than seed to make a crop—it takes soil. And when it comes to planting the gospel, a necessary ingredient of the soil is a sense of moral and spiritual need. There on a South Sea island those young men faced a situation that opened up in them a profound and conscious want that they discovered Christ's faith and way of life could fill.

Though it be in less dramatic ways, that kind of experience is being called for among all of us. Personally and socially we are up against destructive forces. Discouragement is a force; pessimism, fear, disillusionment, cynicism assail our souls with a power before which only a resistant power can stand. What if in some of us a deep and conscious need should reveal for the first time that Christ, his faith about life, his way of living life, his power for sustaining life, is food for our hunger, water for our thirst, medicine for our sickness, and power to carry on—not a form, but a force!

When we think about conversion we commonly think of prodigals suddenly turning homeward, of drunkards recovered from their alcoholism, and debauchees transformed by the renewing of their minds. Such miracles of personal renovation do take place, but some of the most notable conversions are of another kind—church members who never have doubted Christianity, who have for years been acquiescent in it and observant of its outward expression, who suddenly make a great discovery—it works! It actually works! When translated into the terms of daily life as a resource of inward power, overcoming fear, reinforcing courage, making one an adequate personality equipped for life, able to do what one ought to do and to endure what one must stand, it works. It is not simply creed but personal power, not a form but a force!

So far as the basic propositions of the Christian gospel are concerned, I never found that experience more real than now. Part of the reason, I doubt not, is the clarity and horror with which the alternative propositions are now presented—incarnate antichristianity in full operation. When men tell us now that Christianity has broken down, the answer leaps up out of this appalling situation. Is it Christianity that has proved false? Is it not the alternatives to Christianity that threaten the world and commit assault and battery on everything most worth our care?

If someone says, But see how futile goodwill is to meet the necessities of such an hour as this and put out the conflagration of our time, I answer, When upon a great fire a few buckets of water are thrown and the fire still rages, would you argue that therefore water is of no avail in quenching fire? My friend, the fact remains that water can put out fire—only you must have enough of it intelligently applied. A few buckets will not do, and their inadequacy proves nothing. So, despite the failure of our little, partial, hesitant experimentations with organized goodwill, the abiding, long-range truth is that man's salvation lies there alone, where the Master says it lies—in the increase of patient, persistent, undiscourageable, intelligent, organized goodwill.

Our World Confronts a Child

In an Old Testament story a man named Manoah and his wife were visited by an angel of the Lord who told them they were going to have a son, and Manoah's response was a prayer that I should suppose would find an echo in every sensitive heart today. Manoah entreated the Lord and said, "Oh, Lord, I pray thee, let the man of God whom thou didst send come again unto us, and teach us what we shall do unto the child that shall be born."

What are we, the nations of the world, going to do to the children that shall be born?

A newborn babe is not yet a German or a Japanese or a Russian or an American; he is a new piece of humanity in whom not the particulars that divide us but the universals that unite us are incarnate. In the volcanic ashes of Pompeii the excavators found the skeleton of a deformed child with his mother's arm around him. The mother's jewelry, the archaeologists say, reveal her to have been a member of the wealthy class, who must have had time to save herself as did the others of her class in that neighborhood. So she must have gone back to rescue her crippled boy, and through all the centuries since, her arm has been beneath the child she died to save. Now of what race or of what nation were that mother and child? Who knows or cares? Not something local but something universal is represented in that ancient scene.

One of the first great prophets against war in human history was Euripides, the Greek dramatist, and in his drama, *The Trojan Women*, what was the symbol of war—a panoplied soldier armed to the teeth and bristling with courage? No, nothing like that! He brought on the scene as his ultimate symbol of war a solitary old woman with a dead baby in her arms.

Victory and freedom—how we thrill to the words! But victory will confront us with the weightiest responsibility that ever has rested on any generation in history. Are we going to be worthy of it when we get it? And the criterion of that is what we shall do to the child that shall be born.

Into the midst of this controversy I venture to interject a simple proposition: We cannot hate a baby. No! Japanese or German, Russian, French or Italian, British or American—we cannot hate a baby. Or if we can, then we are as bad as the worst we fight against and our souls are damned within us. Our friend Walter Russell Bowie is right in saying that hatred is like alcoholism. When that really gets hold of a man, he will drink anything—whisky, gin, and at last if nothing else is handy, wood alcohol. So let mass hatred get started, and when its first object is disposed of, it will go on to find another. The furious haters of Japs and Germans, when those special enemies are no longer a problem, will not stop hating. Their hatred will still be in them like a thirst, demanding other satisfaction, and plenty of demagogues will be here to turn it to other groups—Jews, Negroes, Catholics, Protestants, what you will. Hatred is social poison.

In England when the war was young, at one training center they started a deliberate process of fomenting hatred among the troops, and when the high command heard of it they cracked down on it with a statement that makes one proud of the British. Said General Paget in an official announcement: "Such an attitude of hate is foreign to the British temperament, and any attempt to produce it by artificial stimulus during training is bound to fail, as it did in the last war. Officers and NCO's must be made to realize the difference between the building up of this artificial hate and the building of a true offensive spirit combined with the will power which will not recognize defeat."

This saner attitude, free from the emotional distortion of furious passion, becomes inevitable when one thinks about the children.

There is in New York now a fifteen-year-old girl, Marianne Benjamin by name, who three years ago escaped from Nazi Germany a frightened, crushed, humiliated child. A few weeks ago, pretty, happy, black-haired, brown-eyed Marianne received the Rebecca Elsberg Memorial Scholarship, one of the most coveted awards of our city schools. She had led her class during 1942. In a special ceremony, we read, held in the office of the superintendent of schools, Marianne, who not long ago could not speak a word of English, and could hardly look you in the eye, was honored by the school officials as having made one of the best scholastic records in the city despite personal and social handicaps. Well, do you know any test of a civilization that goes deeper or includes a wider scope than the question whether or not that kind of thing that happened to Marianne can happen to a child?

Well, then, even in the midst of total war, whose most pathetic victims are the children, let us save as many of them as we can!

There are two ways of regarding war. First, as the instrument by which we overthrow our enemies, and second, as itself the major enemy that most needs to be overthrown. In wartime the first obsesses our attention. We are absorbed in war as a means of overthrowing our foes. But we shall come to the same futile consequence, and end in the same era of disillusionment that the last war brought unless that second point of view holds its ground in our minds. Think of the children, and war is not simply the means by which we overthrow our enemies; it is itself the enemy that must be overthrown.

On Being Strongly Tempted to Be Christian

Our choice today is not between belief and unbelief, as we often superficially have thought, but between belief in what Christ stands for and belief in the opposite. Having turned our backs on Christian affirmations about God and man and the soul and the kingdom of righteousness on earth, we now face the consequence—alternative faiths claiming man's allegiance, and with desperate earnestness believed in by millions, so that mankind's choice is not between faith and no faith but between two kinds of faith: God or stark materialism; a spiritually meaningful and purposeful universe or a universe that came from nowhere and in the end means nothing; man a child of the Eternal or a mere accident of the dust; and so at last, organized violence as the natural law of life or organized goodwill as its hope and its possibility.

Men today are up against situations where self-sufficiency collapses, pride breaks down, and if there is any power available to see a man through, they know they need it. I am not talking merely about fox-hole religion, the spasmodic cry to God for help in the last ditch. That can turn out to be real and transforming, but much of it is superficial and superstitious—magic, not religion. Discount it, as you will! The sober fact remains that this world, in the fox-holes or out of them, now presents a situation that makes human self-sufficiency look foolish.

It is hard enough at any time to be a strong, coherent, steady, well-integrated personality, able to hold together under life's strain and win a spiritual victory, but that is more difficult now than ever.

Here is a man who has been off Christianity because he has thought of it as lovely, to be sure, but as utterly impractical idealism; all this talk about love and humility and goodwill, beautiful it may be, but what has that to do with the stern, rough, realistic facts of life? The Christian faith and ethic, he has said, present an impractical ideal. Today, however, he is deeply disturbed. He looks upon a world that, rejecting Christ, has plunged into appalling catastrophe, and a question rises that will not down: Good heavens! Is this thing we are doing now practical?

We run here upon one of the most stubborn and disturbing facts in history—the way in which repeatedly man's idealism has turned out to be not idealism at all but man's necessity. Universal education, for example, opening the doors of intellectual opportunity to all the boys and girls of a nation, was at first sheer idealism. Save to a few dreamers it seemed incredible. Men doubted its desirability, presented endless arguments against its possibility, and laughed at its proposers as visionaries. But then democracy came, everyone with a vote, and lo, universal education was no longer an ideal but a necessity! No democracy can be run with an illiterate electorate. They must be educated.

The Christian way of life not practical? Very well, but we are engaged now in a wholesale exhibition of the antichristian way of life. Is that practical?

What if Christ were the hardheaded realist after all? What if George Bernard Shaw was right: "I am ready to admit that after contemplating the world and human nature for nearly sixty years I see no way out of the world's misery but the way which would have been found by Christ's will if he had undertaken the work of a modern practical statesman."

Starting with Trouble and Ending with Hope

During these last few generations, new discoveries, new inventions, new opportunities, a rising standard of living and all the rest, produced among us a mood of eager expectancy about the future. Who doubted that the present is better than the past and that the future would be better than the present? So, naturally eager for hope, we built a vast structure of optimism.

Never before had human beings found hopefulness so easy, but today see that vast and flimsy structure of optimism lying in ruins! Who today escapes the problem of wanting hope, but on every side seeing our optimism proved illusion and the cases we dreamed of only mirages?

If today, then, we are to have hope, we must rethink our way of getting it. So we turn to a strange verse in the fifth chapter of Paul's letter to the Romans as Dr. Moffatt translates it: "Trouble produces endurance, endurance produces character, and character produces hope." That certainly is a way of reaching hopefulness very different from easy-going optimism. Paul begins with trouble; from that he learns endurance; out of that he builds character; and from that he wins hope.

In the first place, note that this saying of Paul contradicts our prevalent impression that hope is dependent on hopeful circumstances. How common that attitude is—

our hopefulness a mere thermometer; things are hopeful so we are hopeful; things look bad so we lose heart. But Paul, at the very point where things look bad, begins his road to hope.

On every side the question rises today: What is this war going to do to the world? And that question comes home to each man's doorsill: What is this war going to do to you and me? It is knocking hope clean out of some folk. What is there to look forward to? they say; our optimisms have collapsed, and the stark and horrid facts make a realistic mind cynical about any dreams of decency and peace. What people of that kind fail to see is that such hopelessness inside ourselves, springing from the kind of characters we are, is itself the one major thing that will make the world's estate hopeless. We commonly think that hopeless situations make people hopeless, but it is also true that hopeless people make situations hopeless. Give us enough men and women like Paul—trouble producing endurance, endurance character, and character hope—and we could remake the world.

Note in the second place that Paul's words contradict another prevalent idea—that hope is a mere matter of idealism, lovely and comforting, a realm of alluring dreams to which one turns for solace from the realistic facts. That is a common caricature of hope. Upon the contrary, the future tense is one of the most tremendous things that mankind possesses.

"While there is life there is hope," runs the old saying, but a deeper truth emerges when that saying is reversed: "While there is hope there is life." It makes a profound difference, however, by what route one arrives at that indispensable quality of courageous confidence. Alike in personal and public affairs the most resounding triumphs ever won on earth have been won by those in whom, by God's grace, trouble produced endurance, and endurance character, and character hope.

On Believing in Miracles

These are days when life can grow very dull and drab. In dark situations like this our pre-scientific forefathers had at least one ground of hope: they believed in miracles; they thought the incredible might happen any day; as in *Green Pastures,* God could "r'ar back an' pass a miracle." Thus in desperate circumstances, personal or public, that door of hope stood open to the generations that believed in the miraculous.

We modern Christians have almost altogether lost that reliance. Science has revealed the law-abiding processes of both physical and human nature. Cause and consequence joined in an inevitable succession that man cannot break and that God does not break—that idea is firmly in our minds, the working basis of everything we think and do when we are intelligent about it. If by miracle one means the rupture or suspension of nature's law-abiding processes, then faith in miracle as a vital, practical affair of day-by-day reliance now, has for most of us disappeared.

Moreover, there is no use trying to get it back again in its pre-scientific form, but we may well try to recover some of the hope and confidence, the expectation of the unpredictable, that went along with it. We deeply need to believe that the incredible may happen. Men are saying that it will take a miracle if out of this war we get a peace just and durable enough to forestall another one. Of course it will! The recovery of faith that the miraculous in that sense can happen is one of our profoundest needs.

Note to start with that in this endeavor the Christian believer, far from finding science his enemy, as many suppose, finds in science his most illustrious example. The one place in our modern world where belief most holds its ground that the impossible may turn out to be true and the incredible a fact, is science. A hundred and twenty-five years ago fifty per cent of us here would have been pock-marked by smallpox. Today none of us is. So we face the paradox that the essential meaning of "miracle"—indeed, the original meaning of the words for it in the Bible, namely, the marvelous and amazing—has now migrated from the realm of religion to the realm of science.

This is why, say as we will that the old belief in miracle has gone, the word "miracle" persists. We cannot get rid of it. Life in our modern world is not reduced to the tame level of the ordinary. Never in history did the most intelligent people believe as they do now that the impossible is going to happen and the incredible turn out true. Friends of mine tell me of things going on in scientific laboratories that seem downright unbelievable. The preachers may have ceased talking about miracles, but the scientists have just begun.

In the film *Madame Curie* you recall that when the first faint intimation came of a mysterious power that could take photographs in the dark, Pierre Curie exclaimed, "It would be incredible!" Of course it would be incredible, but it was true! That is the kind of universe we live in—more dimensions to it than our three-dimensional minds can guess, more things in it and ahead of it than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

Today men say that war can never be stopped, that it has always been here, that it is inherent in human nature, that it is an incurable disease. That is exactly what men said with equal truth about chattel slavery—that it had always been here, that it was inherent in human nature, that it was an incurable disease. Well, such miracles can happen. They always have been happening.

In one of our most popular musical comedies a very frail and susceptible young woman, explaining why it is that she always gives in to temptation, sings, to the amusement of the audience, "How Can I Be What I Ain't?" At that point I confess I almost forgot to laugh, seeing in imagination a long procession of people whom I have met in personal consultations, with that cry sometimes desperately rising in them: "How Can I Be What I Ain't?" And while a musical comedy is not supposed to be the place for a preacher to get his themes, I fell to thinking that, after all, the central message of the Christian gospel is precisely its answer to that question.

When Paul said, "The good which I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I practice. . . ." he was saying, "How can I be what I ain't?" And when he cried, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord," he was bearing witness to the amazing transformation that the grace and power of God can work in human lives.

Well, why not? If a blazing desert in Arizona, hearing of nature's loveliness, of orange groves and eucalyptus trees, should cry, "How Can I Be What I Ain't?" science would answer, We can change you until even a desert becomes a garden. Science thus walks into life, crying, We can transform things, make them over, until slender filaments that seemed of no account shine with electric light, and substances our fathers never heard of become the indispensable reliance of the modern world!

The common impression is that it is the little, belated, unintelligent minds that believe in miracle; but the fact is that it is the great minds who most believe in unforeseen and incredible possibilities. It is the Luther Burbanks who believe what can be done with thorny cactus. It is the Wilfred Grenfells who believe what can be done in Labrador. Everyone knows Tschaikowsky's *Andante Cantabile.* It is one of the loveliest of his compositions and it will never die. On a summer vacation Tschaikowsky heard a Russian baker singing to himself a popular song which began, "Vanya sat on the divan and smoked a pipe of tobacco." That was what Tschaikowsky started with! That was what he saw the possibilities in and miraculously transformed into the *Andante Cantabile.*

Loyalty, the Basic Condition of Liberty

The desire to be free, to have the chance to be ourselves, express ourselves, and do as we please, is one of the deepest passions in human nature. We see it in a little child resenting restraint, and we feel it vicariously in whole nations whose liberty has been wrenched from them. It is an appalling thing not to be free. So the basic struggles of human life can be interpreted as endeavors after emancipation.

Yet something is the matter in all this—there is a catch here somewhere. Multitudes of families gain the liberty of affluence and make misery out of it; many youths gain the freedom of self-expression and wreck themselves on it; nations aplenty have won their sovereign statehood and have found neither happiness within nor peace without. "Give me liberty, or give me death," yes! But why do we so often get both? We win liberty and then work our own death by means of it.

Is not this the gist of the matter: liberty was born a twin; liberty and loyalty—they were born together. Liberty, to be free from something; loyalty, to be mastered by something—alas for man or nation that tries to get one without the other!

In some people liberty without loyalty peters out because, acting as though they were isolated individuals who can do as they please, they find that really they are socially related persons who, doing what they please, cruelly hurt someone else. Then, despite their ethical modernism, conscience steps in, and some emancipated deed that in a moment of ambition or passion they pleased to do moves inexorably from happy anticipation, through committal, into memory, and never looks happy again.

With others this one-sidedness of liberty alone peters out because they discover that if they do as they please often enough, repeating it again and again, the time comes when they have to keep on repeating it whether they please or not. Starting out with liberty, they end in that most unbreakable slavery of habit, forced upon them by their own psychological constitutions. As another put it: "There are only two stages in the life of the drinker: (1) when he could stop if he would, and (2) when he would stop if he could."

Clearly, then, there is something the matter with ethical liberty alone, not because of artificial moral codes but because of our essential social relatedness and our own psychological make-up. We are so made that liberty without loyalty ruins us.

Consider now that this principle applies just as much to our democracy as a whole as it does to our personal moral living. We may not blame the plight of the democracies today simply on the attack of the dictatorships. Democracy would not be in this sorry case if it had not fallen sick, and it has fallen sick of this very disease of which we speak. It has come to mean to multitudes, rights and not duties, liberty but not loyalty, what they can get out of the country, not what they can give to it. Then the dictatorships arise, saying to their citizens, You belong to the state; your life's highest meaning is to live and die for the state. Thus the world splits up, dictatorship naturally emphasizing loyalty but not liberty, democracy naturally emphasizing liberty but not loyalty. Somehow we must get those two indispensable qualities together, for it is our loyalties that make life emotionally worth living.

What have been the great hours of our lives, rememberable to our dying day? They are the hours when we were carried out of ourselves by something that mastered us—the breath-taking sweep of great mountains, the spell of great music, inner dedication to a cause concerning which we said, Not my will, thine be done, or the love of some person to whom we pledged deathless fidelity, "to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part."

A mother has a child. She belongs to the child. She is not free. Day and night that child rules her with a thralldom stronger than a rod of iron. Then the child dies. Now she is free: she can come and go as she will; no voice calling her now makes her run at its bidding. But see this strange woman heartbroken at her newfound freedom! If we could give her back her child, if the old sense of belonging could return again, then she would feel free and be herself once more. We human beings are much more complex than we take ourselves for. We think we want liberty, but the only liberty worth having is founded on loyalty.

Here is the strange paradox of all rich and fulfilled living. We do want to be free from external restraints, from moral and political dictators and tyrants, but when we ask why we want to be free, we run straight into a paradoxical answer: We crave liberty so that we may find loyalty, may freely give ourselves to something that masters us, saying to it, I belong to you; you shall organize my life, shall save me from aimlessness and give direction and meaning to my days.

This strange paradox, that we want freedom in order to choose our loyalty, and want loyalty in order to be free, is true of every one of us, for here is the very definition of freedom: Liberty is the substitution of inner voluntary loyalty for outward constraint.

Time to Stress Unity

In the first chapter of John's Gospel we read: "Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, wrote, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph. And Nathanael said unto him, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Nathanael had a prejudice against all Nazarenes. Gathering up in his dislike an entire group of people, he would believe no decent thing about any of them.

Contemporary parallels to that kind of prejudice are plentiful. Multitudes harbor it without recognizing either the public menace involved in it or its implicit denial of every basic Christian idea of God and man. Nathanael himself, guilty of one of the most destructive sins on earth, probably never thought of it as sin at all. Why should he not harbor an inclusive prejudice against all Nazarenes if he feels like it?

Many kinds of evil are clearly recognized as such—brutal, sensual, criminal—but here is a sin, subtle, quiet, decently clothed and commonly found in respectable places, that nonetheless is one of the most ruinous menaces on earth.

One of the ironies of our day is that Hitler should proclaim what he calls a new world order while all the time the basic ideas of that new order are taken from primitive barbaric times, and among them nothing more dastardly than his edition of Nathanael's sin—anti-Semitism.

Today, then, concerning this sin of group prejudice, whose bitter accents one hears in our clubs and churches and dinner table conversations, what we are really saying is, Don't be a Nazi! One of the noblest utterances of this war was a statement made in 1940—desperate days those were in Britain—by Dr. Temple, then Archbishop of York, lately Archbishop of Canterbury: "The spirit in which we fight matters more than our winning. If we go Nazi and then win, it will be the same for the world as if the Nazis win. But if we keep charity alive with courage, our victory will be a boon to mankind and our defeat would be a redemptive agony." We Americans need to heed that admonition now, for the growth of certain Nazi elements in America—especially race prejudice—is appalling.

When we read about the caste system in India, especially about the untouchable class—outlawed, segregated, despised—we think that appalling. Listen, then! Benjamin E. Mays, a Negro gentleman, Doctor of Philosophy, President of Morehouse College, visited India. Here is what he says:

"The students followed me in crowds—not because I had anything special to say but because I was a Negro from America and the students wanted to know more about the way white Americans treat Negroes and why they deny them the democracy they preach. The most striking incident was my visit to an 'untouchable' school for boys. The Master . . . literally begged me to visit them, be their guest at meal and address the boys. I accepted the invitation. When he introduced me he made it clear that I was a Christian, from Christian America; yet he emphasized at the same time that I was an 'untouchable' in America—'an untouchable like us,' he emphasized. I was dazed, puzzled, a bit peeved. It had never occurred to me. But instantly I recognized that there was an element of truth in what he said."

That kind of thing is in the minds of the colored peoples around the world, so that this group prejudice we practice on others is a boomerang.

We say that this is a generation when races and nations are torn asunder by hatred and violence, but all the more because of that it is a generation when men and women are needed who forget every division that can be forgotten, rise above every difference that can be surmounted, and emphasize every factor that brings men together. This is a time to stress unity.

The Swedish journalist, Arvid Fredborg, recently out of Germany, reports some surprising things going on there, but nothing more surprising than in these sentences: "One must not lay too much emphasis on the differences between Catholicism and Protestantism [in Germany] for in the face of common pressure many barriers have fallen. Catholic priests preach in Protestant churches, and Protestant pastors expelled from their parishes have enjoyed the support of funds which Nazism so far has not been able to rob from the Roman Church." A time like this does not simply tear people apart, it also draws them together.

This is our sermon. Rise above every prejudice you can surmount, and throw the weight of your influence on all the unity in the nation and in our human race that you can get your eyes upon—folk who do that are the need of the world.

It is a great day in a man's life when, like Nathanael, he is cured of a prejudice. For Nathanael was cured—he became a disciple of Jesus of Nazareth. That kind of transformation is deeply needed now. Group prejudice is a contagious disease; he who harbors it is a public menace; to be cured of it is a public boon.

Why Is God Silent While Evil Rages?

No thoughtful person can live through an era like this without asking searching questions about God. With no desire and no intention to be atheists, still, questions rise within us and among them inevitably this: Why is God so silent in a world filled with noisy evil?

There is, behind and in this universe, creative power. That is fact, not theory. In what terms we shall think of that creative power, whether in terms material or spiritual, is a further and momentous question, but it is certain that creative power itself is here. From it, all that is came. In it, all that is exists. Without it, nothing is at all. It is the sovereign, basic, original, indubitable fact.

Yet, strangely enough, we have never heard it. It makes no noise. Upon its cosmic loom it weaves millions of solar systems and swings stars and planets in their courses, but as the nineteenth Psalm says,

> There is no speech nor language;
> Their voice is not heard.

Here, surely, is the place for our thought to start. Theists and atheists alike, we all are in the same boat here: We face a universe whose sovereign creative power is silent.

Today consider some facts about this mysteriously quiet power from which all things come, that, so it seems to me, lead us straight to the truth of our Christian faith.

For example, we face at once a stern and ominous fact: This silent power does do something rigorous and austere—it works inevitable retribution upon evil. Like it or not, in this universe there is what the ancient Greeks called Nemesis—the doom that, however long delayed, falls upon arrogance and cruelty and braggart pride.

As Theodor Mommsen, the historian, wrote: "History has a Nemesis for every sin." God does not sit in heaven and do nothing. We frail human beings are not alone the originators, improvisers, and backers of goodness in this world. Today we deeply need to believe that.

Come further, now, and consider that despite our complaints about God's silence, these spiritual forces making no noise reach deeper, take hold harder, and last longer than any others. We human beings are naturally sensitive to noise. Loud things claim our attention. Yet, when we go deeply within ourselves to note what means most to us, how soon we enter a quiet realm where great thoughts walk with still feet, and great loves feel what they cannot say, and great faiths lift their noiseless aspirations! The creative factors in our lives dwell in the realm of silence.

We are dreadfully tempted now to trust the noisy, outward, violent forces to achieve our end. Many, for example, discussing a new society of nations, say, This time we will have an international police force and that will keep order and make the thing go. Now I agree that some form of internationally used force is necessary, but if we trust that to hold a society of nations together, we have lost our game before we start.

An expert on police affairs recently said that in the United States with our 135,000,000 citizens we have about 150,000 policemen all told, and that no more than 50,000 of them are on duty at any one time. Is it 50,000 policemen who keep this nation a nation and preserve order among 135,000,000 citizens? Granted the necessity of police to handle the fringes of criminal disorder, what keeps us together, makes of us a loyal, devoted, and on the whole united nation is not something you can put in uniform and arm with a gun.

These coherent forces that make of our communities decent places to live in and of America a co-operative people are spiritual. Quiet as the sun that when it rises makes no noise, but that is still the light of all our seeing and the creator of all that grows strong and beautiful, some spiritual faiths and hopes, loves and loyalties, have shined upon us here to make possible our national family. Do we think an international family is possible without that?

Any decent world we ever get must be grounded in, buttressed by, and held together with, intelligent, undiscourageable goodwill.

Come a step further now and note that God may be silent but that he or someone mighty like him does do marvelous things in this world. Alike the ultimate mystery and glory of human life is great personality, and you cannot get that out of noisy things. At the age of forty-three Louis Pasteur was a humiliated wreck. One whole side paralyzed, he looked impotently on while war ravaged France, and his fellow-townsmen taunted him with being a useless mouth eating needed food, so that once, grown man though he was, he came home weeping with the sting of their jibes. Yet now when all that made the big noise is gone, Pasteur towers higher every year. Even on that day when he wept for shame he said to his wife, "I have something to give to France that men with swords cannot give." Well, inwardly sustained by the disinterested love of truth, he gave it, and years afterwards, he himself explained his own experience as he understood it: "Christ," he said, "made me what I am."

The least important and least valuable things are the noisiest and thus the most easily perceived and proved, while the most important and most valuable things are hardest to be absolutely sure about. One cannot doubt a thunderstorm; one cannot doubt a war—see the noise they make! But love and liberty and truth and the profoundest meanings and values of our souls—men can doubt them. One cannot doubt an air raid siren—what a blare it makes! But one can doubt God, for he is a still, small voice. This is a mystery and a problem, but thus to state the problem frankly is in part to solve it. Think of being a man who goes through life believing in only the least important and least valuable things because they are obvious and noisy! Fish, they say, in a quiet lake do not recognize the existence of water because they live and move and have their being in it. Shall we, like them, be so insensitive and not perceive that the silent forces of the Eternal Spirit, whose noiseless presence is the life of all our being, are real?

No Dry-as-Dust Religion Will Do Now

Many of us must acknowledge that our own personal experience of Christianity has often been conventional—inherited beliefs passively accepted, or opinions into which superficially we have argued ourselves, or observances of worship on which we were brought up. Much so-called Christianity is thus secondhand and dry as dust.

Over against such formalism we set today the experience of the blind man whom Jesus healed and who in the face of attack and denial stood up for something he felt sure about: "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." That is the genuine article in spiritual experience—a man seeing something so clearly that nothing can make him deny it.

We believe in many Christian opinions; we inherited them; they are starred in the Baedeker of our Western tradition; but what we really see in life is something else altogether. We are often like the cat in the Mother Goose rhyme who went up to London to see the queen:

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

That is exactly what a cat would do in the presence of the queen—see a mouse; and what either cat or man thus vividly sees in life is far more influential than anything theoretically believed.

The common saying runs that seeing is believing. To be sure it is, but the reverse is not true. Believing is not necessarily seeing. Believing may be a conventional substitute for seeing, a mere acceptance of what someone else reports that he has seen.

Some of us are tempted to give up religion and get on without it. Granted, that we can get on without some kinds of religion. In a generation so momentous, why one should waste time on the credulities and sectarianisms that commonly pass for religion, I cannot comprehend. Lloyd George was one day driving through North Wales with a friend and the talk turned to denominational differences. "The church I belong to," said Lloyd George, "is torn with a fierce dispute. One section says that baptism is *in* the name of the Father, and the other that it is *into* the name of the Father. I belong to one of these parties. I feel most strongly about it. I would die for it in fact—but I forget which it is!" I should say so! When, however, one is finished with all that, clean done and impatiently through with the trivialities and obscurantisms of conventional faith, one still faces the fact that nothing makes more difference than the way one sees life.

To see life as Nietzsche saw it, or to see life as Christ sees it—what a difference! No one in his senses can say that that does not matter.

War does strange things to religion. As the chaplains say, one reason why there is no atheism in the fox-holes is that in the fox-holes the situation is so terrific that one desperately grasps at any reassurance one can find. As for the civilian population, emergency religion thrives; folk turn even to the churches, seeking it, as when a man adrift at sea lays hold on any piece of floating wreckage he can get his hand on. Such crisis-religion is easily understood, but it does not go deep. So on the walls of a certain physician's office hangs this quatrain:

God and the doctor, all men adore
When sickness comes, but not before;
When health returns, alike requited,
God is forgotten and the doctor slighted!

An era like this ought to open our eyes until we see things we never saw before. Sometime since, the Archbishop of Canterbury, addressing the students of Oxford University, said: "The world, as we live in it, is like a shop window in which some mischievous person has got in overnight and shifted all the price labels around, so that the cheap things have the high-price labels on them, and the really precious things are priced low." Then he added, "We let ourselves be taken in." So! We let ourselves be taken in! What if out of this wartime experience we could come with our eyes opened, henceforth like that blind man to speak with personal conviction about some great and central matters on which man's destiny depends: "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

You are troubled because in this mysterious world so much is dark to you. My friend, on that account do not, I beg of you, shut yourself out of the Christian heritage. Some of the most moving faith in history has been like the faith of this blind man—humble, simple, nothing stereotyped or conventional about it, restricted in scope, not claiming to know everything, but what there was of it bona fide and vital: One thing I know, one thing, once blind, I see. Start where you are with what you do see; be true to that, and so go on to see more.

Keeping Faith in Persuasion in a World of Coercion

John's Gospel in its twelfth chapter reports that Jesus said about his crucifixion, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." The Master, that is, trusted his cause to the power of persuasion. Whatever consequence was to come from his ministry could come only from the appeal of his life and love and sacrifice, drawing to himself men's voluntary allegiance. The amazing thing is that he trusted in that.

No ordered society can exist without coercion. Our inner personal difficulty lies not in seeing the necessity of coercion but in maintaining in a violent era, when coercion has gone mad, our faith in persuasion, too. What if in the long run persuasion is mightier and more enduring than coercion?

To start with, it certainly is true that whatever is finest in our own characters came by that method. Our real goodness was not flogged into us but was drawn out in us by the appeal of something lovely and right to which we responded. Our fathers and mothers used coercion so slightly that we have now forgotten it, but that other power they wielded we have not forgotten—the day-by-day appeal of life and love, of character and sacrifice that, falling on us like the sunshine, called out our best. Remember our first meeting with great music when something within us responded, saying, That belongs to me and I to it; or our reading of some great book to which our minds and emotions answered; or our hero-worship of some character of whom we felt, I had rather be like that than anything else in the world; and from those early days till now, not by compulsion but by persuasion our best has come.

Moreover, this truth about our personal lives has far-reaching social consequence. Today our attention is centered on embattled nations and our hearts are shaken by a world at war, until coercion seems everything. But when these imperial defeats and triumphs have become historic, and new world setups have altered beyond our recognition the boundaries of nations, three social institutions will still be here, man's hope of all the character the world can count upon—homes, schools, and churches—and these three are institutions not of coercion but of persuasion.

Yet, age after age, while empires rise and fall, these three go on—homes, schools, churches—the major builders of man's goodness.

All the progress mankind has ever made has sprung from the victories of persuasion over coercion. Not only in good homes, good schools, good churches, but in democracy against tyranny, in free research against the shackling of men's minds, in ethical liberty against compulsive codes, in civilized society where violence has given way to law—always, progress means that coercion has been pushed back, and persuasion has won a wider field.

What does it take to conquer us? Let any man or nation try it by coercion and he will see how still unconquered our souls will be. Deprived of outward liberty, crushed by military power, we might be, but our inner citadels would be uncaptured and our rebellious souls unconquered still. Think of the millions in Europe today outwardly defeated but inwardly unsubdued, and consider this mystery, that not all the coercion in the world can really conquer a strong soul. It takes something mightier than coercion to do that; it takes persuasion. For there are times when our inner citadels throw wide their doors to let a conqueror in. We surrender—and it is our glory—to something or someone we are persuaded we rightfully belong to, and we make a festival of our capitulation.

What is true of souls is true of nations, and in this violent era we need to grasp that fact. To defeat a nation with our armies and leave it crushed, rebellious, resentful, angry, is not to conquer it. Real conquering is ultimately a spiritual matter, the inner conquest of a nation by the persuasive forces of justice, fair play, goodwill, until the nation's soul voluntarily surrenders to a world policy that is good for all.

One of the marvels of Abraham Lincoln's career was the way, amid the cruel necessities of war, he kept this kind of insight clear. At the height of the Civil War, when feeling was bitterest, he dropped one day at a White House reception a hopeful remark about the South, and an elderly woman flared up at him, wanting to know how he could speak kindly of his enemies when he should wish above all else to destroy them. And the record runs that Lincoln answered, "What, madam? do I not destroy them when I make them my friends?"

When Life Reaches Its Depths

These are days when our lives do go down into the depths. To be sure, life happily has not only depths but shallows, not only profundities but gaieties.

Obviously this side of our nature finds response from the world without. The gay asks for gaiety and it is answered; the merry mood asks for trivialities and they are there; the shallows call to the shallows and there is response. But sometimes life does run out into its depths, and then, when the deep in us calls for something deep to answer it, we face one of life's great hours.

That very phrase comes from the forty-second Psalm. The psalmist's experience had run out into the depths in trouble, and, remembering the thundering cataracts that pour down in springtime from the melting snows of Mount Hermon, and roar, and echo, and answer one another in the gorges beneath, he used that similitude to describe his experiences. "Deep," he said, "calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterfalls." Every serious life has that experience, where the profundities within ask for an answering profundity.

This explains the deathless hold that religious faith has upon the human spirit. Irreligion reduces the world to a fortuitous self-arrangement of physical elements, and thereby empties the world of the meaning that religious faith finds in God. Nevertheless, while irreligion thus takes all depth of meaning out of the universe, it leaves man still with the deep in him—depths of trouble, of love, of moral need, of ethical devotion, of spiritual insight—the same old profound experiences that man's nature has known throughout its history. But in irreligion when these deeps within call for a responsive depth, only the shallows are there to answer.

When death takes those we love, when children slip through our arms, when war breaks and catastrophe crashes down and life tumbles in, then out of the depths the soul cries for answering depths. In such an hour how shallow irreligion is!

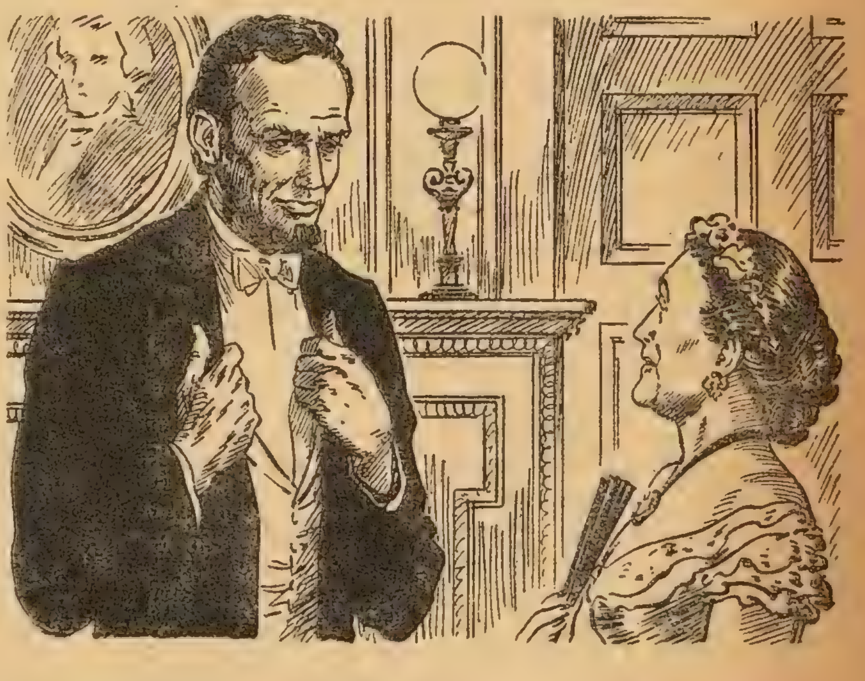
In Christian faith, however, the deep in us is not thus answered by the shallows. For when our profundities call out for an answering profundity, Christian faith says, God is there; his eternal purpose comprehends all life; this world is a place for the growing of souls, and in that process adversity is as indispensable as joy; all supreme spirits have come up out of great tribulation; there is power available to enable one to win that victory.

Carry our thought further now and see that in another area life runs out into its depths—not only in trouble but in love. Wherever love is strong and beautiful, life reaches its depths. Anyone, for example, who has had a great mother has had one of the unfathomable experiences.

Life runs out into its depths not only in trouble, love, and moral need, but in the very opposite of moral need—profound sacrificial ethical devotion. Once Abraham Lincoln was taken to task by his friends for some criticism that his policies were evoking, and he said this to them: "I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

When a man thus honestly cares about doing right, when he is profoundly in earnest about setting his compass to the true pole, he wants to know that there is a true pole there to be true to. As Lincoln himself said on another occasion, "The question is not first of all whether God is on our side, but whether we are on God's side." When a man has sacrificial devotion to give, he wants a real God to give it to.

Note, now, the conclusion of the matter. Throughout we have been starting with the profundities in ourselves, and saying that they are answered by profundities in God. Suppose, however, that someone asks, What makes you think that these profundities in God that Christian faith believes in are really there? I would say in answer, Where did the profundities in ourselves come from? How did they get here? If fish have fins, it is because the water was there first. If birds have wings, it is because air was there first. If we have eyes, it is because the sun was there first. All the functions of living beings are but responses to something objective in the universe. Always the universe was there first, and our powers and capacities are but our answer to it. How can one suppose that the deeps in the human spirit are only exceptions to this universal law?



After Forty Years in the Ministry

Liberal Christians forty years ago were doing their best to adjust Christianity to modern science and modern civilization. Today, far from denying, I would reaffirm the necessity of that process. Today, however, looking back over forty years of ministry, I see an outstanding difference between then and now with regard to what is standard and who must do the adjusting. It is not Christ's message that needs to be accommodated to this mad scene; it is this mad scene into which our civilization has collapsed that needs to be judged and saved by Christ's message. This is the most significant change distinguishing the beginning of my ministry from now.

Will Durant has said, "The First World War did more harm to Christianity than all the Voltaires in history; the Second World War may complete its destruction." Certainly these two world wars have hurt Christianity terribly, but have they not hurt something else much more? They have desperately shaken our optimistic confidence in our modern scientific civilization. One sentence from an English newspaper sums it up: "Man has conquered the air only to be compelled to burrow under ground."

Who now needs to do the adjusting—Christ to this civilization, or this civilization to Christ?

When we inquire why this shift has taken place, until Christ becomes the criterion by which we must test even our proud scientific culture, one answer at least is plain. Our intellectual formulations can never be an ultimate standard.

Important as they are, they continually fluctuate and change, and are among the most inconstant, transient aspects of our lives.

Intellectually we condescend even to the greatest characters of antiquity. There is another realm, however, where we cannot condescend to the great seers of the past. Forty years ago we were saying, How can we adjust Christianity to the reign of natural law, to evolution, and all the rest?

Today we think that easy; only belated minds are bothered by that now, and the real problem looms infinitely more difficult: How can we adjust our scientific civilization to the Golden Rule?

This world war is ruining many reputations. It is certainly ruining the reputation of war itself, that many have praised as a spur to progress. This conflict is ruining the reputation of isolated, irresponsible nationalism; and even our pride in inventive science, with which we desolate the world, this war is deeply humiliating. But among all the ruined reputations one reputation rises more impressive and imperious than ever—the Christ of the Sermon on the Mount, the Christ of the eternally right, to whom we and our institutions must adjust ourselves or fall from one catastrophe to another. The word of the Master is eternally true—all the homely, decent, ordinary, day-by-day things we want most depend on our putting Christ's way of life first.

The Light That No Darkness Can Put Out

When the stories about Jesus' birth took form in the early church they emphasized the fact that it was night when he was born. The shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks by night; the wise men were following the star through the night; in Herod's gloomy midnight councils all the little children of Bethlehem were to be slain, and every way it was against encompassing darkness that Christ's coming shone out. And now, not after one century, but after nearly twenty, we still can say at least this much about the radiance Christ kindled in the world: The darkness has not put it out. Christ presents an achieved victory—not simply an ideal, not merely an argument, but a fact, a resplendent, undeniable triumph of sunrise over night.

As Gladstone said, "One example is worth a thousand arguments." In every realm the final proof is commonly reached not by debate but by achievement. It cannot be done, men say of some things seemingly incredible, as only forty years ago they were saying about aviation. And then it is done. That is the answer. How many arguments in human history have been suddenly stopped not by opposing arguments but by a shining fact: It has been done.

How realistically true in many realms this fact is of which we now are speaking! You cannot educate the masses, men once argued; only the privileged classes produce minds that are worth educating; the masses of the people must be left as they are—illiterate hewers of wood and drawers of water. So they argued, and they were never finally answered by opposing arguments. How could they be? They were answered by lives, like that of Faraday, underprivileged, coming up out of unpromising circumstances, and yet becoming one of the most creative scientists of his time.

So, our modern democracies have opened wide the doors of education to everybody, persuaded not by debate but by example that we can never tell where the great minds are coming from.

Here lies the ultimate solution of the Negro problem. The Negro is essentially an inferior race, men have argued; racial equality is absurd. So the argument has run, and no opposing argument can ever answer it. But then Marian Anderson sings, George Washington Carver becomes one of our greatest American scientists, and a Negro girl at Yale wins first prize in the annual competition of young American poets. That is the answer. Always the arguments of skeptics run on and on until they fade out in the light of fact.

In a German concentration camp there was a British medical officer, an ophthalmic surgeon, who could have been exchanged and sent home. He was on the list to go back to England and he refused. Everybody, even the Germans, expostulated with him. He had every right to go home, but he said this: "While I have been here in this prison camp I have been able to treat blinded prisoners, and in some cases to restore their sight. Others, in similar need, will come to this camp and I want to remain to help them."

When Christlike character has once appeared, creatively beautiful with humility, humaneness, and goodwill, despite ourselves and all our evil that kind of character moves up into the central place and becomes the judgment seat where other character is tried. Yes, when once the world catches a glimpse of itself organized for peace instead of war, something happens that all the forces of darkness cannot prevent: that vision becomes the standard of our judgment, the criterion of our endeavor, and short of it mankind will never be content.

Facing Life's Central Test

Matthew's Gospel tells us that in the Garden of Gethsemane Jesus fell on his knees and prayed, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless . . ." We know what followed that crucial word: "Nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt."

The first part of that text describes the situation of every one of us. Each heart here is praying to be spared, if possible, some tragedy so real to imagination that with many of us day and night the thought of it is in our minds. Soldiers going to the front, not wanting to be maimed or slain; others left at home, caring for these absent ones and their families with endless solicitude and affection—all of us today are praying, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." And the central test of our lives now is whether we can take that next step—"Nevertheless."

Set in such a context, that word is one of the most momentous in the vocabulary and it brings Gethsemane close to all of us. To face for conscience' sake the doing of a duty likely to cost us dear, to confront a handicap that cripples life or a tragedy that desolates it, saying, "If it be possible, let this cup pass . . . nevertheless"—at that place a man proves how much of a man he is, and in these days none of us escapes the test.

Who of us cannot think, as I do now, of some person in his Gethsemane today? He and his friends have prayed that this cup might pass from him, but it is not to be. He is drinking that cup now, and as the shadows encompass the hopes that he and his friends have prayed might be fulfilled, a strange triumph lights up his room like that which illumined even the darkness of Gethsemane. We always knew that he had character but now a depth is in it, and, as it were, a halo over it never seen before, for he is in the place where character is most severely tested and most impressively revealed and he is meeting it superbly.

As it takes the night to reveal the stars, so it takes Gethsemane to reveal character like that.

One of the paradoxes of history is the influence which such characters have wielded on the world. Captain Scott, for example, dying in the Antarctic. He did not reach the South Pole first—Amundsen beat him; he did not get back; his prayer was not answered; he failed. So what? So a few sentences that the world will never forget: "I do not regret this journey. . . . We took risks; we knew we took them; things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last." So! "If it be possible . . . nevertheless . . ."

Come further now and see that here lies the test not only of our faith and character, but of our loyalty, our devotion to something greater than ourselves. After all, that word "nevertheless" is explained by what comes after it: "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." Jesus belonged to something—to the will of God. He was more than himself—himself plus what he had given himself to and stood for, on behalf of which he was willing to die. Only when a man has that element in his life can he, in the last ditch, behave at all like the Master in Gethsemane.

At this point we Americans in general and we Christians in particular face now a terrific competition. Many among us are still talking primarily about our rights. All praise to those who with unstinted loyalty and sacrifice are giving their lives for conscience' sake today, but still the fact remains that even in wartime and certainly in peacetime multitudes think of democracy in terms of the rights it gives them. The other day in one of our schools a youth, rebuked for flagrant disregard of social order, retorted: "But this is a public school, where I can do as I please." That is too common an idea of democracy—a social order where we can do as we please. Far from being so achieved in the first place, however, democracy was won by men who dedicated to it their lives, their fortunes, their sacred honor; nor will it be otherwise maintained.

Off one of our Coast Guard stations in a tremendous storm with an offshore gale, a ship was wrecked on a reef. The captain ordered the lifeboat launched, but one of the crew protested. "Sir," he said, "the wind is offshore and the tide is running out. Of course we can go out, but what good will it do? Against the wind and the tide we cannot come back." "Launch the boat," said the captain. "We have to go out. We don't have to come back." Too many people are living in that spirit now for us to evade the application of it to ourselves.

The Deathless Hope That Man Cannot Escape

One of our most popular dramatic critics in New York some years ago published his creed, one item of which was this: "Never allow one's self even a passing thought of death." One wonders how he is getting on with that item now. Does he read the papers and not allow himself even a passing thought of death? To be sure in one sense death is still a highly individual experience. As another put it, "Death is not like a factory gate through which men pass in throngs, but like a turnstile, through which men go one by one." Nevertheless, in war men are massed for death in multitudes.

MOREOVER, not only is the fact of death made vivid now but the interpretation of it—the question whether death is a period that brings the sentence of life to a full stop, or only a comma that punctuates it to a loftier significance—is made specially important.

Major Gordon, better known to us as Ralph Connor, came back from the last war, after two years in the trenches, saying that in all that time he had never met a man who did not believe in immortality. That is strange. In war when death comes it is stark naked. It cannot be concealed by the decent amenities that in civilized society our sensitive nerves devise. In war, death can neither be run away from nor covered up, and sometimes, day and night, one's senses are smitten by physical dissolution and decay. Yet it is precisely there, where man seems most mortal, that many to their own amazement find that when they are shaken down into their depths, the soul's invincible surmise is strong within them that somehow life goes on.

So a Canadian soldier in the last war, seeing his chum blown to pieces by an exploding shell, said, "He'll carry on. It will take more than that to stop him."

This fact lights up a profound truth about all of us human beings. We sometimes picture ourselves as trying hard to believe in immortality. No! So far as we modern-minded folk are concerned, we might better be pictured as trying hard not to believe in it, constructing laborious arguments against it and elaborating our skepticisms to disprove it. Multitudes of us have tried not to believe in immortality—is it not one of the most incredible of faiths? But lo, some earthquake, as it were, shakes us down into our spiritual depths, and there it is again, that deathless hope that man cannot escape, that strange conviction that each of us is like a river, and that, though turning a bend called death we cannot see a rod beyond, the river still flows on.

There are no natural boundaries to the experience of love and beauty so that a man may think he has reached their consummation, but when his body ends, still, immeasurable miles beyond him, their possibilities beckon the spirit on. There are no natural limits to truth, that a man may comprehensively lay his hands upon it, for while the body falls on sleep as naturally as a child at night, the mind, like Goethe on his deathbed, still cries, "More light, more light!"

Recall how one of Thornton Wilder's characters puts it in the play *Our Town:* "I don't care what they say with their mouths—everybody knows that *something* is eternal. And it ain't houses and it ain't names, and it ain't earth, and it ain't even stars . . . everybody knows in their bones that *something* is eternal, and that *something* has to do with human beings. All the greatest people ever lived have been telling us that for five thousand years and yet you'd be surprised how people are always losing hold of it. There's something way down deep that's eternal about every human being."

For still another reason when life shakes us down into our depths we find there this deathless hope, and that is our love for other people. We may grow nonchalant about life after death so far as we ourselves are concerned, but some day the bell tolls for someone's passing who is to us the very center and essence of life's meaning, and there it is once more, that deathless hope, like an artesian well, that our superficial forgetfulness may temporarily conceal but that in all great hours comes pouring up again.

Well, we seldom go wrong if we trust the deepest things in us, and nothing is deeper in us than this deathless hope that Easter celebrates. Out of the profoundest qualities that make us what we are, out of our love for the dearest, noblest persons we have known, out of our innermost companionship with the world Divine and invisible, this deathless hope arises. In the strength of it go out to face this world of war and turmoil!

THE END

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

SO much has been written about the pin-up girls of the war that there has been a tendency to forget the chin-up girls—the members of the Army Nurse Corps.

G. I. Nightingale, by **Lieutenant Theresa Archard,** is a welcome book. It tells her adventures in the North African and Mediterranean campaigns in a style that makes it read like an uncensored letter from the front.

Lt. Theresa Archard

Lieutenant Archard, who was the head nurse of her unit, deserves a very special citation for telling that the girls of her outfit called her "the battle axe"—and for the fact that she didn't consider this an assault on her dignity.

One of the charms of this book is the proof it gives that an Army nurse can do a whale of a good job without losing the feminine touch. To a general who gave her a blank look when she demanded a sewing machine for her girls, Lieutenant Archard said:

"If I had stars on my shoulders, General, and couldn't get what I wanted, I'd send them back to the War Department and be a plain buck private and have some fun."

A sewing machine isn't regulation equipment for a front-line area, but Lieutenant Archard got it. (And she knew she would, for the general had beautiful brown eyes!)

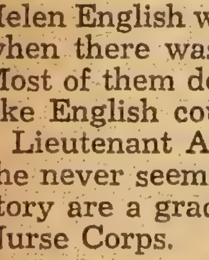
Once the lieutenant had the tough job of caring for a group of battle-shock casualties in a spot so far forward that the roar of guns was a dangerous strain on their shattered nerves. She assigned a pretty redhead to look after them. The boys "awoke to see Helen English walking serenely about, never flinching when there was an unusually heavy roll of barrage. Most of them decided then and there that if a woman like English could take it, so could they."

Lieutenant Archard's light touch and the fact that she never seems to be conscious of telling a dramatic story are a graceful tribute to the spirit of the Army Nurse Corps.

Published by W. W. Norton Co., N. Y. Price $2.50.

THE writings of Alexander Woollcott probably won't rate more than a footnote in the history of American literature. No one knows this better than **Samuel Hopkins Adams,** author of **A. Woollcott: His Life and Times.** Nevertheless, this pleasant book glorifies—and justifies—the Woollcott legend.

Mr. Adams' anecdotes reveal the fat sage of Bomoseen as cantankerous, crotchety, tyrannical, a mixture of sadist and sentimentalist—and also as one of the most interesting personalities of his era.



Samuel Hopkins Adams

Young writers who believe their lack of reputation is the reason for their rejection slips will read with surprise the account of Woollcott's attempt to break into the short-story field.

"There is a popular superstition," says the biographer, "that any product of a well-established author, no matter how inferior, is acceptable to all editors. Woollcott, at the time of this minor venture, was one of the highest paid writers in the world. Not a magazine would touch the story."

Published by Reynal & Hitchcock, N. Y. Price $3.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

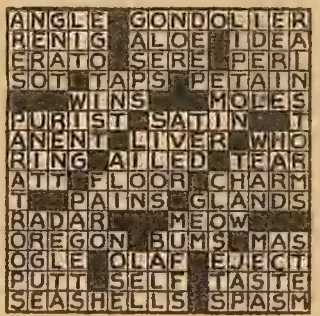
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 What's the most romantic language of all?
6 What's Navy slang for upper deck?
12 What two words meaning a poem have an electrical significance?
13 Miss Merkel, to her fans
14 Give the boot to
15 Sir Bernard Who is England's great living author of Russian histories?
16 A camel back makes you think of what transportation device?
18 What English author would you say wrote about the 7 Deadly Arts?
20 Who was the Republican Jim Farley of the '90s?
21 Name a former German bolt position in Russia
23 What's the most common flag color?
25 Name the world's greatest shell producers
26 Bum around
27 In some foreign declensions, what case corresponds to the English "to" or "for" with the objective?
29 Despite a shortage of these, Pittsburgh does what nevertheless?
31 What's a rose in its angriest form?
35 What state was prominent in the "Fifty-four forty, or fight" controversy?
37 What's the collegiate form of yippee?
38 What comedian kicks the ngong around in Billy Rose's 7 Lively Arts?
41 Name a French kind of wester
42 Say it isn't so
43 Name the first sign of the zodiac
45 Name the Musketeer who is also a Greek peninsula
47 Breastwork
49 Who was the Personality Boy spy of the American Revolution?
51 Before
52 Name one of porter's famous relatives
53 Meat lovers today welcome even a bum what?
54 Where's the University of Wyoming situated?
55 What slaves make sense in a backward way?

VERTICAL

1 Griffons, Pekes, and Chihuahuas but not Great Danes are what kind of K9s? (two words)
2 Anecdotia
3 What's a tin fish?
4 Nowadays a gal is happy to marry something less than her what?
5 The pheasant makes his what in swampy land?
6 The observation post in medieval days was a castle's what?
7 What number may be many times its face value?
8 A super highway was probably once a what?
9 Byzantine Empress: 752-803
10 What famous woman hunter never carried a gun or license?
11 Long collection of Iceland poems
17 The Germans did what to Poland (and the Japs to Peiping)?
19 Are ess anagrams what?
22 The Fordham mascot is a what?
24 American cities still observe a nightly what despite little danger of bombing?
27 Complete: —— Bingle
28 What Johnson has been moving the ladies recently?
30 More than 22,000,000 inhabitants of what country have been Japanese slaves for many years?
32 What city is now as smashed as its famed china?
33 What does Mrs. Lamb like to do in the spring?
34 Translate: Long hairs who employ feet in manufacturing metric music
36 The Suthn cunnel sports what form of chin spinach?
38 Where is the ornamental buttonhole located?
39 Palindromic macaw
40 Job giver
42 Modern psychologists say whats mustn't be used in child raising?
44 G. I. turkey is what?
46 Initiate into a fraternity (alt. sp.)
48 What man's name doubled makes a Hebrew hymn title?
50 What female's awfully ruff?



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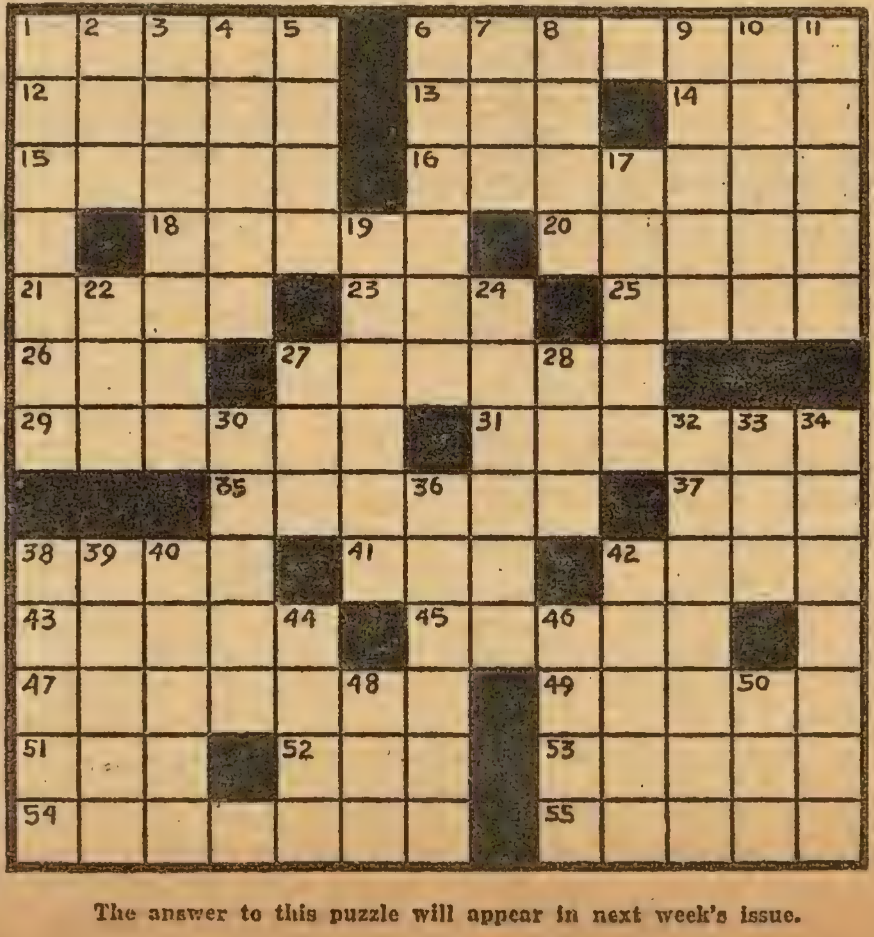
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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Buy More War Bonds

YOUNG voices, fresh and natural, making the old songs live again — is there anything sweeter?

When they come to the last few bars of "America The Beautiful" — there'll be many in the audience dabbing at their eyes with handkerchiefs.

Children like these will be singing together, playing together, working together for years. That's why they will fit so well into the teamwork of American life.

The interlocking American system of production is also built on teamwork. It is the key both to our peacetime output and to the immense production that is helping to win this war.

Your own General Motors car is a good example. No single person master-minded it. Many different groups combined to bring it to its high state of efficiency.

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This system of teamwork will shape the future to new and better forms as it now shapes present war products for the purposes of Victory.

No one knows what the homes, cars, or refrigerators of tomorrow will be like. But if we profit by the experience of the past, and hold to the principles that made America great, we may fairly count the years ahead as our country's richest and most productive.

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MODEL MURDER

Continued from Page 33

husband. I'm grateful for the information about Zak, but I urge you not to play detective. It won't pay off, Mrs. Potter. You don't know the ropes."

BEFORE she left, Anne had asked Bradley for permission to see Bill, and had been told that Bill was at the district attorney's office being questioned. It would be late afternoon before she could see him. Her concern must have shown in Anne's face, because Bradley had smiled reassuringly.

"Questioning, Mrs. Potter, means just that. Don't distress yourself with visions of a movie-director's notion of a third degree."

Out on the street once more, Anne felt deflated and at loose ends. She decided to go home.

She went down into the subway station, and paid her way through the turnstile onto the platform. It was moderately crowded, and she moved up toward the front end of the station.

She walked to the edge of the platform and looked back down the tracks into the tunnel.

Her mind drifted to a problem quite apart from the murder—the problem of her and Bill's relationship. This business had made it clear that there was something missing. She loved Bill completely and without reservation. But what about Bill? There was something lacking for him, or there would have been no Rose Gilman. She must find out what that something was. She must use all her love and understanding to make it up.

She turned to look at herself in the mirror of a candy machine. Perhaps she had grown old and unattractive without being aware of it.

She couldn't see herself in the mirror, however, because a man was blocking it—a man with a newspaper held in front of him, spread at full length. She turned and came face to face with another man with a newspaper spread out in the same fashion. She turned again. She was hedged in.

Distantly she heard the rumble of the approaching train.

Then Anne's heart stopped beating and turned to ice. The two men with the newspapers moved slowly forward toward the edge of the platform. She was between them and the platform's edge. They seemed to be crowding her closer and closer toward the edge.

THE HOME FRONT

30
MINUTE
PARKING
Lariar

"Twenty-nine minutes and forty-seven seconds!"

This, she told herself, is insane. Bradley was right. I'm seeing something sinister in everything that happens.

They were close now. An elbow pushed against her from one side. She turned the other way. Man and newspaper blocked her path solidly. The roar of the train grew louder. It was almost at the station.

Wild, insane terror swept over Anne. She screamed. She tried to force her way past the men. She beat at the newspapers with her clenched fists. For one terrible minute she felt herself being pushed backward toward the brink—toward the tracks over which the train wheels would come grinding in a matter of seconds. Her voice was raised in a piercing clamor of fear.

Then, suddenly, the resistance toward her plunge for safety evaporated. She stumbled past the men to the back of the platform. The train thundered in.

Someone was saying, "What's the matter, lady? Don't you feel good?"

"Those men," she said, her teeth chattering. "Those men with the newspapers."

She looked back. There were dozens of men, some with papers, some without. They were all crowding onto the train. The doors slammed. The train moved.

Anne felt her knees buckling. Her questioner was a boy of fifteen or sixteen with a pile of schoolbooks under his arm.

"Maybe you're sick," the boy said uneasily. "Maybe you'd ought to take a taxi or something. Could I help you?"

"No—no, thanks," Anne said. "I—I felt a little faint for a moment. I'm all right."

The boy went away. It occurred to Anne that she probably owed her life to that boy.

Anne felt a clammy dampness all over her body. But her legs were strong enough now to hold her up, to carry her out and up onto the street. She pushed back through the turnstile.

BRADLEY was surprised to see her back so soon. He listened to her story, told almost incoherently. She saw sympathy on his face—sympathy and disbelief.

"You think I invented this—that I imagined it!" she said.

"You had a shock yesterday—finding the body in your apartment—that very few people could have withstood as well as you did," he said gently. "You ran into some rather odd behavior on the part of Ferris and Zak this morning. Believe me, I understand what's happened to your nerves."

"Listen," Anne said, angrily. "I'm *not* inventing this. It's *not* nerves. These two men crowded me. They held the newspapers up so that I couldn't see them and so that I was actually hidden from other people on the platform. When I tried to get through, they made a solid wall against me, a wall that began pushing me back toward the edge. If it had taken me seconds longer to realize what was happening, it would have been too late. The train would have made so much noise, no one would have heard me screaming and noticed the struggle."

"I know," he said. "I know."

"For pity's sake, don't talk to me like a psychiatrist humoring a lunatic! *I tell you it happened!*"

"All right, Mrs. Potter, it happened." Bradley's voice hardened. "Why?"

Why had it happened? Why had two men wanted to kill her? There was no reason for it. And yet . . .

"Extraordinary nerve strain produces fantasies, Mrs. Potter," Bradley said when she'd failed to answer his question. "I'm going to send you home in one of our radio cars. If you like, I'll station a man at your apartment."

"No—no, that isn't necessary. I—" She was beginning to believe that perhaps it was all imagination—the men in the subway, even the sinister quality she had sensed in Mr. Zak and Ferris.

"I suggest that when you get home you take a sedative and try to get a little rest," Bradley went on in his quiet voice. "When the district attorney is through with your husband, I'll notify you and we'll make arrangements for you to see him."

"I'm sorry if I've made a nuisance of myself," Anne said. "I—I guess I'm a little confused at the moment. I guess—" She couldn't go on.

Bradley called in a sergeant and made arrangements for the radio car to drive her home. She felt foolish about even that now, but she hadn't the strength to argue about it. Bradley introduced her to the two officers in the green-and-white patrol car. She sat between them.

When they got to her apartment building, Fallon, one of the patrolmen, got out.

"I'll come up with you and see that everything's O. K.," he said.

"You don't have to," she said.

"Inspector's orders," he said, grinning.

He followed her up the stairs and she unlocked the front door. Everything was just as she had left it. Fallon satisfied himself the place was empty.

"You look like you could use a little shut-eye," he said. "Be seeing you."

She locked the door after him and went back to the bedroom. She put her hat and coat in the closet and stretched out on the bed. She pulled the folded comforter up over her and closed her eyes.

She was back on the subway platform . . . her feet felt heavy, as though they were weighted with iron . . . there was a loud roaring sound . . . that would be the train . . . a monstrous train with screaming red lights that grew larger and larger as they approached. She tried to move back and the red lights followed her like hot red eyes. . . . She turned to run and she couldn't move, because her feet were so heavy and because two gargoyle-like creatures with great bat wings blocked her way. . . . The red eyes of the train were hot now, hot against the back of her neck. . . . The engineer of the train was ringing a bell, a loud warning bell. . . . The bell was louder and louder, warning her. . . . The cold slimy bat wings folded around her. . . . Then she recognized the engineer. . . . It was Bradley. . . . The gargoyles

(Continued on page 54)

"What'll it be?---(as if I didn't know!)"

Those who really know fine whiskey usually give Paul Jones the call whenever there's a cocktail or highball in the making. For Paul Jones supplies two most welcome qualities . . . rich, hearty flavor, and a roll-it-over-the-tongue smoothness that are mighty hard to match. You really owe it to *your* next drink to use Paul Jones.
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with WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC

The War Bonds you buy and KEEP will insure a quicker Victory for all and a more prosperous Peace for you.

WILLIAMS
OIL-O-MATIC
HEATING
BLOOMINGTON ILLINOIS

(Continued from page 52)

evaporated. . . . Her feet were suddenly light. . . . She almost flew toward safety. . . . But the warning bell of the train stayed close behind her . . . loud, loud!

Anne sat bolt upright in bed! She was wringing wet with perspiration. Her heart was pounding crazily. She could still hear the bell. She could still . . . She laughed a little hysterically. It was the telephone! It was nearly three thirty. She'd slept for almost three hours.

Still a little shaky from the dream, she got up and went out into the hall to answer the phone. She hoped it would be Bradley, telling her that Bill could see her now. She picked up the receiver.

"Mrs. Potter?" It was a man's voice.

"Yes."

"This is Jimmy Ferris," the voice said.

FOR a moment she couldn't answer. She ran her tongue over her lips to moisten them. "Yes, Mr. Ferris."

"I wanted to apologize, Mrs. Potter," Ferris said. "I'm afraid I was rude this morning. I—well, I was drunk."

"It doesn't matter," Anne said.

"But it does," Ferris said. "You see, I was very fond of Rose. When I heard what had happened to her, I went to pieces."

"That's understandable," Anne said. "In any case, I—"

"I want to talk to you," Ferris said. "I know your husband's in a jam. I think I can tell you things that will help him."

"If you know anything," Anne said, "the police will—"

"I can't talk to the police, Mrs. Potter. The things I know are very personal, very private. I can't tell them to the police. But you might be able to use what I know without making it public. May I come and see you?" He sounded genuine.

Anne hesitated. She didn't want to see him alone, and yet if he did have information—she could call Bradley the moment she hung up and he'd advise her what to do.

"When do you want to see me?" she asked.

"Now, at once. I'm not far away."

"Well—"

"You won't regret it," Ferris said. "I think I can clear your husband entirely."

"Very well," Anne said. "Give me about ten minutes. I've just been asleep. I—"

"I'll be there in ten minutes."

Anne dialed Bradley's number. She got the desk sergeant.

"The inspector's gone out, Mrs. Potter," he said.

"Where can I reach him?"

"That I couldn't say, ma'am."

"When do you expect him back?"

"I couldn't say that either."

"Will you ask him to phone me the instant he comes in?"

Anne went to the bathroom and redid her hair and face.

The door buzzer sounded.

That would be Jimmy Ferris.

FERRIS had only partly pulled himself together. His tie was straightened out and he'd put on an old tweed jacket. He hadn't brushed his hair. His eyes were bloodshot and his face was so white Anne felt certain he'd been sick.

"I'm grateful to you for seeing me, Mrs. Potter," he said. He had to look slightly upward to meet her eyes. He was tiny.

He walked straight past her into the living room. He stood just inside the living-room door, staring around.

"So it was here," he said.

"Yes."

"Poor Rose! She was so lovely! You never saw her, Mrs. Potter, before—before it happened?"

"No." Anne saw that his hands were palsied. He jammed them deep into the pockets of his coat. Suddenly he turned and looked straight at her.

A JOHN KAUNUS

"Mother!"

"How did you happen to come to see me, Mrs. Potter?"

"I understood you were Rose Gilman's employer. I—"

"Did your husband tell you that?"

"No. It was Howard Gilman."

Ferris' eyes seemed to burn. "That rat! That dirty rat!" he said. "He has no interest in the world, Mrs. Potter, except adding one beautiful woman after another to his string. He doesn't care about them. He just wants to be *seen* with them! Irresistible Gilman! Damn him to hell!" Ferris started to sit on the couch, then straightened up as though he'd been burned. Rose had been murdered on that couch. He must have known from the account in the papers, Anne thought. She hadn't seen the papers.

Something was happening to Anne, though. That same cold terror she'd felt on the subway platform was creeping over her.

"You said you had something to tell me," Anne said huskily.

"Yes. Yes. But first, Mrs. Potter, you *thought* I could tell you something, or you wouldn't have come to see me." His eyes were red and hot.

"I hoped you could," she said. "Gilman seemed to think—"

"Never mind Gilman," he said sharply. "You waited quite a while in my reception room before Manny found you."

"Not long. In fact, hardly any time at all. I—"

"Did you make a written and sworn statement to the police, Mrs. Potter, about your visit to me? I have to know before I can tell you what I came to tell you."

"No, I didn't make any sworn statement. There wasn't anything to—"

"Then, even if you told them about the pad, Mrs. Potter, it won't do any good."

"The pad?" Anne said.

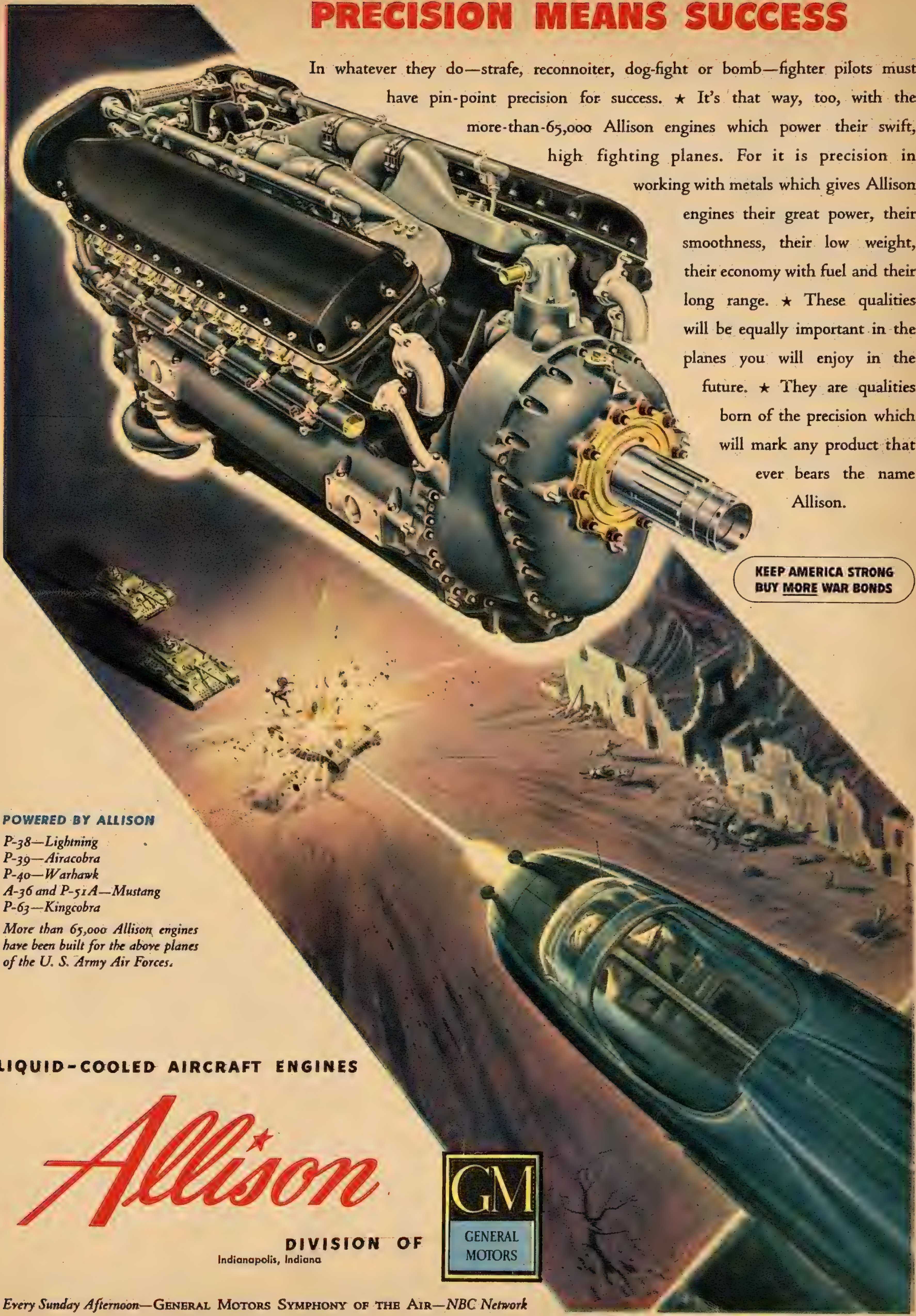
"Stop stalling, Mrs. Potter." He was rocking back and forth on his heels. She remembered pictures she'd seen of a cobra, swaying gently back and forth, with hot red eyes, ready to strike. "Even if you told them, without a sworn statement, they can't prove anything. Because Manny has the paper. Do you see, Mrs. Potter?"

"I don't see, and I don't like the way you're acting," Anne said. "It was a mistake having you here."

"Yes, Mrs. Potter, it was a mistake hav-

(Continued on page 56)

PRECISION MEANS SUCCESS



In whatever they do—strafe, reconnoiter, dog-fight or bomb—fighter pilots must have pin-point precision for success. ★ It's that way, too, with the more-than-65,000 Allison engines which power their swift, high fighting planes. For it is precision in working with metals which gives Allison engines their great power, their smoothness, their low weight, their economy with fuel and their long range. ★ These qualities will be equally important in the planes you will enjoy in the future. ★ They are qualities born of the precision which will mark any product that ever bears the name Allison.

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*Trademark Comptone Company, New York

(Continued from page 54)

ing me here." He laughed. "Maybe you were too dumb to put two and two together, even after you saw the paper."

"But I didn't see it, I tell you. I—"

"Oh, no. You didn't see it! That's why you went straight to the police. You knew, didn't you, that I killed Rose? You knew, as soon as you saw it, that I'd followed her here. Your precious husband was one too many, Mrs. Potter! I was going to have it out with both of them, but he wasn't here. So I had it out with Rose, and she told me how she really felt."

Anne tried to run, and couldn't. She couldn't move. There was a roaring sound in her ears.

"She called me a miserable undersized little squirt," Ferris said. He recited it, like something he'd committed to memory. "She said she'd always hated me; that it had always made her flesh crawl when I touched her. She said she'd only been nice to me because I could help her in her profession. She told me about other men, and laughed when she saw what the telling was doing to me. So I killed her, and I fixed it so no one would want to make love to her again." For a moment a childlike, almost puzzled look came over his face. "You understand, don't you? You understand why I had to do it? She'd cuckolded me from the first day I ever told her I loved her. I did love her, you know. I did love her, very much."

Anne drew on every last ounce of courage she had to keep her voice level. He was mad, totally mad. Her one chance was to make him believe she understood.

"It was cruel of her," she said. "I don't see how anyone could blame you."

The childish look was wiped off his face. "That's clever, Mrs. Potter. That's very clever. Wheedle me! Go ahead. Humor me! *Go ahead!*"

She had no voice—no strength left.

Then Ferris began to scream. "Damn you! Damn you for interfering!" His hand came out of his pocket. In it was a large size jackknife. He pressed a button and a glittering blade snapped open. He sprang straight at her. She couldn't move. She opened her mouth but no sound came.

There was a shattering noise and Ferris seemed to crumple in mid-air. He fell at her feet. There was an unfamiliar acrid smell in the room. Anne began to sway. From far off she heard a voice.

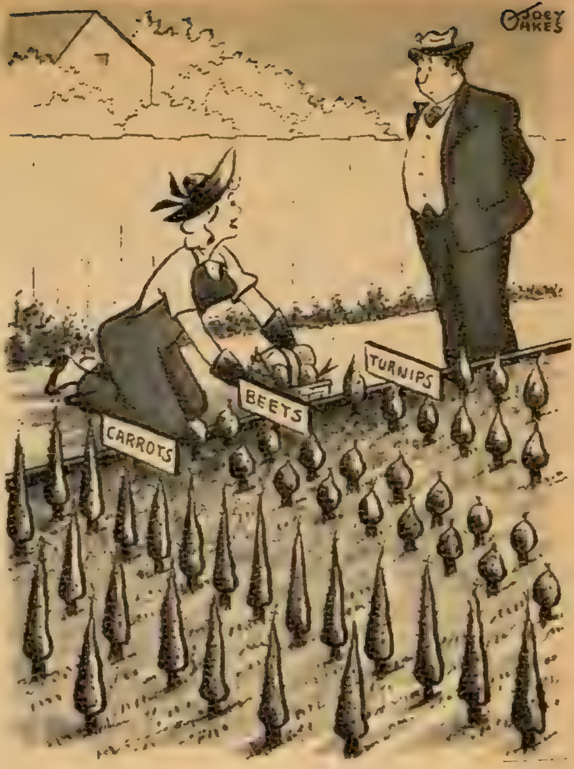
"God, inspector! He moved so fast!" It was Fallon, the radio-car patrolman.

Then an arm went round Anne's shoulder and held her firmly. A gentle reassuring voice spoke in her ear: "Take it easy, Mrs. Potter. It's all over."

ON the way downtown in a taxi to arrange for Bill's release, Inspector Bradley pieced the story together for Anne.

"I took your account of Ferris and Zak more seriously than I wanted you to know, Mrs. Potter," he said. "But even then I didn't expect an attack on you. It was a nearly fatal mistake on my part. But, in a way, it told me the story. I could guess, then, what was cooking, and I think my guess will stand up.

"Zak is a small-time chiseler, as I told you. But small-time or big, still a chiseler. I think what was written on that pad, Mrs. Potter, was your husband's address. Ferris had had a row with Rose, probably about him. She must have indicated that she planned to go to see Mr. Potter. After she left Ferris, he began to burn. Finally he decided to have it out with both of them. My guess is he looked up your husband's address and wrote it down. Having written it down, he didn't need the slip of paper because he could remember the address."



"This way the worms can't get to them."

"But why didn't he destroy it then?" Anne asked.

"No need to," Bradley said. "He wasn't planning to murder anyone. He was just going to have a showdown. Rose came to your apartment to see Mr. Potter—we may never know just why. He wasn't there, but she found the door on the latch and went in to wait. When Ferris arrived, she let him in, thinking, no doubt, it was Mr. Potter. The murder was done in an insane rage when she told Ferris what she really thought of him. After that, he forgot all about the telephone pad. He just went and got himself plastered.

"Zak probably turned up the next morning. Ferris often bet on the horses. Zak fell into something. When he saw that address, he knew Ferris was a murderer, and his twisted little mind foresaw a lifetime of blackmail—provided you, too, hadn't seen the slip of paper. He didn't think you had, but he wasn't taking chances. He sobered Ferris up and told him what the situation was. They had to get rid of you, and Ferris had to help, or else. It was going to be 'or else' for the rest of Ferris' life. They didn't think you'd seen the paper, but they did think your suspicion might have been roused by Zak's tearing the sheet off the pad. Zak wasn't an expert at intrigue.

"They tried to kill you in the subway, Mrs. Potter. Failing that, Ferris came here to make sure of the job."

"But you didn't believe that I'd been attacked in the subway!" Anne said.

"I did, Mrs. Potter, but I didn't want to frighten you more than you were. You see, I had to use you for bait. Fallon was outside on the fire escape all the time after you got home. The other man was in the hall. You were safe, but we had to use you. If you'd known, I don't think you could have carried it off."

"There'll be no complication about Bill? With Ferris dead, will you be able to prove—"

"We got his confession to you, word for word. There'll be no difficulty." He looked down at her and smiled. "It's none of my business, Mrs. Potter, but maybe some good will come of this. Maybe if this hadn't happened, it would have been too late soon—"

"You mean for Bill and me?"

He nodded.

She looked at him and the fear was gone from her eyes. "I love that guy, inspector. We'll find a way to make things click."

THE END

PLATINUM STRIKE

—in Colombia's "Mountains of Gold"

1 **"Finding my first nugget,"** writes a mineralogist stationed in Colombia, "was certainly a thrill—almost pure platinum, sprinkled with gold. But I learned such finds are by no means rare . . . Colombia is one of the world's chief platinum producers. Why, I saw a man here on the San Juan River trade a nugget like mine for a bottle of Canadian Club Whisky . . . which shows how highly they prize Canadian Club, even in these remote parts.

2 **"Yesterday** this area was all but inaccessible. Today, a network of air routes—affiliated with our own Pan American World Airways—links the San Juan Valley with all Colombia . . . and in 12 hours' flying time, with the U.S.A.

3 **"Another** big thrill is Colombia's riot of orchids—some of the world's finest varieties grow wild here. As for the botanical garden in Medellín, Colombia's dynamic industrial city—*that* might well be termed *The Orchid Capital of The World.*

4 **"Yet even dearer** to Colombian hearts are her acres of red-berried coffee trees. They produce coffee with a flavor that's mellow, distinctive—almost as distinctive and delightful as the flavor of Canadian Club.

5 **"Mentioning** Canadian Club in this connection comes easy, for every place I've been in this progressive land, I've found Canadian Club as highly prized as at home."

Once the war is over, you will find it even easier than now to visit Latin America. There you will find Canadian Club again. This whisky is *light* as Scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

Canadian Club

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Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

THE STUFF OF LIFE

Continued from Page 24

bubble so violently that they look like hot-water baths. Instead, they contain dry ice and alcohol in which the bottles are revolved mechanically for about twenty minutes, until the erstwhile liquid plasma is frozen to a temperature of minus 25 degrees centigrade.

This is an ingenious procedure. Freezing the liquid into a solid cake would not only break the bottle, but would make it impossible to dehydrate the plasma in the next step. Hence this method freezes the contents into a shell formed around a hollow core.

IN this form the plasma goes to the dehydrators—another ingenious battery of machines which took ten years to develop. They work on the principle that water vapor tends to move toward a colder body. So the plasma, at minus 25 degrees centigrade, is placed close to a cylinder chilled to minus 70 degrees, with a vacuum separating them. The water vapor in the plasma is drawn into the vacuum toward the colder cylinder, where it collects as the finest, smoothest ice you ever saw, leaving the plasma with less than one half of 1 per cent moisture content—or about as dry as it is humanly possible to get anything. Just for comparison: "air-dried" firewood will contain 20 per cent moisture.

Meanwhile all the blood has been tested for syphilis; for anaerobic bacteria, such as tetanus; for aerobic bugs like streptococcus, pneumococcus, etc. And by the time the stuff comes out of the dehydrators—looking for all the world like stale malted-milk powder—it is ready to be packed in tin canisters, each with its companion bottle of distilled water. With them go the straps for hanging the containers, the rubber tubes, needles, and full directions for instant use in the field. And they are packed so well, incidentally, that these cardboard cartons have been dropped from planes at 10,000 feet without parachutes and with no breakage. They have been tossed overboard from ships, to be carried ashore by the tide without admitting a drop of moisture.

So much plasma is being used now that, to save space, fully 90 per cent of all shipments are in two-unit bottles instead of the single size originally packed. Which becomes logical enough when you hear stories of the famous Saipan "filling station" with its scores of casualties packed elbow to elbow in long rows, with plasma bottles suspended on overhead wires, often two to a man (one for each arm), and with corpsmen rushing up and down the lines replacing emptied bottles with full ones.

Such cases make your one-pint donation seem rather trivial. So do the commonplace stories of men getting ten, twenty, even forty-five transfusions in seventy-two hours. Under the prevailing limit of five donations a year, it would take any one donor nine years to give the blood that may be used up in three days. Knowing this, it makes you sick at heart to see as many as half the appointments canceled at the Donor Centers whenever a little good news comes from the war fronts!

But those who think of blood donations as solely a wartime practice are missing the point that a raft of researchers are steadily driving home: We've only begun to explore the potentials of human blood in medicine and surgery, in war and peace. Indeed, for more than a year doctors have been doing tricks with plasma and its parts which dumfounded the Army nurses recently liberated on Bataan—developments undreamed of when they were captured three short years ago.

The most dramatic of these advances come under the heading of fractionation: the separation of blood into its component parts for specific purposes. Already we have seen how the blood is divided into corpuscles and plasma. Now this plasma can be further divided chemically into three major elements: albumin, fibrinogen, and globulin fractions.

Perhaps the first of these developments was the separation of serum albumin, one of the protein fractions of the blood, for use as a concentrated form of plasma substitute. This made it possible to pack the equivalent of a pint of standard plasma in one fifth the size, a saving joyfully adopted by the Navy because of its severe space limitations. Serum albumin has been widely and successfully used for shock cases—the first time after the 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor, where it was flown from Philadelphia—but it is not the complete substitute for plasma. Especially in cases where the patient is dehydrated, additional fluids must be given anyhow, and there the space-saving feature is meaningless.

A MORE fascinating and promising field has been the investigation of the globulin fractions: that portion of the blood containing the disease-fighting antibodies. The blood stream of anyone who has recovered from a disease continues to carry many of the substances the body generated to kill the hostile bacteria. These victorious troops still occupy the battlefield, as it were. And by enlisting platoons of them from the blood of several donors, whole regiments of these commandos can be rushed to bolster up another patient's task forces in about twenty-five times the concentration found in normal blood.

The gamma globulins especially have been extracted from plasma and used with marked success in a number of different diseases. Perhaps one of the first was measles: several budding epidemics in Army camps and in two girls' schools were broken by this treatment, with none of the unfavorable reactions sometimes produced by serum from immunized animals. In group after group studied, even small doses gave an immunity of from 66 to 80 per cent. In those not entirely immunized, the severity of the disease was greatly modified. In one school only 18 per cent of the girls treated caught mild measles; 60 per cent of those not treated came down with it.

Impressed by these tests, the Army Surgeon General's office more than a year ago set up a large reserve supply of this immunizing serum. Another result was its nation-wide distribution to municipal health departments at actual cost for use by local physicians. Many doctors now give a child a minimum dose of this new serum so that he will build up more permanent antibodies in his system without really getting very sick.

About 60 per cent of all the blood's antibodies seem to be concentrated in the gamma globulins, so measles is by no means the only field for their application. Very encouraging experimental results are being reported in the treatment of mumps, scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping cough, influenza A, and other ailments. Bloods collected from all over the country are fairly uniform in their ratio of antibodies for these common ailments. But—significantly—blood collected last winter showed a higher-than-average content of flu antibodies in those cities which had experienced epidemics.

Another spectacular achievement in blood

(*Continued on page 60*)

New light on an Old World favorite

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TRIFLES MAKE PERFECTION... BUT PERFECTION IS NO TRIFLE!

Listen to Romberg for perfection in music. Light up a Raleigh for perfection in cigarettes . . . twenty times a pack! It's the *little* things that make Raleigh a great cigarette.

Little things like starting with the best tobacco grown under the sun . . . choicest domestic, blended with aromatic Turkish.

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Little things like packing the cigarettes so they reach you factory-fresh for your enjoyment. It's these little things (and a few dozen others) that make Raleigh a *great* cigarette.

Raleigh CIGARETTES
20

Sigmund Romberg has endeared himself to three generations of Americans by his music for "Desert Song," "New Moon," "Student Prince," "Blossom Time," "Maytime," and "Up in Central Park." This summer Mr. Romberg will bring you his music over NBC Tuesday nights for Raleigh.

UNION MADE

PLAIN ENDS OR TIPPED

Raleigh *means perfection!*

Copr. 1945, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

(Continued from page 58)

fractionating has been the segregation and use of fibrinogen and thrombin, the elements which make normal blood coagulate or clot. From the former has come fibrin film, successfully used by an increasing number of surgeons as an adhesive for skin grafts and, especially, as a temporary covering for an injured brain. Some hope is also held for this pliable film in the form of roll bandages for burns. Strong and smooth, the film is gradually absorbed by the body as it builds up a replacement membrane for the injured area.

Often combined with thrombin, the fibrin film (or foam) is also a perfect blood clotter, priceless in both brain and nerve surgery, where persistent bleeding has always been a grave handicap. Applied to bleeding points where clamps can't be used, the combination not only checks the hemorrhage but can safely be left there after the operation to be absorbed by the tissue. First tested on 170 neurosurgical cases, this method cut down operating time substantially because it checked bleeding so rapidly, and made success possible where no other hemostatic agent would have worked.

THIS fibrin-thrombin combination is also widely employed now in skin grafting. Spraying the wounded surface with thrombin, the surgeon then dips the patch of new skin into a fibrin solution and fits it into place. Frequently it will adhere without stitching, even in such difficult spots as between the fingers.

Perhaps the strangest application of fibrin clots has been in the removal of kidney stones. Inserting some of the solution through the incision, the surgeon merely waits a few moments for it to coagulate, then deftly withdraws the whole mass—along with the free stones enmeshed by it! This technique eliminates much of the former probing and groping through this dark cavity and materially shortens the operating time.

Still another advance in the utilization of blood fractions involves a conservation measure: the use of the discarded red cells. After siphoning the clear plasma off the centrifuged blood, laboratories have been throwing away the red cells. Because they disintegrated so fast, they wouldn't keep for even a few hours. But a method of "resuspending" them in a saline solution has been perfected. Tried out on 200 anemia cases in Detroit, they gave results that justified their continued use. And last year the Detroit Blood Donor Center distributed some 15,000 bottles of resuspended red cells to fourteen local hospitals. Today other processing plants are delivering hundreds of pints of red cells weekly to near-by hospitals. But long-distance shipping is still not feasible, chiefly because the cells have to be used within five days.

Research still goes on, however, and one promising development has been the reduction of red cells to a powder form that works wonders in healing stubborn wounds, infections, amputations, etc., which had resisted all other treatments.

Meanwhile every so often some experimenter comes up with a new application of human blood or its fractions. Two Navy doctors, for example, report excellent success with a burn salve they made out of straight plasma, 5 per cent sulfanilamide, and a thickening agent added to make it "jell." Results, they report, definitely improve on any method in vogue during the past two years. Another Navy surgeon has discovered that extensive skin grafts which previously refused to "take" would miraculously anchor themselves after the patient had been given several standard plasma transfusions.

Interestingly enough, however, the newest demand on the Blood Donor Service is for the very thing everybody has been trying to get away from for years: whole blood! Not that its value was ever denied, but dried plasma is easier to ship, keeps indefinitely, requires no typing, and does the trick in 90 per cent of cases. For shock and burn cases there is still nothing better. But where much blood has been lost, whole blood is essential.

That is why the Surgeon General's office has asked for a pint of whole blood (Type O or Universal) for every two casualties at the front. That is why two tons of whole blood a day—a plane load every thirteen minutes—leaves New York for Paris, to be distributed in the European theater, with comparable amounts going from San Francisco to the Pacific.

Not much more than 10 per cent of the total donations is shipped as whole blood. But to give you a slant on its importance: Special refrigerator boats, carrying 2,000 pints of blood each, went ashore with the marines at Iwo Jima. In that costly engagement, 5,600 pints of Type O were administered *on the beach and in the foxholes;* another 9,000 pints were used in the Marianas bases and on hospital ships. Having whole blood instead of plasma meant life itself to more than 4,000, or about one quarter of the boys badly wounded in that tussle. Infusions of ten, sixteen, and eighteen pints were common because of the severe wounds inflicted by the Japs' heavy weapons.

WHAT is going to happen to this big business of bleeding after V Day? Certainly it will shrink to a shadow of its present self. But just as certainly we cannot let it go by the board; we have already learned too much about it—and we see so much more yet to be learned. Already emergency plasma supplies, cached by the Office of Civilian Defense and the Public Health Service, have been used in major disasters. After Boston's Cocoanut Grove fire alone, 181 victims got 1,308 pints, many getting twelve pints in the first twenty-four hours. Most of the survivors owe their lives to its magic.

In the more recent Hartford circus disaster, dried-plasma reserves were supplemented by the blood of volunteers who swamped the hospitals within twenty minutes after the call went out over the radio. Ten years ago, before we learned how simple it is to give blood, there could have been no such response—if, indeed, anyone would have gone to the trouble of making the appeal!

In many other parts of the country the toll of train wrecks, conflagrations, and explosions has been reduced by plasma—some of it from the bank of 50,000 units spotted by the OCD in 460 localities; some out of state banks set up in the past year or two in Arkansas, Michigan, North Dakota, and elsewhere. Many big city hospitals—which may do thirty-five transfusions a day—have followed the lead of Cook County Hospital, in Illinois, and set up their own blood banks for the free use of their patients, replacing withdrawals with donations from patients' friends or relatives.

Without a doubt, therefore, there will still be work after V Day for many of our six million veteran donors who have gotten the romance of blood-giving into their blood. And whether tomorrow's call comes from some little Freddy with a measly rash, or from some hemorrhaging motorist with a steering wheel rammed halfway through his belly, or from some ashen-faced mother with a flickering pulse in a brain-tumor operation—plenty will have learned how to answer that call!

THE END

FOR THE HANDS
THAT SHAPE
THE WORLD
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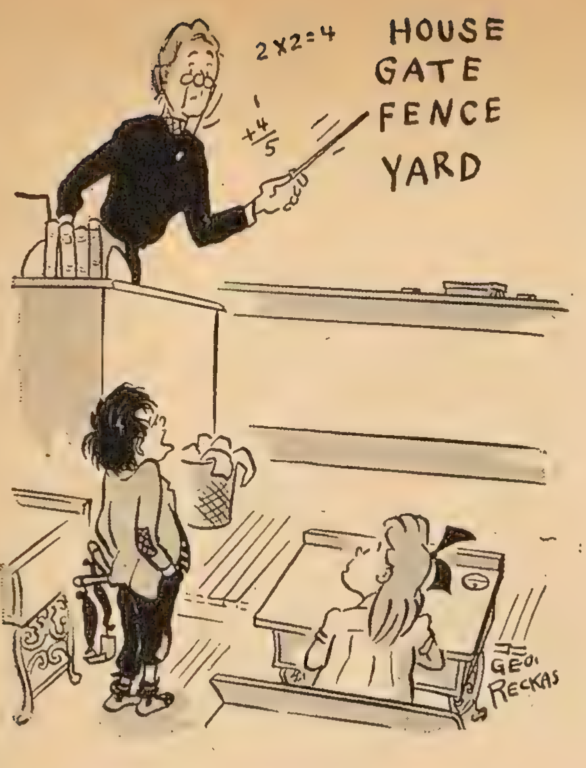

"Fence? That's a guy what takes 'hot' moichandise!"

GOOD NEWS FOR TAXPAYERS

Continued from Page 17

precedented in all history. There was no thought of tax philosophy; the government had to have the cash—and quickly. The stiff taxes would not strangle business, because in wartime business expands, regardless of handicaps, to meet the demands for ships, tanks, guns, and planes. That is why today's tax laws are a hodgepodge.

The movement to create a rational, constructive tax system already has passed beyond mere talk and has reached the "do something" stage. A joint Senate-House committee is at work on a "special study of postwar taxation." The treasury is cooperating. Spokesmen for private business and labor already have submitted several tax-reform plans. The whole program is geared to the late President's plea in his January budget message that "a tax program should be developed now so that it can be put into effect after victory."

All concerned realize the problem must be tackled quickly, and before unemployment is upon us. "The delay of six months it usually requires for Congress to enact a general tax bill must be avoided," James F. Byrnes, until recently War Mobilization director, insists.

THE broad outlines of the postwar federal tax system already can be seen. Obviously, taxes will be slashed. Our annual expenditures should be down to fifty billion dollars a year after total victory, or about one half the wartime peak. They should be down to twenty-five billion dollars five years after the armistice. Our postwar "normal" budgets undoubtedly will be double or triple the records of pre-1939, but even that will permit a great cut from present taxes.

The personal income tax will be the backbone, the heart, and ribs of our tax structure from the day peace returns. But it won't be the complex, overwhelming burden it is today. Instead, we can hope for a graduated, simple tax on all incomes above a specified minimum. We can be sure our tax will be way below 1945's load. And most of us will pay it week by week through deductions from our wages and salaries. Chairman Marriner S. Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board voiced the opinions of authorities from coast to coast when he remarked, "This is the most

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"It's a Pleasure"

TOMORROW... You'll be saying it's a pleasure to own an Admiral Dual-Temp Refrigerator. A built-in home freezer will quick-freeze or store nearly two bushels of frozen foods for months. Huge purified moist cold compartment *never needs defrosting*... keeps foods fresh and moist in uncovered dishes. Actually two refrigerators in one, the Admiral Dual-Temp is a definite promise of pleasure to come!

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"World News Today"

It's a postwar Promise... *from*

ARMY E NAVY

Admiral

flexible and equitable type of taxation, and interferes least with production and consumption."

Most of those nuisance, "selective sales" taxes we've been paying since 1941 will be killed, with the probable exceptions of the levies on tobacco, alcohol, and maybe gasoline. Few experts care to defend for the long pull the 10- and 20-per-cent taxes we're paying on such "luxuries" as telephone calls, light bulbs, and movies.

It likewise is a certainty that taxes on business and corporations will be cut sharply, for here lies the key to postwar jobs which private industry must provide. Elimination of the war-born excess-profits tax is taken for granted, for no one even attempts to justify this as a permanent peacetime levy. Every tax program so far submitted by industry, by administration spokesmen, by Congressional experts, urges abolition of this tax.

SOME experts—and they're not reactionaries either—say we'll be best off when we do away with taxes on corporations completely! They reason corporations then will use the money to employ more people, pay higher wages, and cut prices, and that'll bring prosperity quicker than anything else. Beardsley Ruml, originator of our pay-as-you-go system, for instance, and Leon Henderson, former chief of the OPA, declare "taxation of corporation income is archaic and evil." But the political obstacles in the way of so revolutionary a tax step are obvious, and most authorities suggest reduction rather than abolition of corporation taxes.

The present indefensible "double taxation" of dividend income, which crept into our statutes by mistake nine years ago, seems likely to be abolished. Right now it's the target of a drive which is reaching stampede proportions. Under today's tax set-up, a corporation pays dividends only after it has paid taxes on its earnings. Then, when a stockholder gets his dividend, he adds that cash to his regular income and pays a tax on the total. Every investor, no matter whether he owns five dollars or $50,000 worth of stock, knows his dollar is making two trips through the tax mill before it is his.

Several remedies are being studied. One group would let the individual stockholder ignore dividend income on his tax return. Another would permit corporations to omit dividends from their tax reports. But, most important, all factions now admit that such double taxation is a needless flaw in our tax structure.

Another campaign that carries the broadest meaning to all of us would give the man who starts a new business special tax favors when the war ends. This man is risking his savings to produce something new or give us an additional service. He's actually doing something to provide more jobs. And the theory is that since he bears the whole loss if he fails, he ought to get some tax consideration if he wins.

Every year businesses die. In normal times 1,000 concerns close their doors every business day. In the ten years from 1932 to 1941, more than 3,600,000 enterprises failed, a mortality almost equal to the birth rate. Countless thousands of workers and millions of dollars in capital are forced into idleness by these business deaths. New enterprises must arise to absorb the workers and the dollars. What's more, if we're to meet the late President's goal of 60,000,000 jobs, America will need new enterprise, risk capital, initiative, and courage more than ever before.

But our present laws not only fail to encourage new business; they also discriminate against it. For only the big corporation which can write off a loss against profits made elsewhere can afford a bad mistake these days. This is a dangerous loophole in our tax laws which could be disastrous in the critical postwar era.

With an impressive array of support, revision of our tax laws to help the little business man is closer to attainment today than at any other time in our history. So the soldier dreaming of opening a corner store when he comes home, the small factory owner figuring on producing a new line of goods, the wage earner working toward the day when he can start his own plant all have a real stake in this program.

One much favored plan would free all "new enterprise" from the payment of any taxes during a limited period after the war. Under this scheme, if you opened a business, it would be tax-free for, say, two to five years. When you were established, you would carry your share.

A second proposal would allow new businesses a chance to pay a smaller than normal tax for a few years.

A third program would permit young companies to "average" their earnings over a three- to six-year term. If you lost money in your first year, for instance, and made money in your second, you would deduct your initial losses from your tax bill. And if you made money in your first two years and then fell into a losing streak, you could report your losses and ask for a refund in taxes paid. Established companies have had this privilege of carrying losses backward and forward in order to average their incomes since the 1942 tax act, and its postwar application to new businesses and individuals as well is widely approved.

And finally, a fourth idea would give a new or expanding concern tax preference if it could show it was increasing its payroll and taking on new workers.

THUS a broad pattern emerges for our postwar tax structure. Although the outlines are still dim, you and I may look forward to a personal income tax ranging from 10 to 20 per cent on our net earnings after exemptions. New businesses may hope for tax preference until they are established. Old-standing corporations may make plans with confidence that their tax liability will be lowered gradually; that they'll be permitted to average their earnings to some extent; and clearly unjust clauses in today's laws will be killed. Decisions on all details obviously are impossible at this time, but the general trend is being plotted. In itself, that is immensely encouraging.

A new attitude toward industry is apparent in the United States today, which is more clearly reflected in these tax discussions than anywhere else. And the reason is unmistakable: Here is one major hope for postwar jobs, supplied in the American tradition and not by government bounty.

THE END

YOU GIVE ME THAT STARRY-EYED FEELING!
THAT'S BECAUSE I HAVE THAT SMOOTH STAR LOOK
6NX PROCESS
STAR
DOUBLE EDGE
4 for 10¢
STAR
SINGLE EDGE

* * *

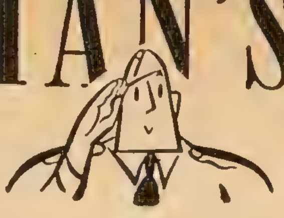
When a town somewhere between Seattle and Tacoma, Washington, was officially named in honor of Lieutenant W. A. Slaughter, a heroic Indian fighter, the local residents weren't too well pleased and tried to persuade the Legislature to change it, but with no success. Finally they rechristened the local hotel and hired a baggage boy to meet trains with the cry: "Right this way to the Slaughter House!"

The Legislature promptly changed the town's name to Auburn.

* * *

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE



PLEASE tell me if the bill allowing soldiers mustering-out pay was passed, and how it works.
Sgt. V. C., South Pacific.

In reply to many letters, here is the complete, unabridged "dope" on mustering-out pay. You are eligible for it if you were discharged or separated from the service under honorable conditions, *except* in the following cases: *(a)* if your base pay was more than $200 a month; or *(b)* if you will receive retirement pay; or *(c)* if you left the service on your own request to accept employment (however, if you have served overseas or in Alaska you still get mustering-out pay, even if you left at your own request); or *(d)* if your time in service was spent only as a student in the education training program, or as a military or naval cadet.

Bonus

If you do qualify, you will receive $300 if you have served sixty days or more, any part of which was outside the United States or in Alaska. You will receive $200 if you served sixty days or more, no part of it outside the United States, or $100 if you served less than sixty days.

The money you get as mustering-out pay is tax free and is paid in $100 monthly instalments.

* * *

How about a bonus of $2,000 or $3,000 instead of a measly $200 or $300 mustering-out pay, Sarge? Don't you think we earned it?
Pvt. G. N., Alaska.

Who do you think would bear the cost of such a bonus, if it were possible? The returning serviceman would bear a large part of it. The 12,000,000 men and women in the Armed Forces are just going to be 12,000,000 taxpayers when the war is over, and what the Treasury spends, it must collect in taxes.

* * *

What happens to mustering-out pay for men who intend to stay in the Army after the war? Will we get $300 when we reenlist?
S/Sgt. E. S. H., Fort Lawton, Wash.

No. Mustering-out pay is given to discharged men and women in order to help them get a start in civilian life. If you intend to stay in the Army, you won't need that help.

The young man I am engaged to was drafted into the Army three years ago. He has been overseas all but three months of that time. When will he be eligible for a furlough?
V. A. W. P., Hornell, N. Y.

There is a rotation plan in effect in every theater of war which allows a certain percentage of men to return to this country on furlough as soon as adequate replacements are available. The immediate military strategy of the moment is actually the deciding factor, however, and there is no way of knowing what that will be at any particular time.

* * *

Are members of the merchant marine considered to be serving in the armed forces of the United States?
Pvt. W. G. J., Larned, Kans.

No. If you served in the Merchant Marine after May 1, 1940, you are entitled to reemployment rights, but to none of the other privileges under the G. I. Bill of Rights. Those who are considered veterans are former members of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard, or of the women's branches.

* * *

Can a man be drafted into the Armed Forces after he has received a medical discharge from one of them?
F. A. H., Kenosha, Wis.

Yes. Boxer Willie Pep is a perfect example. Released by the Navy, he was drafted into the Army.

* * *

Where does a soldier who served in the Army of Occupation in Germany in World War I apply for his medal?
H. L., Hyde Park, Mass.

Write to the Awards & Decorations Branch, Adjutant General's Office, Washington 25, D. C.

* * *

I have heard that pre-Pearl Harbor fathers who are now serving overseas will come home and be discharged as soon as Germany falls. True or false?
Mrs. S. G., Stockholm, Me.

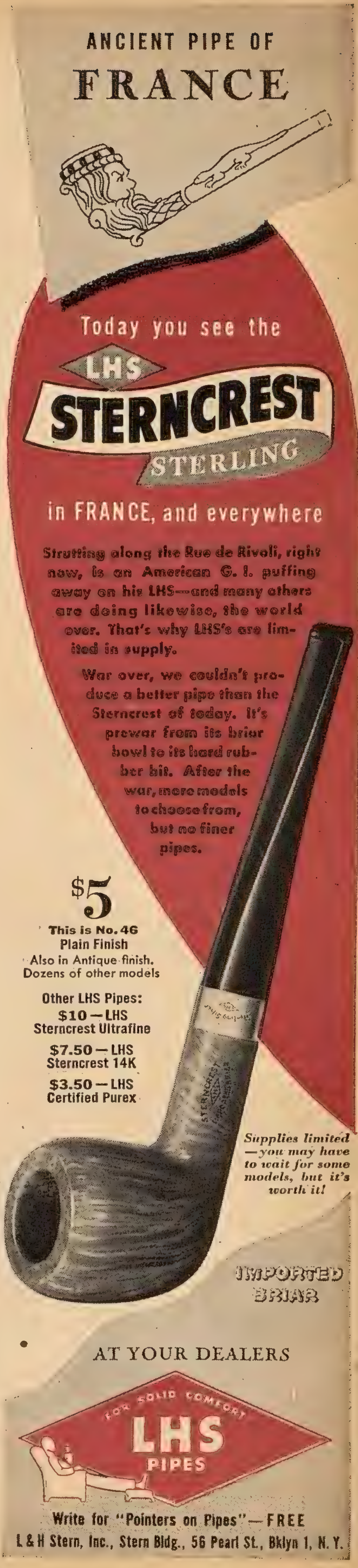
False. They will be discharged on the "point" system, just like all other soldiers.

* * *

I was given a medical discharge from the Navy in 1942. I was drafted into the Army, and was honorably discharged in 1944. I received mustering-out pay from the Army, but never from the Navy. Am I entitled to it from the Navy, too?
C. M. McD., Staunton, Va.

You did not get mustering-out pay from the Army. You got it through the Treasury of the United States, as a gift from the people of this country. The answer is "no."

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.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War over, we couldn't produce a better pipe than the Sterncrest of today. It's prewar from its brier bowl to its hard rubber bit. After the war, more models to choose from, but no finer pipes.

$5
This is No. 46
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100% WOOL

A sports coat and a casual jacket in one!

A sports coat is tailored for smartness and style. A casual jacket is made for comfort and ease. Here is how I have combined both in one.

First the fabric. The front of the coat is soft 100% wool in a camel-shade while the sleeves and back are a two-tone tweeded pattern in harmonious contrast.

Secondly the make. I retained that knock-about, easy-to-relax in "feel" of leisure, but in addition listen to what I tailored into it: The inside foundation shapes the coat and holds its shape. Padded shoulders give that square athletic look. Note that the curved cut-away front, the snug collar and the drape of the lapels give that sports coat look. Lined throughout with luxurious rayon. These are the high spots that put this wool coat in the style class of the royal family of sport coats combined with the ease and leisure of a Buck Skein Joe.

FREE! "HOW TO RELAX"

The War of Nerves is not limited to our fighting men. It is within ourselves that the battle also rages. Yet, you can overcome "that tense feeling" and needless worry, by self-analysis, self-control and self-understanding.

This book tells which form of Relaxation—hobbies, sports or games—is best fitted to your own personality.

"How To Relax And Be Happy" has been written in plain language by eminent psychologists. It is a book that will help you, your family, and your boy now in Service. It explains you to yourself. That's why you'll want to read this great book right now.

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Name

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PACIFIC CHAMPIONS

Continued from Page 27

plane captains paint those little Jap flags on the cockpit cowling.

But as Charlie Brewer had said and Jim Rigg agreed, "I'd rather fight five battles in the air than make one strafing run." And they were the men who should know, because they did both those things.

"It's not too bad up there in the air," Rigg said, "because you know you've got a tougher plane and you think you know your business better than those little guys. But when you're boring down into a target, you can't maneuver, because you've got to hold a steady course and get your tracers in. That's the only way you have to aim your rockets. And that orange-colored stuff is pouring up at you from a man sitting solidly behind an anchored twenty-millimeter gun. He hasn't got to fly an airplane and press his triggers at the same time. We get that sort of thing some of the time. The bombers get it all the time. I don't envy them any."

The fact remains, however, that four out of every ten fighters in the group were lost. Mini lost one in every three of his Helldiver pilots, and Lambert about the same.

For the whole group, losses were: Pilots: 43 killed or missing and 12 wounded. Crewmen: 29 killed or missing, and 13 wounded. Of the planes, 77 were lost and 301 were damaged.

Of course new pilots and crews and new planes were ferried to the ship regularly so that the strength of the group remained about level.

FOR these losses, what did Air Group 15 do in retaliation? In the air: 312 planes positively destroyed and 33 probably destroyed and 65 damaged.

On the ground: 348 planes positively destroyed, as photographs attested. Another 161 probably destroyed, and 129 damaged.

Nothing can hurt the Jap more than the destruction of his merchant marine. And in its seven months of duty the group sank thirty-seven cargo vessels, probably sank ten more, and damaged thirty-nine, each of more than 1,000 tons' capacity and some of them very big ships indeed. The total tonnage of enemy merchant shipping *positively* sunk was 174,300—the equivalent of about twenty-three American Liberty ships.

The most spectacular single adventure occurred off the east coast of Mindanao, when the Japanese were desperately trying to reinforce their garrisons in the Philippines. On this day a sweep of A. G. 15 planes sighted an enemy convoy of forty-two ships, large and small. This sweep alone sank eighteen of the enemy vessels, left five burning fiercely, nine dead in the water and trailing oil, seven hit, and three damaged but under way. Later in the morning, destroyers and light cruisers of the Essex task group sank many of the damaged ships.

IT is hard to tally exactly the damage Air Group 15—or any other single air group—inflicted upon the enemy's Navy, because rarely is a single air group engaged with elements of the enemy fleet. When the enemy's columns are sighted, everything is thrown at them, and it is difficult to say where the credit belongs for a sinking.

But we do know that Commander Mini himself, in his Helldiver, laid the first 1,000-pound bomb for a perfect hit on the Japanese battleship Mushashi in the Battle of the Sibuyan Sea, and that the Mushashi sank very soon thereafter. We know, too, that the Helldivers and Avengers of A. G. 15, without aid from other carrier groups, sank one light enemy aircraft carrier, one destroyer, one destroyer escort, two minesweepers, five escort ships, and two motor torpedo boats. These were positives. They got solid hits on other positives: a heavy carrier of the Shokaku class, a light carrier of the Chitose class, and a carrier of the Nachi class.

These ships were sunk with virtually all hands, but they were under attack by other air groups from other American carriers, and so A. G. 15 cannot claim full credit for them.

But one fact does stand out brilliantly: In the attack upon the northern column of the Japanese fleet at the height of the great October naval battle for the Philippines, the Helldivers of Mini's command made seventy-five sorties and scored thirty direct hits on major enemy ships, *i. e.* battleships or large carriers, a record of marksmanship under heavy AA fire unparalleled in naval aviation history.

To Air Group 15 fell the honor of first attacking the Bonin Islands, and Iwo Jima, 600 miles from Tokyo. Also, the group was first to hit Mindanao, the Visayan Islands, Manila and Formosa and the Ryukyu Islands. When A. G. 15 attacked the Bonins,

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

INDIASPENSABLE: Gandhi.

COS-MEDICS: Lipstick for lady M. D.s.

"HI YA, CINTH!": One flower calling another.

INNFLUENZA: Not well in a hotel.

GRAPPLESAUCE: Wrestlers' favorite dessert.

LOWCUST: A crass hopper.

SASGUERRILLA: Soft drink for a patriot.

ARBORTRARY: To insist on growing grapes.

SOCKCESS: What a champion fighter enjoys.

MAWTH: A mama moth.

the Essex approached closer to Japan than any other U. S. surface vessel had come since the war began. Later, in November, the Essex and A. G. 15 were to come even closer when they first attacked Japanese bases on Okinawa where American troops have since landed.

It is quite safe to say that no other unit or element of the Navy saw quite as much action in the naval battle of October 24-25 off the Philippines as did the task group to which A. G. 15 was attached.

For this was the only carrier task group that participated in both days of the fighting.

You will remember that the Japanese sent forth three distinct columns of ships, two of them out of the east, in the effort to crush our landing operations at Leyte. A. G. 15 attacked the more northerly of these two columns in the Sibuyan bay on October 24.

A SIMPLE recital of the score on that day tells the story:

Mini's Helldivers, making two strikes from the carrier's deck, scored ten hits on the brand-new battleship *Mushashi*, three on another battleship, and one on a heavy cruiser.

Lambert sortied with sixteen of his Avengers, which were armed with assorted bombs and a few torpedoes. He describes the action as follows: "Coming in through the most intense and accurate AA yet experienced, the squadron made three hits on one battleship, two hits on another battleship, and two hits each on two different heavy cruisers. In this action two planes were lost, but the pilot and turret gunner of one plane, Lieutenant (j.g.) W. F. Axtman and J. T. O'Donnell, were rescued by friendly forces after seeing the entire action from their rubber boat."

The day's fighting had hardly ended before word came that the third Japanese column, big carriers with their escorts, was bearing down rapidly from the north. The Essex and the ships of her disposition sailed northward through the night to meet the challenge.

During the next day three strikes were launched from the carrier's decks. The score:

Mini's Helldivers sank one medium carrier with eight hits, scored four hits on another medium carrier, contributed to the sinking of a large Shokaku-class carrier with eight hits, and laid eight more of them on a converted battleship with flight deck aft.

Lambert's men made nine torpedo hits and four 1,000-pound bomb hits on various ships of the enemy carrier force, contributing greatly to the sinking of four carriers. In addition, a battleship was hit and left seriously crippled.

Jim Mini did not lead his men into the second day of fighting. Late in the first day his plane was hit and severely damaged by AA fire from a Japanese cruiser. His controls were half shot away and his instruments were gone. Lieutenant (j.g.) Lauren E. Nelson, his wing man, shepherded him carefully back toward the carrier. Mini couldn't make a deck landing, so he squashed down on the water. A destroyer rescued him and his gunner.

There was no way to get him back to the Essex during the full-speed run northward, but Mini had the fun of seeing his destroyer finish off a carrier that his planes had crippled.

Perhaps A. G. 15's glorious record will be surpassed some day. When that time comes, you may be sure that McCampbell and Mini, Lambert and Rigg, and all the brave men who survived with them will be the first to lift cheers in honor of the new champions of the Pacific.

THE END

A FIGHT HE COULD NOT WIN

Continued from Page 29

bridle and led Japheth out. There was no saddle, but Uncle Dud didn't mind. Many a mile he'd ridden bareback. When he straddled the mule's sharp backbone, he wished for a blanket, but decided against it.

"On your way, mule," he ordered, "but trot me easy. I ain't got the absorption in my seat I once had."

Japheth did no worse than kick a couple of times as Uncle Dud rode him into the winding lane. Then, with his ears seesawing back and forth, and his rider's long legs swinging below his belly, he was on his way. Uncle Dud pulled him into a narrow path that wound through the trees, taking a short cut to Harmony. He had to get there ahead of Giles.

It was a pretty night. The moon rode full and its light made every leaf and twig stand out like it was dipped in tallow flame. Blossoms sweetened the air, and Uncle Dud could hear fiddle music spilling up from below, making his old feet twitch in a way long forgotten. He wished Giles would hear and profit and let the boy have his fun.

When Uncle Dud got there, there were plenty of young fellows about, talking to girls, and maybe taking occasional nips from hidden jugs. He remembered how it was in his own hell-tooting days. Then he glimpsed the puffy-fat figure of Hark Hall and knew for sure about the jug. Hark never missed a chance to peddle his mountain dew.

There were two sets in the hill country: the folks who went to meeting, and the folks who followed good times, and the two didn't mix. Uncle Dud couldn't help thinking how Caleb must have been noticed when he showed up there. Just the way folks were eying him as he went up the steps and inside. But he paid them no heed, only to mark that Giles wasn't among them.

Caleb was there. He was dancing with Zalie, his big feet tracking nice to the fiddle, and there was nobody on the floor could top him for size, or looks, or in the way he handled himself. Uncle Dud watched his tow head looming above all the others, and his old heart warmed with pride.

Caleb had the prettiest girl, too. She was her mother right over again, according to Uncle Dud's recollection. She had the same curly black hair, tied with a red ribbon to match her dress, and barely reached shoulder-high on the boy's big frame. She had the same brown eyes, big and soft and scared-looking—like her mother's got after she married Hark Hall.

THEY didn't see Uncle Dud, they were that lost in each other. But Uncle Dud could hear Zalie's low voice.

"I wish you hadn't come, Caleb, honest. It's against your pa's religion, dancin' and such."

Caleb stuck out his jaw. "Pa ain't tellin' me what to do from now on. I'm my own man, with the right to go where I please."

"No! No, Caleb!" She stopped dancing at the edge of the floor to look up at him. "Oh, I wish you could see like I do! I wish you could be *glad* you've got somebody to be proud over! Your pa's never give you shame, Caleb. He stands for what's good—he wants good for you! And somebody's *got* to stand for right things, Caleb! Can't you know that?"

Uncle Dud saw the tears in her eyes and felt clean tuckered, thinking of a pretty

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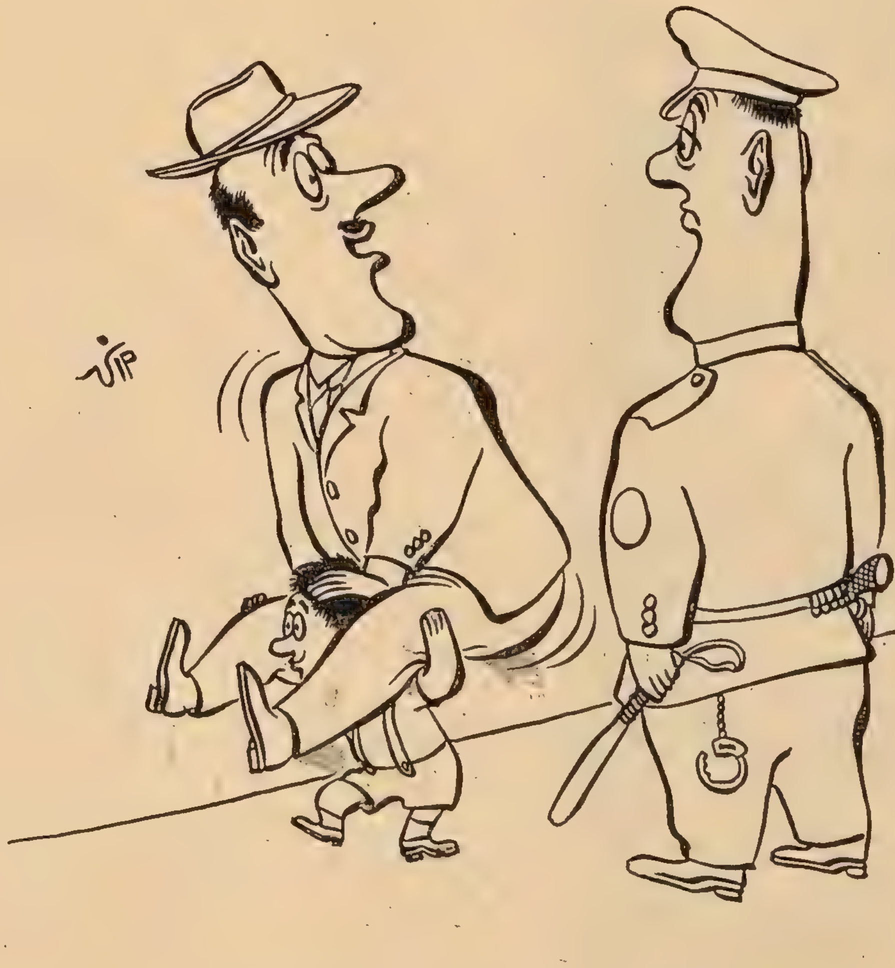

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little thing like that having to be shamed by the carryings-on of her own father. Then all of a sudden he pounded his thigh with his fist. Here he was standing like a doddering old woman, forgetting what he'd come for! He touched the boy's arm.

"Your pa's on his way here, Caleb. With the whip. Git outside and light your horse, boy. Be off."

Caleb's mouth went grim. Zalie grabbed his arm, but he pushed her away—not spiteful, only as if he had to have more room—and made for outside.

Uncle Dud saw Zalie brush her eyes, but she followed him outside quiet enough, then pressed close beside him as they stood there, watching Giles climb out of the buggy, whip in hand. Giles spoke no word, but he saw the boy and went stomping toward him, looking bigger than the dance house itself. And the boy walked to meet his father just as fast.

"What you want?" It was a growl from deep in the boy's throat.

Giles stopped, feet spread wide, big hands clenching the whip.

"I've come to take you home."

"No," the boy said, quiet.

The folks outside began edging close, doing it easy, but yearning for the fight. Then Hark Hall snickered.

Giles' head jerked up, and he rasped out, "Come along, I say!"

"And I say no!"

Again Hark Hall laughed, loud this time, and Giles' face went like red clay. He lifted his whip arm, but it didn't fall. Caleb took one stride and plucked the whip away. Did it easy, too. Then he slung it as far as he could send it.

For a full minute they stood there, shoulders scrunched, heads down like two fighting roosters, and all at once Uncle Dud recalled what a lusty fighter Giles had been before he took religion.

Uncle Dud and Zalie were pushed to the front as the men made a fighting ring three deep about them, then waited, quiet, sizing up the two who stood there: Giles, a giant of a man, whose strength hadn't been frittered since youth on women or strong drink, and the boy, taller than his sire and lighter by twenty pounds, yet young and tough as a second-growth hickory.

Uncle Dud didn't know who jumped first, but it made a powerful sound when they came together. And Giles' fist hit first, for the boy went backward. But he was up and at it with his next breath, arms flailing, leaving himself wide open.

"Give way, boy!" Uncle Dud quavered. "Cover up!" For he'd been a fighting man himself in his time.

Caleb was needle-witted and understood. When his father came raging in, the boy wasn't there. Then, almost in the same breath, he *was* there, throwing with both fists into Giles' face, smashing him back three times. But Giles was artful, too. Instead of trying to close in, he drove his big fist square into Caleb's face.

Zalie gave a little moan as the boy went down, to come up with a bloody nose. And she kept on moaning low through that next spell when the two hammered each other with might and main, when they locked their arms about each other and twisted and strained with every ounce of the strength in them, when Giles freed one arm and his fist pounded at the boy's face till it bled like a fresh-stuck pig.

Giles' voice whistled out between blows: "I'll—kill you afore—I leave you here—in Satan's way! I'm takin'—you home!"

"No!" That was the first time Uncle Dud took hope, for the boy wasn't breathing as hard as Giles. He wasn't tired. His eyes were still ablaze, but they didn't hold in them the thing that flickered in his father's a second later—fear. *Giles was scared.* Scared he was going to get licked.

It made Uncle Dud sick. Excepting for Zalie there to lean against, his old legs would have let him down then and there. He'd been worrying up till now about how hard it would be for the boy to be shamed before the others. Now he grieved for Giles. He remembered how just and good Giles had ever been. He thought of what Zalie had said to Caleb: "Your pa's never give you shame . . . somebody's *got* to stand for right things!" And he knew the celebration there'd be from Satan's followers if his nephew Giles got licked by his own son—before their very eyes.

And Giles *was* getting licked. His breath was harsh now. When Caleb got his arms around him, Giles couldn't break. The boy took notice of it, and the look on his face wasn't good to see.

I'm an old woman, Uncle Dud told himself, all in a mommick over a fight. Only I can be standin' it—whichever way it does go.

Hark Hall's yell shrilled out: "You got him, bub: Turn the old sin-chaser round and kick him down the mounting! Hi-yi! We'll bust open another jug! Go to it, young 'un!"

The boy's head jerked up. His big hands loosed their clutch behind his father's back—and Uncle Dud saw him lay himself wide open for what came—Giles' fist, with all Giles had behind it, smashing into his chin and sending him down, Sunday clothes and all, into the dust.

FOR a spell not a sound came. Folks even moved back at sight of Giles' face. Hark Hall slunk away, like a licked weasel hitting for cover.

Zalie had sort of fluttered down like a hurt bird to kneel beside Caleb. It took Uncle Dud a bit longer to get his old knees bent, and by that time she was cradling the yellow head, stopping the blood from his face with her handkerchief.

"I'm glad, Caleb! Glad!" Uncle Dud heard her fierce little whisper. "You couldn't rightly give pa and these others somethin' to crow over! I'm so proud, Caleb!"

Zalie knew, then, that Caleb had *let* his father lick him so Giles wouldn't be shamed before these people. Giles knew it, too. Uncle Dud saw that, when Giles stood over them, looking down at the boy.

Caleb's eyes were open now, and they weren't puddled with fury any longer. Clear as daylight they were, but older than they'd ever seemed before.

Giles said, "Git up, son. The buggy's over yon, waitin'."

Caleb got up. He didn't notice the stares of the crowd, and he faced his father, level-eyed.

He spoke as quiet as if he were saying, "Pass the salt," to his father. What he said was, "We rode double comin' here, Zalie and me. I'll be takin' her home the same way."

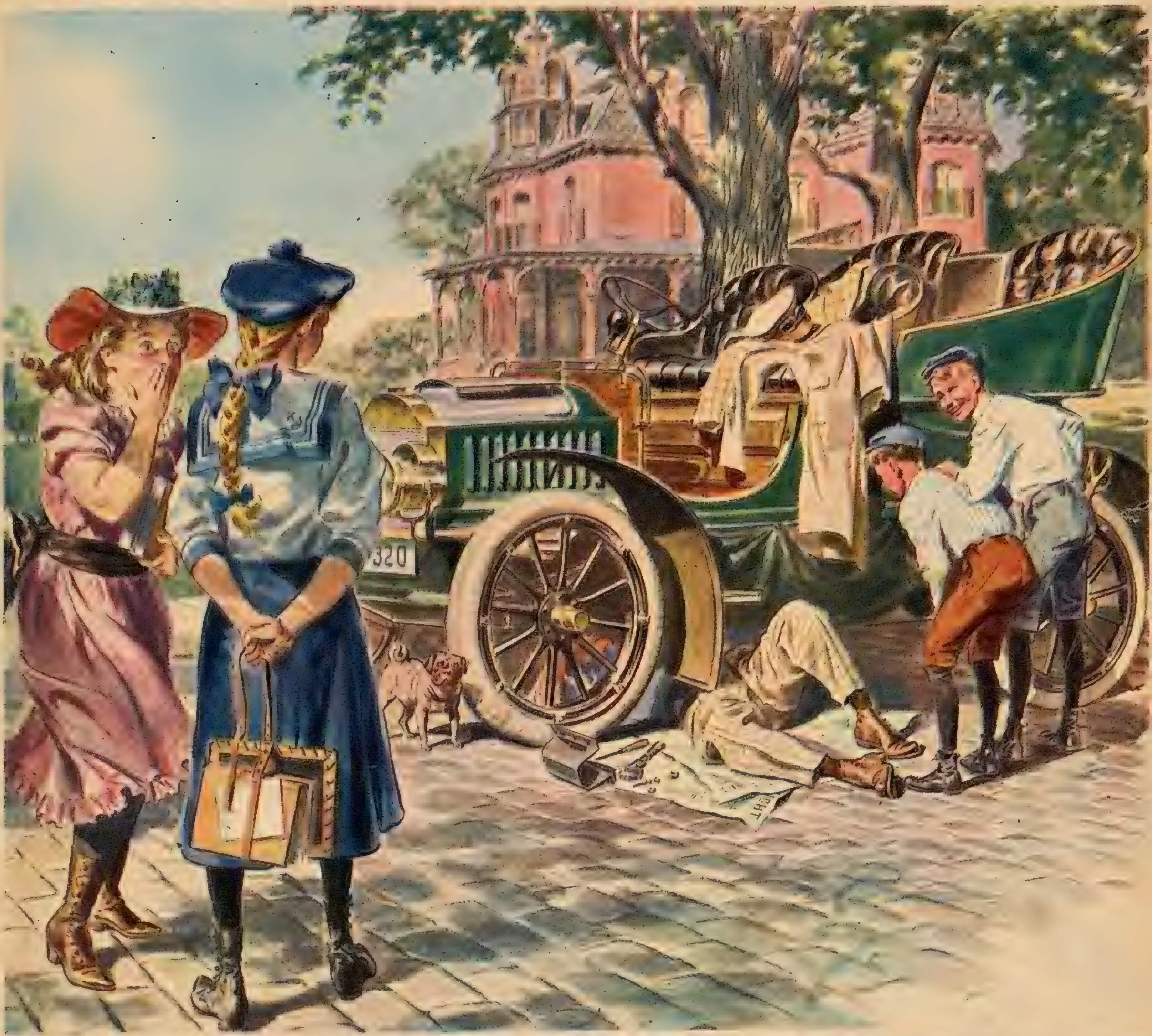
Giles' eyes were clear, too, as he looked into Zalie's pretty face. Maybe clear enough to see all the pure goodness of her shining through those big brown eyes. Maybe clear enough to peer into the future and see which way would be best for them all—to hold the boy to his own tight way, or let him stretch himself out to the measure of the man he was cut out to be.

Giles had said Zalie could never ride in his buggy or step foot inside his cabin. Now he said, "Uncle Dud can drive you and Zalie home, son. To our home. I'll ride your horse and lead Japheth. After you clean up, we can eat a bite before you take her on to her pa's." And Giles himself helped Zalie into the buggy, his big hands mighty gentle.

Uncle Dud was proud. Seemed as if his nephew Giles, as well as the boy, took after him fair and plenty.

THE END

"oooo - what he said!"*



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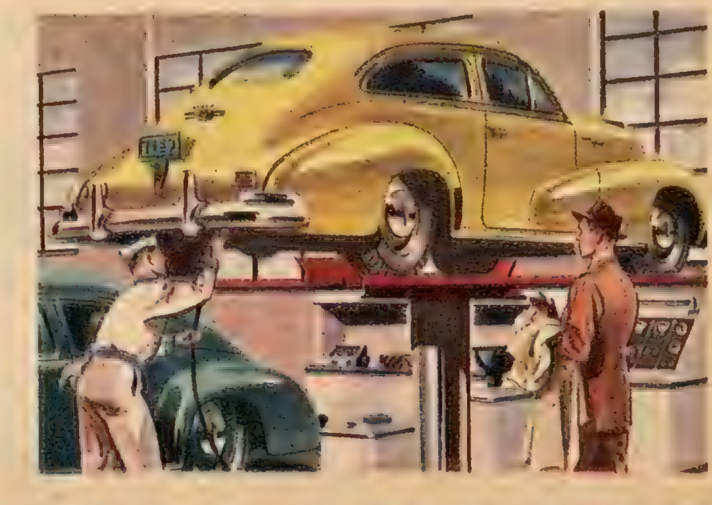

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THE UNANOINTED

Continued from Page 19

Parish cutover land than Jayson had ever been in his life. All would be different now, all changed. He felt, thrillingly, that he had acquired, this afternoon, not only a future but a past; he had, in a preliminary sprint, surprised already the coattails of his destiny.

"Fill her up," Mr. Beaseley commanded, unfolding a strip of T tickets.

Inside, at the long counter, they ate roast beef and rice, the fare offered frequently at Mr. Dee's restaurant in Many. But it had a savor not to be encountered north of Alexandria. They were on the highway to New Orleans! Jayson stared with such frank exploratory wonder at the dark-eyed little waitress with the French accent that she shot back several troubled glances into the soft blue candor of his eyes. Jayson insisted on paying for the meal. With much guarded peeking and fumbling into the recesses of his inside pocket—he had too much earthy caution to forget that he was, after all, a country boy faced now with the hostile stratagems of the heathen citified lands—he extracted a five-dollar bill.

Later, humming off again southward, Jayson remembered Mr. Beaseley's opulence in ration tickets. An astounding thought occurred to him: Mr. Beaseley could be no ordinary civilian. Plainly he was something special. Possibly—probably—an agent of the F. B. I.!

"Say," Jayson blurted, "I just thought—I bet you're in some sort of secret work." He was on the point of adding, "too," but didn't when the absurdity of that addendum penetrated even the cast-iron shell of his dream.

Mr. Beaseley blinked, then tightened his lips and looked at the road. He became quite enigmatic from then on. Jayson's respect for this first acquaintance on the broad highway approached awe. Not even the supercharged vision of himself he had projected for Mr. Beaseley's inspection seemed enough to engage the interest of so romantic a character.

But as the warm pink snow of the night sky above New Orleans blew toward them in a clamor of horns and motors, Jayson began to talk again in pure excitement.

"I hope my girl is waiting for me. But she will be."

"Your girl?"

"Yes. She's an Australian girl. We're going to be married. She's the most beautiful girl I ever saw in my life. She knocks you dead, Mr. Beaseley. She's an actress, young, but she's had a wonderful life. A blonde."

Mr. Beaseley sighed faintly. He was finally and irrevocably topped.

And when Wilmer P. Beaseley of Whilaway, New Jersey, church deacon and regional inspector for the OPA—when Wilmer P. Beaseley, who was born in 1906 and was thus eleven years old at the entry of the United States into World War I—drove on alone from midtown New Orleans toward the dark salty dunes of the Gulf shore, he set his hat on the seat beside him and ran a damp palm up across his brow.

He was utterly astounded at himself. He felt that he had passed through a shattering experience. A fierce irresponsible pulse still thudded, diminishing, behind his pale bureaucratic blood. For a long time thereafter at odd moments he would be able to hear the improbable chatter of machine guns in the Argonne forest, see a handsome young man with an honorable limp and blue, daring eyes enter some hidden glittering café to meet the most beautiful girl in the world, who would be waiting for him while she quietly knocked all the men in the place completely dead.

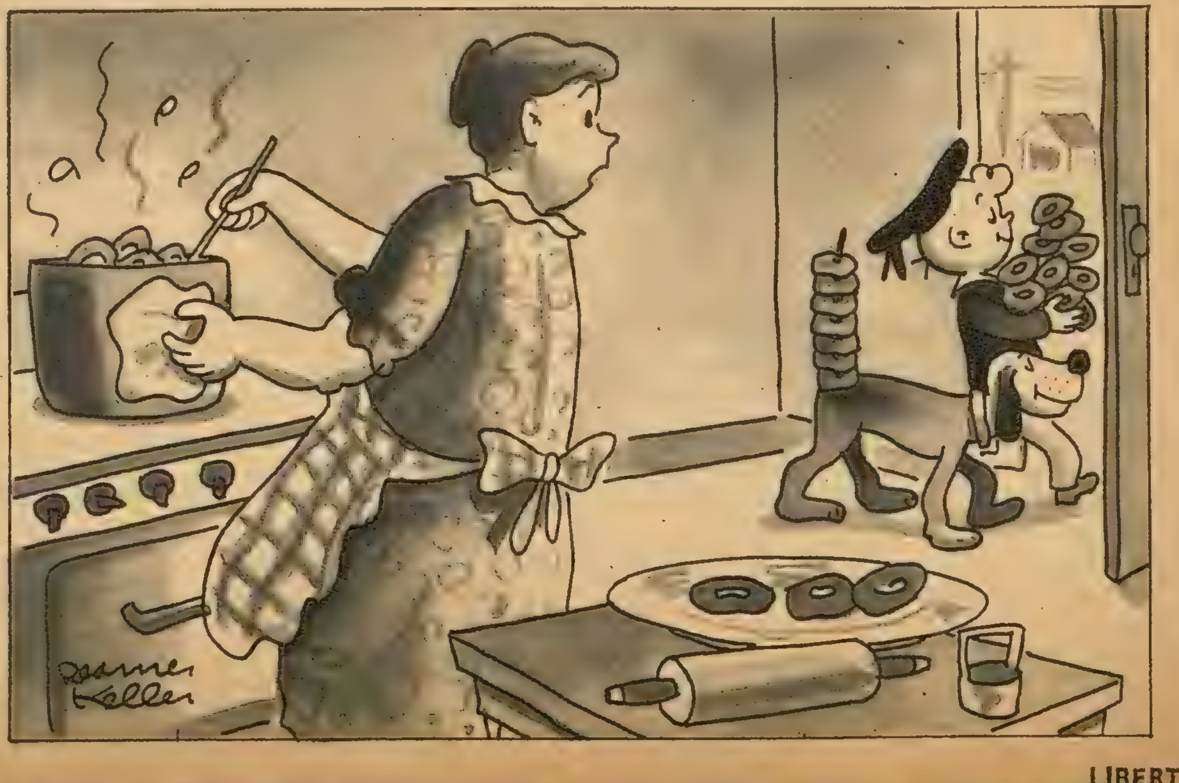
YES, a knockout. There she was and she was the one. Sitting, his elbows on the porcelain top of a table at the rear of the Pearly Way Oyster Bar & Grill, Jayson watched her move from table to table behind her tray. The first time he saw her he had felt no surprise. He had expected it would be something like this.

She was a small girl in a starched white uniform, quick and pert in her movements. Hair the color of slash-pine kindling was braided and coiled on her head. When she lingered momentarily at his table and smiled cautiously at him, he imagined he could see a flash in her gray quiet eyes almost of recognition. Did she guess he had come all the way from Vernon Parish to find a girl like her, infinitely lovely, infinitely worldly, and a-twinkle with the wayward lights of cities?

Jayson Peck had been in New Orleans twenty-eight hours and he had been in the Pearly Way Oyster Bar & Grill twice. It was, clearly, from its huge sign in apple-green-and-pink light overhanging the entrance, from its location in the boiling heart of the town, one of the leading centers of

(Continued on page 70)

HARD TACK



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(Continued from page 68)

night life in New Orleans. He considered himself practically an habitué. The weary taxi drivers who slouched in for a sandwich were sinister thugs and gunmen. The party of well dressed men—lawyers working late on an important case, from an office building two doors away—were plainly playboys embarking on a night of unbridled dissipation. The pair of stenographers, having breakfast on their way to the night shift at a war plant, were carefree members of the demimondaine. Jayson, his shiny bag under the scarred bed in a Canal Street walk-up hotel, where he paid the fantastic price of two dollars a day, kept forming words with his lips: "Boy, this is *life!*"

The blonde girl had told him her name, Phyllis Dawn. You didn't find beautiful names like that in Vernon Parish. Ermie Kingle! The enormity of his escape flooded him again. But last night Phyllis Dawn had refused to meet him after working hours—she got off at two. Said she didn't know him. He'd try again. They were acquainted now.

THE hands of the lighted clock over the bar said one.

"How about tonight, Phyllis?"

She stood holding her tray, slowly, gravely shaking her head. But she was whirled a little in the blue storms of Jayson's eyes.

"I can't. What do you do?"

"I'm fixin' to get a job. I was a flier. Wounded."

"Oh. Well— I don't make dates, ever. Wait a minute. There's a customer."

She had answered the summons of a fat middle-aged man in a corner. She was shaking her head fast and firmly. Now she made a final, apparently tart rejoinder, turned on her heel and blew saucily toward the kitchen like white bunting in the wind.

Jayson nodded sagely to himself. She knew her way around.

But now the fat man had caught the eye of a personage behind the bar who was evidently the proprietor.

Jayson saw them in conversation. A wily satisfied look spread over the fat guest's face. The house man started back toward the kitchen and met Phyllis Dawn halfway.

They engaged in a brief low argument which Jayson could not hear. Then, to his horror, he saw Phyllis shrug her shoulders and capitulate. He could hear her say clearly:

"O. K., then. You're the boss. I guess I have to do anything you say."

Jayson sprang to his feet. He crossed the intervening space in a sort of leap and swung the proprietor around.

"No, she don't have to do anything you say. Nothing like that, anyhow."

Small black eyes widened at Jayson.

"What'samatter, hey? You crazy? You drunk?"

"Take it easy," Jayson said, still gripping the cloth of the man's suit at the shoulder. "I'm gonna see that this lady gets safely home."

"Go sit down, will you?" Phyllis pleaded with him in a distraught tone. He smiled brightly at her, shook his head.

Just then another voice intruded into the conversation. It belonged to a policeman who had been sipping coffee up front and whom Jayson had not seen.

"Come on, son, get out. Beat it. Go home and sleep it off."

"Officer, now listen. A terrible thing—"

"You hear me, son? Move. Outside."

The policeman was quite calm, almost bored. Jayson dropped his hand from his antagonist's shoulder, pursed his lips, winked at Phyllis with what he hoped was a discernible protective assurance, and walked obediently toward the door. The policeman followed him into the street, then went back inside to finish his coffee. Jayson took up vigil across the street.

The fat man came out first, alone. He hailed a cab and disappeared. Jayson, puzzled, waited. Finally he discerned Phyllis, who slipped out of the door and set off fast toward the corner. He had to run to overtake her.

"Phyllis! Is everything all right? How'd you get rid of him?"

"Get rid of who?" She halted and turned up to him eyes half angry, half curious. "Are you really drunk?"

"Drunk!" he hooted. "I saw everything. I wasn't going to let that boss of yours make you do something you didn't want to do."

She gave a baffled little laugh. "Silly! It wasn't anything. That customer was a friend of the boss and wanted a third square of butter. I'd already given him two when he isn't supposed to get but one. He'd eat six if I let him, he's such a hog, so I said no. It didn't seem patriotic."

"I see," said Jayson, smiling. Of course he knew better. She was a smooth one, all right, just the type he had always admired; the type you never met in Vernon Parish. But a scarcity of butter—in a big place like that! It was a pretty story—but it made him laugh.

Jayson took her arm. "Let's you and I—let's go somewhere."

"No. Where could we go?"

"Oh—some night club. But I guess you're tired of night clubs, working in one like you do."

She turned her small heart-shaped face toward him inquiringly. She laughed.

"Night club! That's a hash joint, honey."

"Anyhow—let's go somewhere."

"Well—" She hesitated. "Dressed the way I am, the only place— Have you ever been to Magnolia Inn? It's a few miles out. I couldn't stay but a little while."

IN the taxi bumping out Gentilly Road, Jayson was so overcome by the richness of his prize that he was briefly tongue-tied after he told her his name, the story about the desert island, that he had lived in Louisiana "a long time ago," and that he despised and hated the sticks.

"I'll bet you're from far off," he told her.

She stared dreamily forward into the foggy galloping night. "Yes—far off."

Then she turned and looked at him.

"I think it's wonderful, your being a wounded flier and all," she said.

He nodded tranquilly. "I bet you come from as far off as New York City."

She wet her lips—the flash of a hummingbird's breast across a rose. "Yes. New York City. I'm—I'm a dancer. I was. I worked in dance halls, in theaters, all those kinds of places."

Jayson sighed in rapt approval. "You came straight down—you just got here?"

"A—a few months ago. I came straight down, hitchhiking, stopping just a few places to dance or work."

Jayson had a poignant vision of this lovely brave girl glowing away in the circles of a hundred spotlights; working in sinister dives, knowing men early, living hard and a little wickedly perhaps; shining; ineffable; his girl now. Phyllis Dawn was the girl he had created in his earliest fantasies. She was precisely what he had always had in mind.

"Of course," she went on, "I'm not staying here. I'm going on to Hollywood. I may get a real job in the movies out there. I know a feller."

"You going to hitchhike out?" He started to suggest that they do it together, but decided he didn't want that; he wanted to keep her here.

"Of course, I may have to stop off on the way. I know some people."

"Where?"

"I'm SO sorry! He thought you were reaching for my K-M toaster!"

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"Oh—in Detroit and St. Louis, places like that."

"Gee," said Jayson.

Magnolia Inn was a huge one-story stucco building hidden away among the shabbier suburbs far out Gentilly Road. Jayson had never seen anything so grand. The place consisted of a small bar and an immense dance floor. An orchestra played on a stage at one end. Colored lights turned ceaselessly through a bead-foamed crystal cluster in the ceiling. The place was crowded, mostly by soldiers and their girls. It was gaudy, innocent, and very loud.

They found a booth.

"What'll you have?" Jayson asked.

"I'll take a lemonade."

"I thought you'd want champagne," Jayson commented, half disappointed.

She examined her nails. "I'm on the wagon—for a while."

He ordered beer.

"I can't dance—on account of the—the wound."

"That's O. K. Let's sit. I like this."

At half past three he took her hand.

He told her about the South Seas, the perils of the fighting man, his decorations which he had not even worn in uniform. The orchestra played Together. Jayson had an odd sense of running downhill.

At a quarter to four he said, "Listen. I want you to be my girl. My girl. Will you be my girl?"

His blue gaze and her gray stare met.

"I'll be your girl if you want, Jayson."

And then a surprising sense of guilt, revulsion, seized him. He wanted her to know him all of a sudden, all about him.

"Phyllis."

"Uh-huh!"

"I've been lying."

"Lying?"

"Yes. I'm no flier, never was. I'm a country boy. A hick. A hayseed. I come from Vernon Parish, where I've been playing nursemaid to the pigs all my life. I just got in town two days ago. I wasn't wounded. My foot's always been—a little bad. You see?

"I couldn't stand those dopey little country girls up yonder. I wanted somebody slick and wise like you, so I lied. You wanta go now, I guess."

She shook her head violently, her face as bright as the east in the morning.

"I'm glad, Jayson. I'm glad as the dickens. I was a little scared of you—you were so—you'd seen so many things. Now I've got a confession I want to make to you, if I'm going to be your girl—if you still want me—I owe it to you, too. You have a right to know that—"

Grinning, he leaned and slapped a hand across her mouth gently. "No, I don't want to hear a thing. I don't care about anything you've done up to now. I think your life is wonderful, perfect! When I think of those Vernon Parish girls—" His lip curled. "I want you to promise never to even *think* about telling me *anything*, do you hear?"

DRIVING home against his shoulder, she narrowed her eyes in an old feminine wisdom, content.

He needn't know, after all, that the kiss she would, conceivably, get in a minute would be the first real kiss she had ever had in her life; that five days before, she had escaped from a farm in the red clay hills behind Goshoopa, Mississippi; that her name was not nearly so pretty as Phyllis Dawn.

Those were all things—the specific things, in fact—that Jayson might not find it possible to forgive. So she wouldn't tell him. She would keep the secret of her innocence inviolable. He might take it all right now—only to throw it up to her in the long time to come.

THE END

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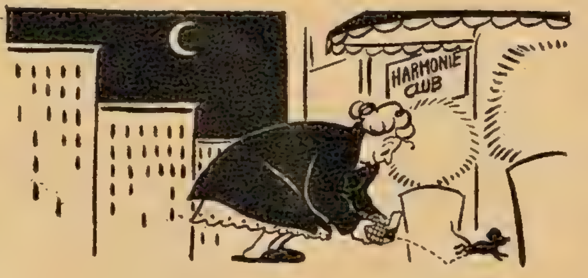
BY MARGARET FISHBACK

Woman-Talk

ANIMAL LOVER: An elderly widow who lives alone in a small apartment on East Sixtieth Street in New York was mildly troubled by the rustling of little feet at night. Suspecting mice, she set one of those humane traps that do not mangle the victim. When she heard a small commotion in her kitchenette, she investigated. Success! There was a tiny mouse looking at her with beady reproachful eyes. She couldn't bear to kill one of God's creatures, but what to do? It wasn't quite midnight, so she quickly slipped on a coat and took trap and mouse down the street to the open door of the lush Harmonie Club. In she darted and released the rodent. In explaining her nefarious behavior the next day she said, "They serve such rich food there, and so much, I knew they'd never miss what one little mouse would eat."



CUTIES: It wouldn't be smart to buy the cute little V-mail rayon-crepe dress shown at a Fifth Avenue shop unless you are slim of hip and fat of wallet. Liberally sprinkled over a black or royal blue background are V-mail letters, a chic reminder that V mail gets there fast—and takes up little space. (The Post Office has warned the public that because of overloaded planes, an air-mail stamp does not guarantee air transportation, but that V mail does.) The frock has short sleeves and a gathered skirt, both O. K. for the reedlike figure. A good conversation piece, it would make talk at cocktail parties, but pals wouldn't forget it, so it couldn't appear happily as often as a more restrained print. If you have around fifty bucks to invest in a sartorial gag, by all means give yourself and friends a good time, but don't expect to wear it *next* spring too.

THE TRUTH HURTS: The spring floods in Ohio brought to mind the ironic typographical error made in a New England newspaper caption after the hurricane that pulverized the east coast several years ago. Appearing below a photograph of the rubble which had been a summer residence, it labeled the picture, with stark simplicity, "Elizabeth Russell's Summer Residue."

DON'TS FOR NEW MOTHERS: *Don't* regard Baby as a Dresden-china shepherdess; she is tougher than you think. But—

Don't leave her for even a split second alone on top of her bathinette or on your bed. She may start crawling or rolling when you least expect it.

Don't be discouraged when she suddenly develops trying habits, such as beating her head against the side of the crib. Do what you can to stop it—turn her over, place bump-its at sides and head of crib; but if she outwits you and makes the nights hideous with her noise, try to keep your shirt on. All babies start and *stop* habits with lightning speed. Also she may be working on a tooth.

Don't try to solve all your baby problems by yourself. If they are complicated or persistent, call your pediatrician.

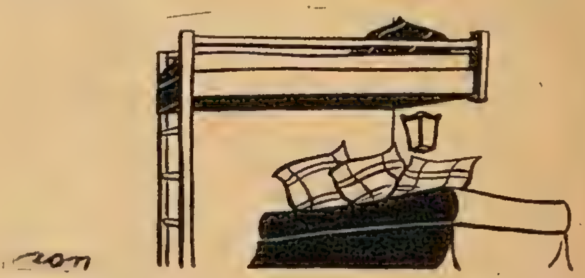
Don't pester the child by forever taking her temperature unless you have good reason to believe something ails her.

Don't compare her weight with the baby's next door. A baby can be a lightweight and just as healthy as a heavyweight.

Don't feel Baby must get her teeth ahead of your neighbor's child. Most babies walk, talk, and teethe all in good time, and when they're three they're all doing just about the same things.

Don't be despondent if Baby doesn't eat precisely the same amount at every meal. Babies are human too. But *don't* be slapdash about feedings, either. A certain amount of persuasion is legitimate. But, whatever you do, DON'T take my advice too seriously. No two babies—or mothers—are alike.

IT'S AN ILL WIND: Police Judge Joseph Neff of Denver, Colorado, started relieving the manpower shortage by sentencing vagrants and drunks to war jobs. Some 300 men are now energetically bending their elbows in war plants instead of at bars.



HOT WEATHER AHEAD: A large New York department store offers the vacation-minded public a fine crop of furniture and fixings in its recently opened "Summer Colony." A "cottage by the sea" appeals particularly to the housewife. Cushions are covered with attractive blue denim, which needn't be washed often and is easily washed when it must be. The floor is painted a matching blue, and goes bare, so there's no rug to be vacuumed. The frames of two comfortable chaise longues are of driftwood, painted a soft gray, very inviting with their blue denim cushions. In the "East Indian cottage" there was a new angle in double-decker beds, very ingenious and refreshing. Instead of the old berth-over-berth arrangement, the upper deck runs along one wall at right angles to the studio couch below. A ladder supports the upper decker at its foot; the head is supported by the wall along which the lower bed runs.

IT'S A DIFFERENT WAY OF LIFE

Continued from Page 25

at five to the dollar, and if you take American currency or a letter of credit to the Gosbank (Soviet State bank) you receive five rubles for each dollar.

Thus translated, your bread costs $8 a loaf, your eggs $3 each, your apple $5, your chocolate $36, and your bacon $62 a pound. Your Eskimo pie costs $5 and your brick of ice cream $7. Sugar seems to be scarcer than any other commodity. When obtainable, it brought $80 a pound. Sunday-morning breakfast of bacon and eggs for four American correspondents, cooked by ourselves, cost us $75 at the official exchange rate.

These prices, it must be emphasized, were for nonrationed foods sold at "open" stores, i. e., stores open to all. Under the Russian rationing system, every employed person has a ration book redeemable at a "closed" store to which the members of his union, his government department, or his technical level must go, and to which no one else is admitted. In the closed stores, prices for rationed goods are very low. At the "Dip Shop," for instance, which is the closed store for diplomats and foreign correspondents, exactly the same 40-ruble loaf of bread cost 1 ruble 35 kopecks; exactly the same 180-ruble bar of chocolate cost 7 rubles.

CONTRARY to popular impression, all wages are not the same in the land of Socialism. Each is paid "according to his work," so that even the base wage varies. In addition, however, generous bonuses are paid for exceeding quota. And since virtually everyone works long hours overtime, the base wage is doubled, trebled, even quadrupled. Thus the Russian is being paid many more rubles than ever before, and, naturally, is becoming something of a free spender.

The *gastronoms*, the big Mostorg department store, and the commercial restaurants and night clubs—all operated by the government—deliberately set such high prices as the best possible way of absorbing surplus rubles and thus checking inflation.

The method works, too. Visiting Americans in Moscow never failed to be impressed by the bill. For a modest dinner at the Grand Hotel (marred only by the fact that the Japanese were usually there in full force) and a few drinks at the Hotel Moskva, the bill for six people averaged 6,000 rubles.

The official rate of five rubles to the dollar was clearly impossible, so American diplomats received a special rate of twelve to the dollar; while the British, through superior bargaining ability, no doubt, were given the astounding rate of 100 rubles to the pound.

At the Bolshoy Theater buffet, where beer sold for 50 rubles a bottle, French pastry for 40 rubles, soda pop for 12 rubles a glass, and ice cream for 40 rubles a scoop, you had to fight your way to the counter through a crowd of ruble-waving Russians. There were no foreigners present. They couldn't afford it.

Similarly, at the Moscow Hippodrome on horse-racing days, a foreigner was lucky to be able to buy a 30-ruble ticket (the lowest price) on an "express" or "double," while bearded farmers, blouse-wearing factory workers, and red-cheeked Army youngsters besieged the 100-ruble windows all day long.

Whatever was settled at Bretton Woods, one of the last things I read in Russia was an announcement in the official magazine,

(*Continued on page 77*)

Don't let your daughter marry *without...*

first telling her these intimate physical facts!

YOUR daughter has a right to a happy married life ahead and it's your sacred duty to tell her the truth *now* about these intimate facts of life— how important douching often is to womanly charm, health and happiness. And the importance of a *proper* germicide to put in the douche.

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★ ★ ★ ★

Offspring and into a Summer to be made memorable by this attractive M-G-M film, "Son of Lassie".

Those who loved "Lassie Come Home" will respond to this one. The late Eric Knight is not the author, but the new story is based on some of his characters.

★ ★ ★ ★

The story and screen play of "Son of Lassie" were written by Jeanne Bartlett and directed by S. Sylvan Simon. It was produced by Samuel Marx.

★ ★ ★ ★

It has a distinguished cast—Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp, starring. Also June Lockhart, Nigel Bruce, William "Billy" Severn, Leon Ames, Donald Curtis, Nils Asther, Robert Lewis.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is in Technicolor.

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As for the film—to paraphrase an old Scottish Song—"you'll love a Lassie"!

★ ★ ★ ★

Those who have seen "National Velvet" and "Meet Me in St. Louis", "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and "Without Love", may like to know that there are many more M-G-M hits on the way.

★ ★ ★ ★

Watch for "The Valley of Decision" and three mighty Technicolor musicals "Thrill of a Romance", "Ziegfeld Follies", and "Anchors Aweigh".

★ ★ ★

As for current events, it looks like a Metro-Goldwyn May.

—*Leo*

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Spinsterish Miss Moffat doesn't suspect that her pupil needs affection more than books.

THE CORN IS GREEN

(Warner Brothers)
Bette Davis, John Dall, Joan Lorring, Nigel Bruce

THE CORN IS GREEN is a faithful and beautifully produced version of Emlyn Williams' successful stage play. The story concerns the struggles of a dauntless English schoolma'am (Bette Davis) to bring education to a poor Welsh mining village, and her spiritual reward in the accomplishments of one gifted, difficult pupil (John Dall).

The character of the redoubtable Miss Moffat has long been practically synonymous with the name of Ethel Barrymore, who played the part on the stage for three years. With such challenging odds against her, Bette Davis has succeeded in bringing Miss Moffat to cinema life in her own way and with equal distinction. As a competent, bustling spinster who hides her emotions under a classroom manner and speaks in a series of coolly clipped directions, she gives an excellent picture of that quiet, rather dull-seeming heroism which seldom receives credit for what it accomplishes.

The story itself, though somewhat slow-moving through its first half, is rich in Welsh village atmosphere, choral singing, and good characterizations. Nigel Bruce is the typical bumbling squire, and Mildred Dunnock and Rhys Williams capably fill in Miss Moffat's amateur teaching staff. The latter two are from the original stage production as is Rosalind Ivan, who plays the belligerently crude cockney housekeeper, Mrs. Watty. Her performance, along with that of eighteen-year-old Joan Lorring, as the disgusting little Watty offspring, Bessie, is outstanding in its flamboyant vitality. Bessie's slow growth from a pigeon-toed, nose-wiping brat to a posturing little flirt who brings the story close to tragedy is finely and realistically handled.

The school scenes abound in well directed, somewhat idealized touches of human interest, and John Dall as smudgy-faced young Morgan Evans gives the character of Miss Moffat's favorite pupil an impish, twinkling-eyed vitality. His long, half-reluctant struggle to win the coveted Oxford scholarship, backed by the indefatigable faith and rather nervous efforts of his mentor, is sympathetically portrayed. As she sees him through the long preparatory grind, coaching him doggedly in recondite bits of information, she leads up to a matchless moment of victory when she finally sees the exam questions. The gleam in her eye as she joyfully exclaims "Henry the Eighth!" stands for the repressed triumphs of a whole lifetime. Even the later, more gripping moment in which she quietly threatens to kill Bessie for trying to ruin Morgan is, for one of Miss Moffat's stamp, hardly more important. For underneath the drama here lies an excellent attempt to express what learning can mean to the human spirit. The resulting picture, though lacking in personal warmth, is one of quality and distinction.

(*Other review on page 76*)

Lonesome, brilliant young Morgan Evans falls an easy prey to the predatory Bessie.

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SALOME, WHERE SHE DANCED

(Universal)

Yvonne De Carlo, Rod Cameron, David Bruce

THIS cryptic title is the name of a little spot on the map of Arizona. It's supposed to have changed its old moniker of Drinkman's Wells in honor of a wandering performer named Salome, whose timely torso twisting diverted a group of susceptible bandits and saved the town. The movie version of the legend goes high, wide, and handsome in gaudy Technicolor, and throws in not only a Salome (Yvonne De Carlo) modestly publicized as the most beautiful girl in the world, but also lavishly costumed glimpses of the Civil War, Continental intrigue complete with royal opera, a battle, and a Hapsburg prince, banditry in the old West, fabulous San Francisco, and the mystee-rious East.

This is all encompassed in a foot-loose script dealing with the fortunes of a Viennese court dancer whose natural endowments and Salome dance in particular get her involved with an international raft of lovers. An American newspaperman (Rod Cameron) spirits her out of the European tangle into the Wild West, where they pick up a blond bandit (David Bruce) and trek hopefully on to San Francisco. Here an amorous Russian (Walter Slezak) courts her with Rembrandts and snow-white egrets, while an avenging Prussian (Albert Dekker) brings on a rousing duel. Meanwhile there's the usual hard ridin', shoutin', shootin', and a bang-up stagecoach chase, after which Salome and her final choice jounce romantically off into the Technicolor sunset. And nobody can say it isn't plenty for your money.

SPECIAL MENTION

A ROYAL SCANDAL (20th Century-Fox). Tallulah Bankhead, William Eythe.

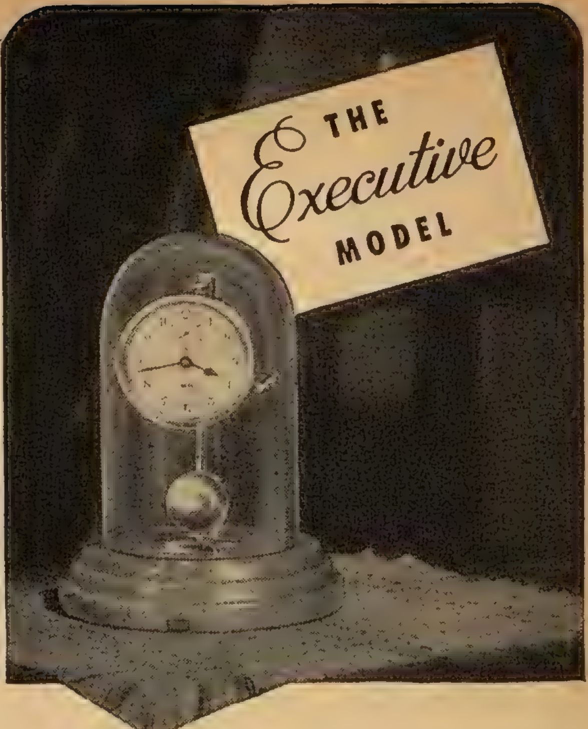
THE SOUTHERNER (U. A.). (Formerly titled Hold Autumn in Your Hand.) Zachary Scott, Betty Field, Beulah Bondi.

THE CLOCK (M-G-M). Judy Garland, Robert Walker, James Gleason.

THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE (RKO). Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Herbert Marshall.

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (M-G-M). George Sanders, Hurd Hatfield, Donna Reed.

WITHOUT LOVE (M-G-M). Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Lucille Ball, Keenan Wynn.



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(*Continued from page 73*)

Bolshevik, by an official economist, Professor Atlas, that whereas Russia after the war will use the ruble externally for the first time in foreign trade, she also insists on the right to have a fluctuating commodity value for the ruble internally, as at present.

But with existing shortages, rations count more than currency in Russia today. The average factory worker receives about a pound and a half of bread daily and meat, fish, sugar, butter, and cereals in varying amounts, according to the war importance of his job and according to their availability.

Foreigners were pampered when it came to rations. We all got the diplomatic norm, which included 2.2 pounds of bread a day, 11 pounds of sugar and confections a month, 11 pounds of meat, 11 pounds of fish, 6.6 pounds of butter and fats, 8.8 pounds of cereals, 3 pounds of cheese, 10 eggs, 700 cigarettes, and 13 bottles of vodka or wine.

These rations, from which were subtracted any meals we had in our hotel, did not limit any unrationed foods we might buy. Rations were more than adequate for anyone. One American correspondent even maintained a dog on them, the only animal I ever saw in Moscow. There was no food for Russian dogs.

THE average Russians were not so fortunate. Their closed shops frequently had no butter for weeks at a time, and their dining room at the hotel served cooking oil or fat back. I say "their" dining room because only very few Russians were permitted to dine with foreigners and see the meat and other luxuries deliberately allotted to us while they did without. When we went to smaller cities, where the hotel had only one dining room, foreigners had to eat in their rooms so that Russians could not see their extraordinary fare. We also had ration cards for clothing and household articles at Dip Shop No. 2, where we bought whatever utensils and haberdashery we needed at prices considerably below those in the Univermag of the Mostorg.

At the Mostorg you could buy anything you liked, from a man's three-piece tweed suit for 6,650 rubles, or a woman's Persian-lamb coat for 32,500 rubles, to a black Russian cigar for 12 rubles. Shoes, the scarcest commodity in all Moscow, cost from 2,000 to 4,300 rubles. The big department store was always well crowded, but the shoe department had the only queue. In sunshine and rain a patient line wound all the way around a spacious block. Men and women traded any possession for shoes. Many ordinary people, even in cold weather, wore flimsy canvas, felt, or thin leather shoes, in contrast to the sturdy Army boots and the stout brogans of factory workers.

Low rationing prices for the primary physical needs, such as food, clothing, and shelter, leave quite a few surplus rubles to be absorbed every month by the Mostorg and other open shops and *gastronoms*. As in this country, it is only the salaried employee in Russia who suffers from inflation. Yet although the Mostorg is piled high with consumer goods, few people can afford the high government-fixed prices. Most people I saw in the Mostorg usually made one small purchase, and contented themselves mainly with looking at the laden shelves.

Consumer goods, such as furniture, alarm clocks, and clothing, are being made in slowly increasing trickles, all by small factories or *artels* owned and operated by industrial co-operatives and not required for war production.

Some of these local plants suffer abys-

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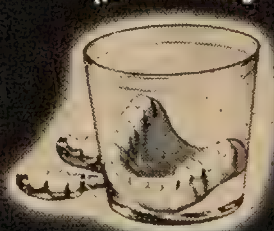

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mally from mismanagement. Last July, for instance, the Moscow Bolshevik, daily newspaper of the Moscow city soviet, excoriated local industries for failing to produce enough consumer goods. Footwear, clothing, underwear, harness, containers, and cooperage products were particularly lagging.

The reason for the failure was explained thus in the article by Ivan Letsmanov, head of the trade department of the Moscow regional soviet:

"Department heads fulfill their plans in rubles without regard for the assortment of goods, and paying no attention at all to quality. During the first half of 1944 the plan for tables was achieved only 30 per cent, for children's knitted goods 21 per cent, for buttons 42 per cent—plus a large overproduction of low-quality playthings and cheap jewelry.

"Planning is in a hopeless muddle. Sewn goods are produced by the leather belt union, the cultural wares union, and the artistic wares union. The wainwrights' union is producing, not carts, but beads and brooches. The cultural wares union produced 2,000 pairs of wooden shoes in the second quarter, and the radio union 15,000 spoons, knitted wear, etc.

"Then, in order to fulfill their plan, various organizations will sell goods at prices exceeding those fixed by the *oblast* [district] committee for industrial cooperatives. . . . The textile union has used tens of thousands of yards of cloth to produce *objets d'art* instead of children's clothing. . . . The Dmitrovski *rayon* [regional] industrial combine has made rugs from material which would have made children's overcoats. Such waste is a crime."

This is self-criticism. So is Pravda's attack on the same situation a month later, showing it had not improved. "Only indifference to the requirements of the population can explain the production by local industries of eyebrow pencils instead of spoons, carts, and rope," declared the powerful organ of the Communist Party.

FORTUNATELY, such conditions are not typical of Soviet war industry. The best workers have, of course, gone into the war plants, leaving the small local factories in the hands of the less apt.

Part of the present Soviet industrial scene is an earnest campaign in all factories to cut down the cost of production. This campaign is directed personally by Alexander Shcherbakov, Communist Party secretary for the Moscow area and one of the triumvirate which will probably succeed Stalin. So the Russians mean it.

As part of the economy drive, Soviet factory managers and committees are directed to install what the Russians call "flow" methods of production — the assembly line. Such assembly lines as exist, in the much publicized Urals auto plant or in the mammoth tank factory at Chelyabinsk, are rudimentary compared to our Willow Run or River Rouge.

Yet Eric Johnston, president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, missed the point, I believe, when he visited a steel mill near Tashkent. He reported that although this was the most modern plant of its kind in Russia, its ratio of production was still six times less than that of an American plant.

This was true. But the important thing, it seemed to me, was that a steel mill could operate at all in remote Central Asia, and that it was being run by Uzbeks, Tajiks, and Kazaks, most of whom a few years ago knew nothing more modern than the wheel.

This is the criterion by which all Soviet industry must be judged, not by what goes on in Pittsburgh or Detroit.

Aside from the general lack of consumer goods in this fourth year of war, the Russians suffer from a critical housing shortage which makes the shortages in Washington and Los Angeles look like luxurious elbow room. Not only has no new housing been built for at least eight years in Moscow, but some of the residential areas suffered irreparable bombing damage. Next to the gigantic hole in the ground which started out to be the towering Palace of the Soviets (topping the Empire State Building), but gave up its metal foundations to the scrap drive, is a whole block of apartments shattered by German bombs. Broken gas and water mains still jut upward from the smashed concrete pavement.

The people who lived in this and other damaged buildings had to be moved into dwelling places already occupied by others. I visited one of these on the Moscow River. Families were living in former coalbins in the cellar, below the water line. Each cubicle had an electric-light socket, but the bulbs merely transformed darkness to gloom. Use of a bulb stronger than about twelve watts is severely penalized. Electric power is conserved for more important business, which is one reason Moscow remains blacked out, though London isn't.

As for fuel, the coal dug in the Don Basin and in the Moscow region goes directly to war factories; Russian householders must burn wood. Every Sunday in summer and early fall, all the apartment houses in my neighborhood sent out trucks carrying crews of woodchoppers, while trolleys, buses, river boats, and suburban trains on Sunday evenings were converted to timber carriers.

Although the housing shortage is critical at the present time, one of the greatest real-estate booms in history is inevitable in Russia immediately after the war. Even now, returning veterans and the families of soldiers still at the front are being lent money by a sort of Russian FHA in order to finance the building of their own homes. The government lends up to 10,000 rubles, repayable over a seven-year period, and while the servicemen and the devastated areas are the immediate beneficiaries, every Soviet citizen in the near future will be able to own his home.

Russian architects are occupied chiefly with drawing plans for the rehabilitation of Stalingrad, Leningrad, Rostov, Kharkov, and other badly damaged cities. But underneath these plans, on their drawing boards, you will invariably find designs for housing developments which we would call garden cities.

TRANSPORTATION is one of the Soviet Union's most pressing problems. In Moscow at the present time, rush hour in the ornate marble-and-granite subway would make New York underground travelers think the Bronx express was a new cure for claustrophobia. There are no slack periods on the three Moscow subway lines, and a fourth is now being built to take some of the pressure off the surface trolleys. Subway travel in Moscow is fast, grim, and silent, and costs forty kopecks, or eight cents. Much more leisurely are the antiquated trolleys, which charge fifteen kopecks, and on which you can always hear elderly women bawling out girls for using lipstick, bearded men philosophizing aloud, and family quarrels.

The Moscow droshky is a wartime casualty; the only one I saw in Russia was carrying shells on the Vitebsk front. Nor are there any taxis, except an occasional car to be hired from Intourist for 100 rubles.

The Moscow telephone system, incidentally, is one of the most delightful and stimulating in the world. Whatever num-

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ber you dial or ask for, you always find yourself listening to somebody else's conversation, while at the Metropol, thanks to the telephone, everyone always knew everyone else's business, unwittingly of course.

The "own your own home" movement in Russia raises the question of private property in general. The State does not own all property in Russia, as most people believe, but only the means of production. Anyone is entitled to as much wealth as he can accumulate, provided only that it does not come as profit from the labor of others. It no longer need even be wealth earned by the sweat of his own brow, for not long ago the right of inheriting property was restored, so that Russians may now pass on their property, their homes, furniture, livestock, and even bank accounts to their heirs.

People I knew in Moscow, most of them in the privileged "intellectual" category (categories have taken the place of classes), owned their own automobiles, although they surrendered them to the government at the start of the war; had their own country villas, or *dachas;* had small yachts and speedboats, motorcycles, furs, pianos and expensive radios, well-filled bookshelves, good phonograph records, and practically everything they could have asked except an electric refrigerator or a can opener that really worked. Many of them talked about owning a helicopter after the war.

Authors and playwrights live in comparative luxury because of the impressive royalties they get, but even the average factory worker's home, though a bit dark and crowded, is not much different from a similar home in Flushing or Camden.

SUBSCRIBING to the three war-loan drives has been a favorite way of saving money until more consumer goods become available. Another way of taking care of excess wartime rubles and at the same time obtaining rare consumer goods is the State lottery. The Russians are lottery-mad. The last lottery was opened on October 25 and the sponsoring Financial Commissariat announced 5,000,000 rubles in prizes, as well as rugs, furs, clothing, and watches. Tickets are 25 and 50 rubles, and you can win from 100 to 50,000 rubles, if you prefer cash to goods. Winnings are not taxed.

When the lottery opened in the stately Hall of Columns, I had to battle my way through an excited throng of men and women trying to buy tickets. Other crowds you always encounter, especially on Sunday afternoons, are those pushing into Moscow's parks "of culture and rest," and those who in increasing numbers have taken to going to church. Even marriages are being performed in Moscow's churches, whereas only a few years ago any Soviet couple would have been content to register at ZAGS, the vital statistics bureau.

Parallel with the revival of religious worship, in the past few months, has emerged an official and widespread effort to make the family the nucleus of Soviet life, and to dignify marriage and honor motherhood.

But whatever the social and political modifications in the Soviet system, no comparable economic changes have occurred. The Soviet Union has made social and political concessions in preparing its people for co-operation with the western democracies, but the capitalistic countries have had to shift their wartime economic systems further toward Socialism.

Whatever changes may have been made, the Soviet Union is still a Bolshevik state, fulfilling its destiny in a continuing Bolshevik revolution. Whatever else we choose to be unrealistic about, we should be realistic about that.

THE END

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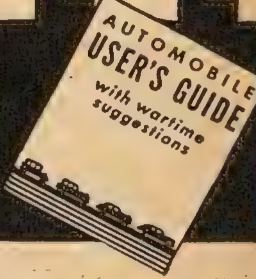

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ALMOST EVERYTHING WENT HIS WAY

Continued from Page 21

home in Santa Monica when Going My Way walked into his life. An elderly Irish priest with a thick brogue knocked on the door and asked for a donation. Catholic Leo McCarey donated and began talking to him: "It's a wonderful work you're doing, father. How long has your church been built?"

"Forty-five years," said the priest.

"How long have you been there?"

The old priest looked back across the yesterdays. "Well, you know," he said, "I built it!"

He was an eloquent little man, full of anecdotes from his forty-five years as an educator.

He always had his hand out because the church always needed money. He was arrested once for making a left-hand turn with no signal, but the judge suspended sentence, saying, "No fine, no imprisonment, because I find that this is the only time on record that you didn't have your hand out!"

LEO had many talks with the priest, and as he got the flavor of the man he knew he was on the trail of a terrific story. He called Barry Fitzgerald and said, "Don't make a move. Don't play any parts. Wait for this one." Barry Fitzgerald was forever playing drunks, and Leo didn't want his "priest" appearing in a variety of pictures as an old sot once Going My Way started.

Then Leo called Bing Crosby.

They had known each other since Leo was a third assistant director and Bing was one of a trio known as the Rhythm Boys. McCarey had always considered Bing a great actor. Why? "Just knowing him so well," Leo explains. "You see, I believe it's the depth of the man that makes his depth as an actor. I always felt Bing would reach the top even if he never sang a note. All through the years we have seen a lot of each other. And we have had a standing gag: we were going to make a picture together. Whenever we met on the golf course or at parties, Bing would say, 'Now?' and I'd answer, 'No, not now.' This particular day I picked up the receiver and Bing said, 'Now?' I said, '*Now!*'"

Then they had to move heaven and earth. Bing was tied up with a Paramount contract and Leo had a similar situation at RKO. The studios finally got together and worked out a trade. Leo went over to Paramount and made Going My Way. Bing is paying back with RKO's The Bells of St. Mary's, now in production.

At one time Leo was going to give Going My Way that title, The Bells of St. Mary's. He was driving in the pouring rain, on his way home from Paramount, when he saw a sailor standing on the corner. Leo leaned out of the car. "Going my way?" he asked. The sailor got in. Leo began thinking. Going my way? Say—that's it!

He wrote the original rough draft of Going My Way in two weeks. Then he called in his writers and told them the story. They developed it. First he worked with Lloyd Douglas, writer of The Robe and himself a great theologian, and with Frank Cavett, who wrote all the rough drafts. This rewriting went on for about three months. Then Leo called in Frank Butler because they had written Laurel and Hardy together and laughed in the same places. They did the script in five weeks, dialogue included.

Barry Fitzgerald stole the picture. Archbishop Cantwell said Barry was so convincing he'd like to give him a parish. The archbishop didn't know that at one time Leo thought he'd have to put the non-Catholic Barry on wires to get him to bless himself correctly. He was always doing it backward.

McCarey didn't change his way of working when he was making Going My Way. He credits the subject matter with making the picture important. Besides, he had approached this job prayerfully, a fact which he believes helped him avoid some bad blunders.

Once, for example, he forestalled kicks from the temperance societies. In the sequence where the old priest takes a drink, he says, "This is my calendar. It lasts from Christmas to Christmas." "Where do you keep it?" asks Bing. Leo disarmed the temperance societies by having the priest answer: "Behind The Life of General Grant."

Leo hates plots. There are only just so many, he says, and they defy originality. He believes, instead, that there are as many stories in the world as there are people. He likes to tell his story visually. "I try to unfold the story without any words if I can. I believe the average moviegoer is intelligent. He doesn't need a brick wall to fall on him to get the point. At no place in Going My Way did I say, 'The message I am trying to get across is that religion can have humor and lightness and joy. It doesn't have to be stern and forbidding.' I let the incidents in the picture tell this as we went along."

AFTER Going My Way, Leo hit a blank road. He wanted to do a similar film but couldn't get another idea. For a year he pondered, until finally the mail from the boys overseas helped him decide. He had received more than 300,000 letters asking for another Going My Way. Dangerous as it may be to try the same thing twice, Leo thinks The Bells of St. Mary's will follow through. To critics who say it will be repetitious, he replies:

"This is a story people have been telling for two thousand years. I don't think another hour and forty minutes of it will hurt."

Once again Leo has invested his shirt in a picture. Bing Crosby, Hal Roach, Jr., David Butler, and Buddy De Sylva are the other backers. The $1,400,000 budget is top-heavy with salaries. "I wrote a check for Ingrid Bergman the other day," says Leo, "and my hand shook!" So once more he is in a very nice position to go broke, a feat he manages with consistent regularity.

For one thing, expensive illnesses are always wiping him clean. Also, about three years ago when he couldn't get together on a picture with Howard Hawks, he repaid that gentleman a salary advance of a quarter of a million dollars. Last year he made $960,000, but paid $921,600 in taxes. When he invests his extra cash in a picture, a slight miscalculation could easily throw him in the red.

Therefore the McCareys live very modestly, for Hollywood. They rent a beach home for $250 a month. They have only one servant, a maid. Leo drives a small car which could stand a paint job. He doesn't like night clubs, doesn't like to dress up, practically lives in his dungarees and a sweat shirt. Tall, dark-haired, he looks like a bargain-basement edition of Cary Grant. He's a serious reader. He'll read any good writer, provided the writer isn't a contemporary. "I like the works of good thinkers that I don't meet in a tavern," he qualifies. He adores his wife, whose calm demeanor tones down his occasional outbursts of temper. His pride

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and joy is his beautiful daughter, Mary, who is a student at the University of Southern California. His lushest moment is when he sits down to his breakfast of seven eggs, hot cakes, bacon, and coffee after his morning plunge in the swimming pool. By seven thirty he is on his way to work.

Leo lived more plushly when he was making the Laurel and Hardy pictures. Then he had a chauffeur, a swanky home in Brentwood, an entourage of servants. He had leisure, something he dreams of wistfully. He hasn't had a vacation in five years. For, although he isn't always actually shooting a picture, he's always working. He works like a stevedore every waking moment. His greatest worry and his greatest fault is his inability to budget his time. Until he started production on The Bells of St. Mary's, he hadn't made a picture in a year, yet he'd worked five days a week from seven thirty in the morning until late at night. He developed at least eight complete stories and abandoned them.

Leo's last vacation was a hurried trip he made with Stella just before the war. They had five weeks abroad and were loving it when they decided to telephone their daughter from Paris. The pitch was, "Do you mind if we don't come home for Christmas?" Mary had just two words, but they were potent. What she said was, "No tree?"

Leo sputtered hastily, "O. K., O. K.! There'll be a tree!" And caught the next boat home.

His lack of travel sometimes worries Leo. In London he told a Britisher, "I've never been anywhere. This is the first time I've ever been in London."

The Britisher looked at him. He said, "And you made Ruggles of Red Gap and The Awful Truth and all those pictures? Go back and stay there, old boy!"

Which words voice Hollywood's sentiments exactly.

YET setting movieland back on its gilded heels with his capture of the Academy awards was not the greatest thrill of Leo's life. Song writing is still his great love, and for him nothing will ever eclipse the time he was a guest on the Bing Crosby show. Bing ad-libbed the script. "Do you remember the first song you ever wrote?" asked Bing.

Did Leo remember! For ten dollars he had written Come and Live in Lankershim for a real-estate man. Like other songs that followed, it hadn't been a success. But at the broadcast all this was forgotten, and when Bing asked, "Will you play it for us?" Leo replied, tremulous and unbelieving, "You mean it?" Bing had arranged the gag with John Scott Trotter. Leo went over to the piano and began to sing the haunting refrain. John and the orchestra joined in.

Sure, Leo McCarey hit pay dirt with Going My Way. Hollywood is grand-salaaming. Such triumphs are not to be scorned. But they can't surpass that moment when out over the air waves, into the homes of millions of unfortunate listeners, went Leo's song:

Come and live in Lankershim.
It's a wonderful town.
You can buy a little home
For just five hundred down.
It doesn't take you long to reach
Seventh and Broadway or the beach.
So come and live in the land of the peach
In Lankershim—near Lakeside—
In Lankershim!

No wonder the Academy award was an anticlimax!

THE END

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MAY 26, 1945

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THE GENTLEMAN FROM MISSOURI

President Harry S. Truman

ONE does not have to wait for the verdict of historians to know that Franklin D. Roosevelt was a remarkable and extraordinary man. Indeed, few individuals in history have ever affected so profoundly the world in which they lived. His accomplishments in the Presidency changed for all time many of America's political concepts and attitudes.

But, like most great architects and builders of human affairs, he leaves behind him a deal of debris to be cleared up. Much of his work remains rough-hewn.

Fortunately for America, his successor is ideally suited to the task of bringing order and arrangement out of the gigantic legacy left by Roosevelt. While Truman's objectives in the Presidency are likely to be virtually the same as those of his predecessor, we can look for quite different methods of arriving at them.

We have not had a man of Harry Truman's type in the White House in a long time. As a matter of fact, not since Lincoln have we had a President with a background closely similar to Truman's.

Truman was born on a Missouri farm and grew up on one. Prior to entering politics he worked at a succession of small-town jobs. He entered business on his own and flopped. He was in the first World War and actually fought in the field.

Naturally, Truman's "grass-roots" concept of affairs and his reaction to people and events are likely to be far different from those of a Harvard or Princeton graduate. Many of the people in whom Roosevelt placed his trust and confidence will impress Truman negatively or not at all.

Truman is the embodiment of what radicals call the bourgeoisie. Translated into American terms this means middle class—shopkeepers, small business men, proprietors of farms, professional people. In every country, and particularly in America, it is this group more than any other which blocks the overthrow of the established social order. Revolutionists focus on this group as their main stumbling block, according it far more attention than they give to the rich and aristocratic. Thus, many of those who hailed Roosevelt as their champion may in the course of time come to hate Truman and all he stands for. Many people who could never see eye to eye with F. D. R. may find Truman earning their confidence and respect.

The objectives of the Roosevelt administration are now generally accepted. We all want the over-all standard of living to increase. We all want opportunity at home and organized peace throughout the world. We all want a better deal for the so-called common people. However, quite a few citizens have an abiding distrust of some of the methods used to achieve these objectives. Some of those who have been entrusted with administering the government are suspected of wanting to change our basic rights and freedoms.

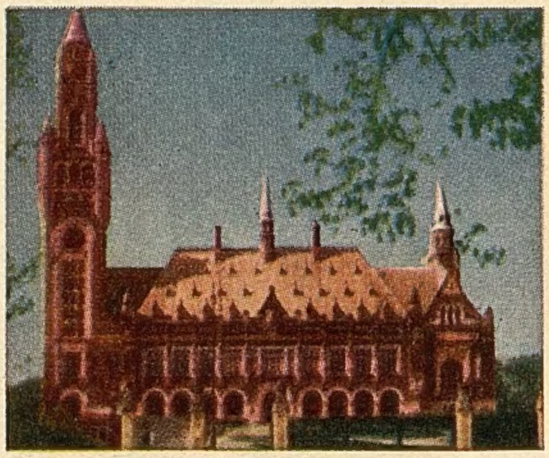
Under Truman these doubts will be resolved and the country will go forward to its future more united and more hopeful than it has been in a long time. Of one fact we can be sure: An era has ended. A new one has begun.

Paul Hunter

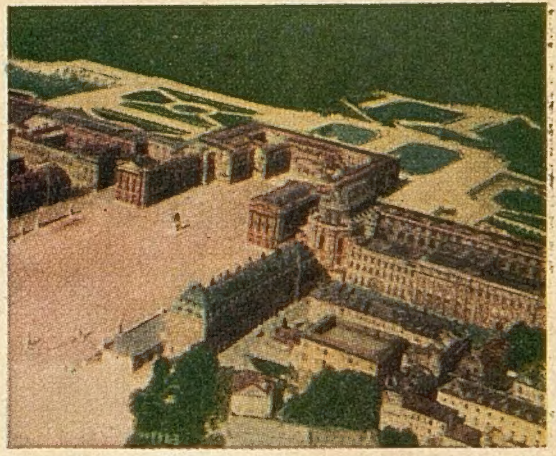
Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

Chips are down for world peace!

1867 **THE STRUGGLE** for peace is long, stakes are high. In Geneva, Switzerland, shown above, the International League for Peace and Freedom was founded 78 years ago. At this time Corby's Whiskey had been well known in Canada for nine years.



1899 **THE HAGUE** Conference, in Holland, included 26 nations. A World Court was created, rules for international behavior were drawn up, but there was no force behind them. Hague "Peace Palace" above was built in Corby's 45th year of Canadian fame.



1919 **THE PALACE** at Versailles where allied nations made an effort to prevent a second World War through the League of Nations. Again there was no force to help preserve peace. Aggressors planned a new war. This was in Corby's 61st year as a respected Canadian name.

BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA · ILLINOIS

1945 **THE CHIPS** are down; the Big Three at Teheran and Yalta, the United Nations at San Francisco, have the power for a showdown on peace. Victories are piling up and you may have opportunities to toast success with Corby's, the light, sociable blend. Watch for the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name in your bar or store.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

For Bright Morning Taste...

With your first sip you'll begin to appreciate the "Bright Morning Taste" of Schenley Reserve. Every drop is pre-war whiskey blended with choice American grain neutral spirits. Enjoy the famous "Bright Morning Taste" of Schenley Reserve, soon!

SCHENLEY
Reserve
SELECT *PRE-WAR WHISKEY

*BLENDED WHISKEY 86 PROOF. THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 5 YEARS OR MORE OLD; 40% STRAIGHT WHISKEY, 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

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This superb whiskey combines light-bodied smoothness with full-flavored richness and quality
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